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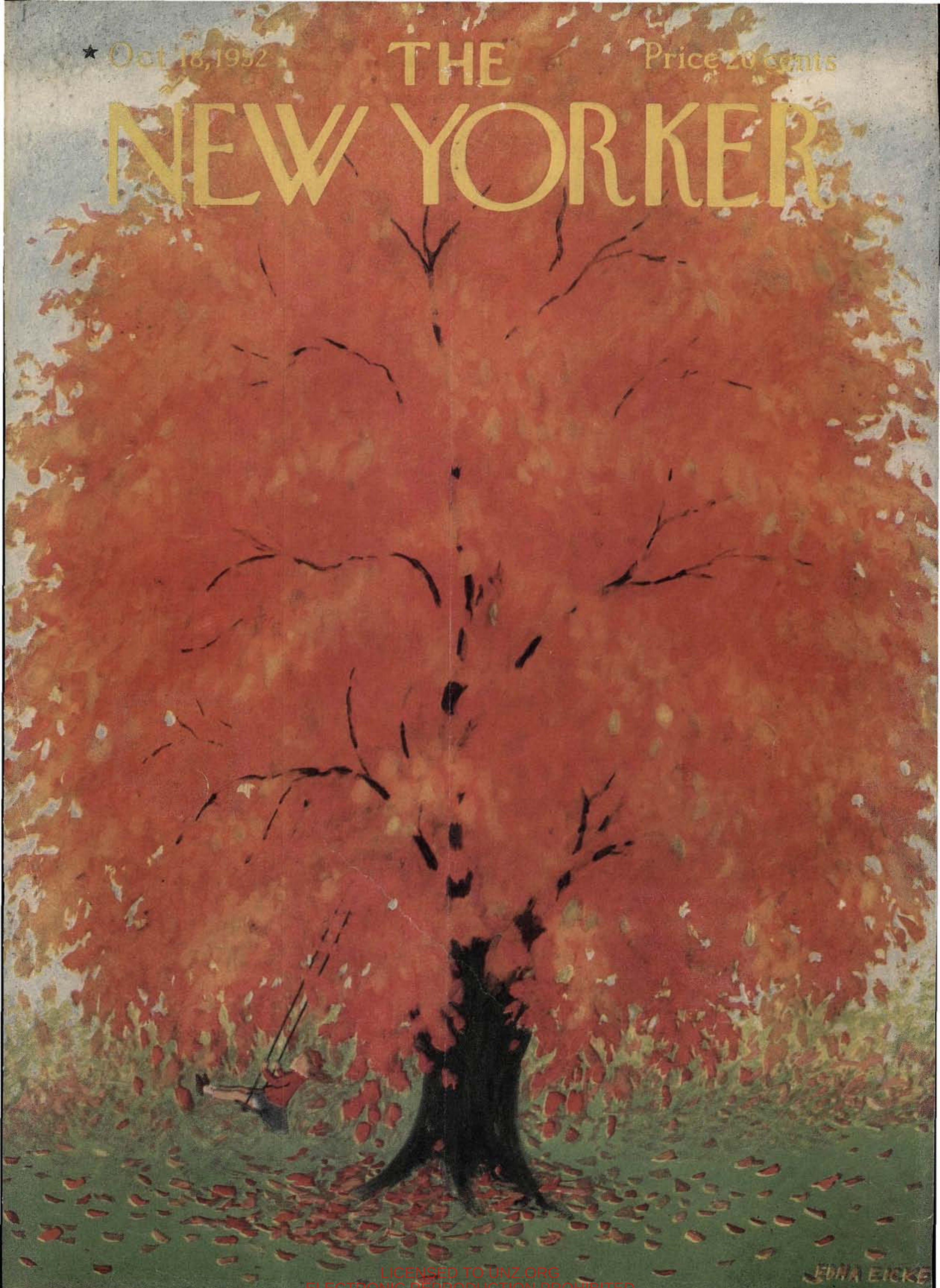

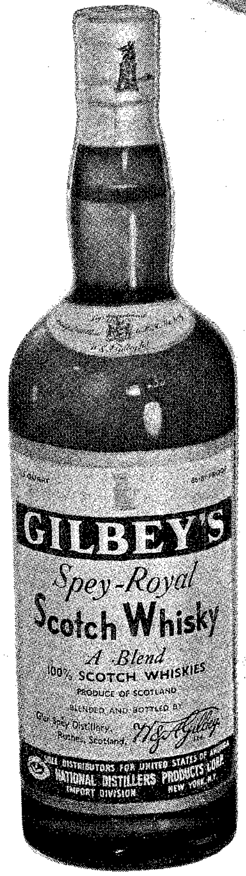
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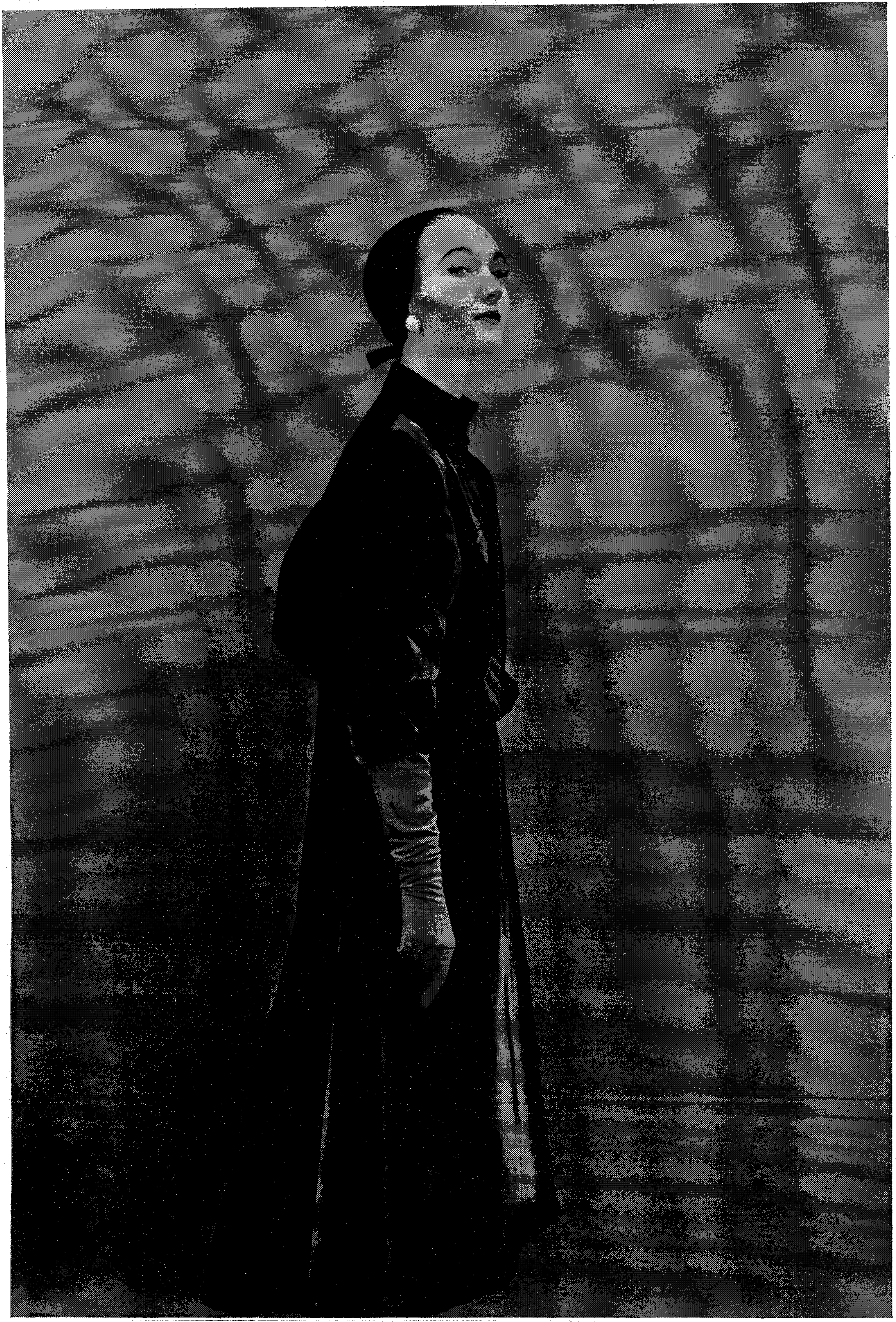

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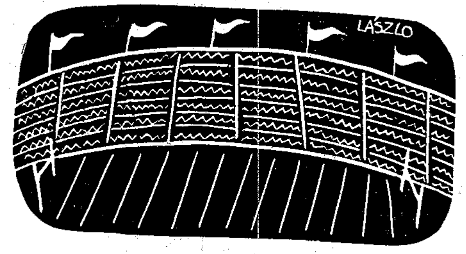

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

In Any Language—George Abbott's staging and Uta Hagen's playing do all they can for this rather ramshackle comedy about an American film star and an Italian director, but it isn't quite enough. With Joe De Santis and Walter Matthau. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Male Animal—Elliott Nugent is again the star of this comedy, which he wrote with James Thurber twelve years ago, and his performance is just as fascinating as it ever was. The same thing can be said about the play itself, which is undoubtedly one of the wittiest and most discerning written in our times. With Martha Scott, Robert Preston, and Matt Briggs. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mrs. McThing—If you're at all pragmatic, you may find this fantasy—complete with a witch and several hexed characters—a bit hard to take. On the other hand, even the most vigorously non-whimsical should enjoy the performances of Helen Hayes, Jules Munshin, and a couple of talented children. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Mr. Pickwick—Stanley Young's leisurely dramatization of the "Pickwick Papers," which moves along amiably for the most part. The cast, led by George Howe, is uniformly first-rate. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Point of No Return—Paul Osborn has done an excellent reworking of John P. Marquand's novel about a man who discovers that success isn't really so much. Henry Fonda is magnificent in the leading role and gets fine support from a company that includes Leora Dana, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Sacred Flame—Frances Starr gives a heart-warming performance in this revival of Somerset Maugham's drama about euthanasia, adultery, and other dark matters. The play itself, however, seems rather lacking in emotional content. (President, 48th St., W. JU 2-1647. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**THE FOURPOSTER:** Betty Field and Burgess Meredith make up the cast of this play about a fairly placid marriage. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE MOON IS BLUE:** How a boy gets a girl in three acts. Donald Cook, Barry Nelson, and Janet Riley are in it these days. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Gambler—Alfred Drake in his and Edward Eager's adaptation of a play by Ugo Betti. Directed by Herman Shumlin and produced by Thomas Hammond and Wayne Harriss. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Time of the Cuckoo—A play by Arthur Laurents, starring Shirley Booth and directed by Harold Clurman. The producers are Robert Whitehead and Walter Fried. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

An Evening with Beatrice Lillie—About what you would expect from a very great and funny lady. She is assisted by Reginald Gardiner, who is not without his moments, and the double-piano team of Eadie and Rack. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New Faces of 1952—This revue, the most recent in a series presented by Leonard Sillman, is full of good things. Ronny Graham and June Carroll, who are in the attractive and youthful cast, also provided a number of the sketches and songs. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wish You Were Here—Life in a summer resort in the Catskills. The framework is Arthur Kober's comedy of some years back, "Having Wonderful Time," but the new trappings (music by Harold Rome, production by Josh Logan and Leland Hayward), though lively and beguiling, somewhat distort the gentle quality of the original. With Sheila Bond, Jack Cassidy, Patricia Marand, Sidney Armus, and Paul Valentine. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund, Sunday evening, Oct. 19.)

Long Runs—**GUYS AND DOLLS:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Yul Brynner is the King. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **PAL JOEY:** A revival of this classic history of a gigolo. With Vivienne Segal, Harold Lang, Helen Gallagher, and Lionel Stander. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Ancient of days and still enthroned in glory. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Buttrio Square—A musical with a book by Gen Genovese and Billy Gilbert, lyrics by Mr. Genovese, and a score by Arthur Jones and Fred Stamer. The cast, under the direction of Eugene Loring, is headed by Mr. Gilbert, Lawrence Brooks, Lois Hunt, and Susan Johnson, and the producers are Mr. Genovese (a very busy fellow) and Edward Woods. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Bernardine—A new comedy by Mary Chase, with Johnny Stewart, Alney Alba, Beverly Lawrence, and John Kerr. Produced and directed by Guthrie McClintic. Opens Thursday, Oct. 16. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Millionairess—Shaw's comedy, with Katharine Hepburn heading a cast (including Cyril Ritchard and Robert Helpmann) imported from London. Presented by the Theatre Guild for a ten-week engagement, and staged by Michael Benthall. Opens Friday, Oct. 17. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Dancers of Bali—Sixteen Balinese dancers, many of them in their teens or younger, with a native gamelan orchestra, performing classic and folk dances. The engagement is sponsored by the Cultural Department of the Republic of Indonesia. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Mondays at 7, and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40. Through Saturday, Nov. 8, except for the week starting Sunday, Oct. 19.)

Emily Frankel and Mark Ryder—In a dance recital. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

Gilbert and Sullivan—Martyn Green, Robert Rounseville, and Ella Halman in a four-week repertory of operettas, starting with "The Mikado," which will open on Monday, Oct. 20, and run through Saturday, Oct. 25. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company—"The Mikado." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Oct. 18, at 2:15. Through Saturday, Oct. 25.)

Rodeo—Roy Rogers, Dale Evans, Trigger, and Bullet. Any small child will be able to supply details. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Friday, Saturday,

	Page
THE ART GALLERIES	74
BOOKS	144
THE CURRENT CINEMA	143
FOOTBALL	78
MUSICAL EVENTS	131
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: ABOUT THE HOUSE	133
THE RACE TRACK	77
A REPORTER AT LARGE	93
TELEVISION	129
THE THEATRE	72

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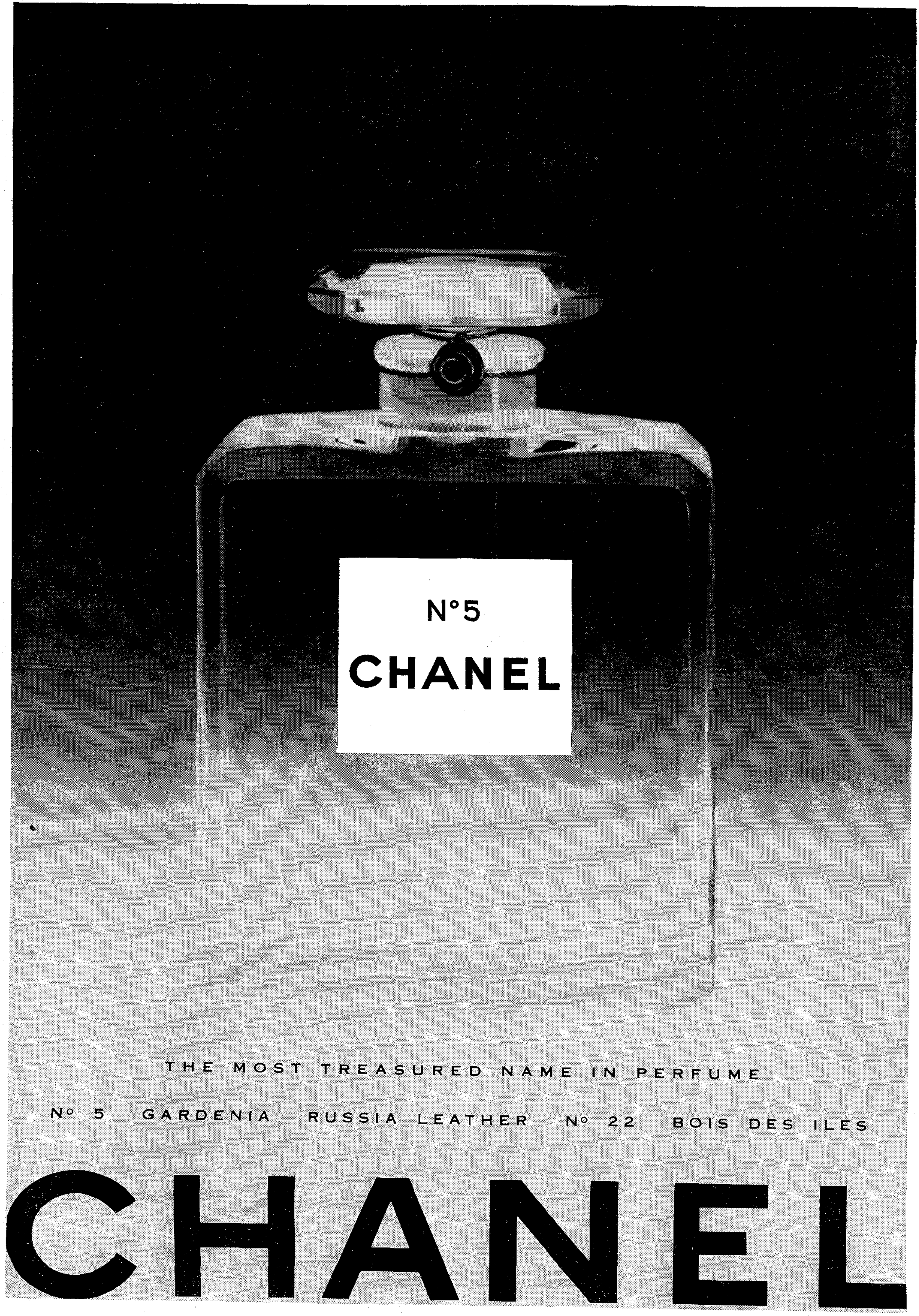
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Sunday at 2:30. Through Sunday, Oct. 19.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Trianon Room is the setting for the music of Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' orchestras, which are around for dinner and supper except Sundays.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's string music "under the clock" at cocktail time (except Sundays) and at dinnertime in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays). No dancing anywhere.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Ted Straeter, happy as a lark, sings at his work (baroque piano) while heading up a small but virtuoso group of dance musicians and choristers. If you're not feeling active, you can sit in the handsome new bar and listen. Closed Sundays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Some people even have their mail sent here. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—Skating on thin ice has its limitations, but the acrobatics of Phil Romayne and Terry Brent and the juggling of Elimar help improve the situation. The locale is the Terrace Room. Bernie Cummins' band plays the dance music. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Doretta Morrow, who sings, and D'Angelo and Ana, who dance, wind up their tour of duty in the Cotillion Room on Thursday, Oct. 16. Next evening, Rose Marie, another songbird, leaps from "Top Banana" into this more sedate frying pan; Ted and Phyllis Rodriguez will handle the ballroom-dancing chores. Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bands take care of the visitors. Sundays there's only a dinner show; Mondays there's nothing at all. . . . ¶ Every night except Monday, in the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to Stanley Worth's quartet. Renato Rossini's guitar is on tap except Sundays.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Kay Thompson and her remarkable assortment of Williams Brothers are really swinging from the floor in the Persian Room these days. The pace is as furious and the footing as feat as ever; the wit is even sharper. Dick La Salle's and Mark Monte's orchestras for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a well-appointed retreat from a lot of things, is filled with Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's tinkling dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court is equipped with Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra, whose music falls like the gentle rain, performs for the dinner and supper dancing. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, that well-run household, presents songs by Celia Lipton. The bands of Milt Shaw and Horace Diaz play for dancing. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The Carnaval Room, a picturesque setting for any number of handsome ball gowns, has the orchestras of Hugo Pedell, court musician of the Syosset set, and Jan Brunesco on the podium, as well as songs by Dick Estes. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Jimmy Dorsey and his large but competent band are in the Café Rouge. On Monday, Oct. 20, it will be replaced by Claude Thornhill's outfit. Closed Sundays.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Children cry for it. An orchestra and a rumba band for dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Edith Piaf's sorrowful face and her expressive, semi-detached hands make her seem more an actress than just a chanteuse. Her repertory theatre operates on the stage of this vast château, where Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing after nine.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Les Compagnons de la Chanson recite their *contes drolatiques* partly in French, partly in English. Either way, they're comprehensible, tuneful, and largely irresistible. They're in the Empire Room at dinner and supper. Mischa Borr's and Alex Alstone's bands play all evening. Sundays, there's no show, but Mr. Borr's band plays until twelve. . . . ¶ In the Peacock Lounge, Michael Zarin's orchestra chirps away for dancing from seven to one except Sundays.

NOTE—The Rainbow Room, a cloudtop almost as big as Death Valley but with a much better prospect, affords cocktails to modest music from four to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

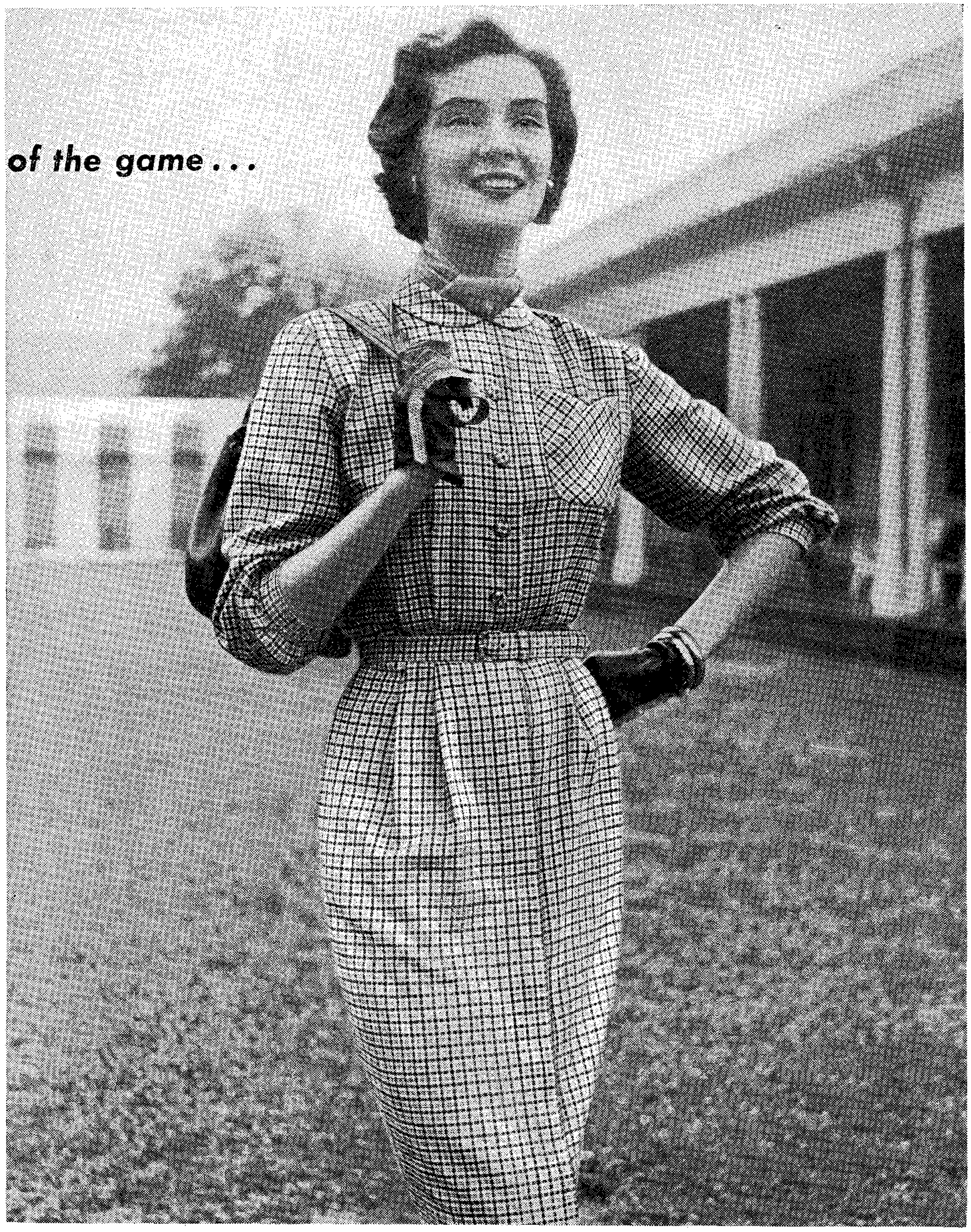
LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, heading a band that has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): This establishment offers Jo Hurt and her effervescent songs from after the theatre to dawn Tuesdays through Saturdays, and piano from cocktail time on every night but Sunday. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): An excellent collection of armchairs in which to listen to Ralph Strain addressing the Steinway in his quiet, nostalgic fashion from ten to one, except Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A pre-repeal milieu and cast of characters, all reasonably well preserved. At dinner and supper, except Sundays, Cy Walter plays piano eloquent enough for the laymen and tricky enough for the technicians, and Norbert Faconi, a dean of the prowler-violin industry, works the tables. . . . **BEAU BRUMMEL,** 65 E. 54th St. (PL 5-1792): Placid cocktailing and dining to the casual piano of Lynn Mullinax until three in the morning. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): A table-hopping academy of long standing in the community, which has piano and violin after nine-thirty and tête-à-têtes at all hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim Mahoney begins his piano recital, which is perky without being obtrusive, around nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, a prominent friend of the Andalusian (or non-electric) guitar, is the host of this Spanish restaurant at dinner and supper. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): Addison Bailey is at the piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Harold Cooke looks in. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Latins from Manhattan and the old country mingled in a pleasant outburst of Spanish song and dance, in the latter of which the guests can join. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar of this decorator's *carte blanche,* Harry Meyerowitz provides cocktail piano, and Rudy Timfield turns out dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): Joe E. Lewis is a mixture of travelling salesman and philosopher. It's no novelty, but it's rarely been done better, or even as well. . . . ¶ In the lounge, now liberated from disc jockeys, Eddie South's trio makes joyous music and Ken Clarke plays piano. . . . **LA VIE EN ROSE,** 123 E. 54th St. (MU 8-8420): It's less dusty and feverish than the betting ring at Belmont, but you'll recognize a lot of the old crowd. A lady known as Amalia sings Portuguese songs, and sings them very well. Charlie Farrell, who bows out Monday, Oct. 20, shouts rough-and-ready ditties to his own piano. Some nights the floor is unencumbered enough to dance to Van Smith's trio. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broad-

Peck and Peck



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SUPPER CLUBS

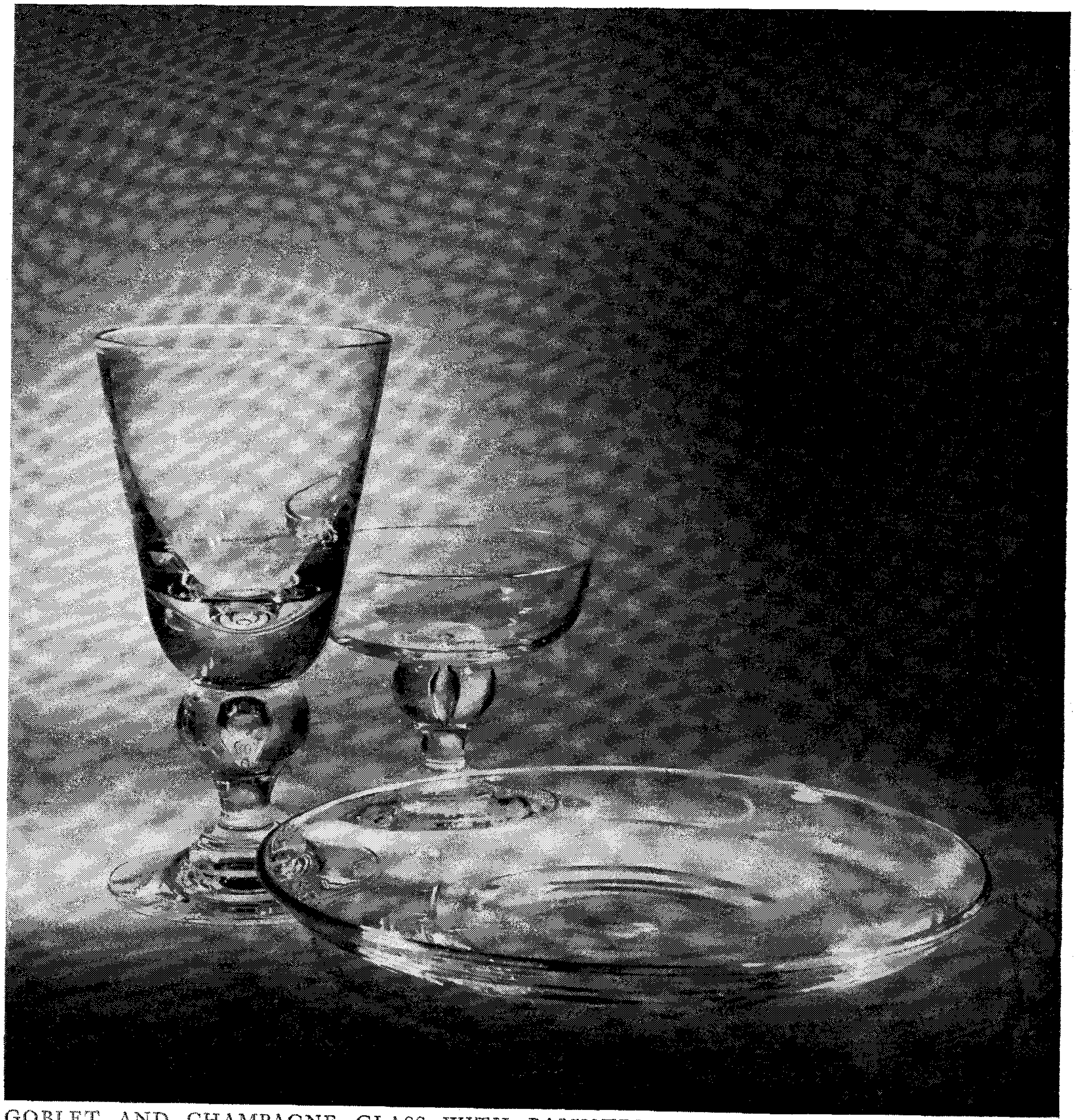
(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Dwight Fiske, the Regency rake, has added some well-turned new phrases to the Kinsey Report. The ballad department is in the hands of Eartha Kitt, the little spitfire of "New Faces," and Anita Ellis, a completely beguiling stylist; the parody is done by Charlotte Rae, a funny girl in her diffident way. The background is the music of the subtle Ellis Larkin Trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Julius Monk's school for talent puts its best foot forward with the Toppers, a foursome of giants with an elegant air, a sweet blend of voices, and a frolicsome sense of humor. Among the older students are Jane Dulo, or life among the lady wrestlers; Ellen Hanley, a wisp of a girl with an elegant soprano; and Marshall Izen, who makes short work of German opera. The music is produced by the progressive Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Orson Bean talks of shoes and ships and sealing wax, plus a couple of cabbages and kings, with odd and errant humor; Robert Clary, a completely extrovert elf, drops in after "New Faces" to add to the foolishness; and Sylvia Syms, a lady with a don't-tread-on-me manner, sings huskily and skillfully. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays blithe dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Nancy Andrews, whose bite is as incisive as her bark, is singing her head off here. Bud McCreery, a poet with some worldly hexameters, unslings them from his piano. His last night is Sunday, Oct. 19, (when Miss A. will be off duty); hers is Monday, Oct. 20. Next evening, Patricia Bright, a brusque young woman, starts singing. Double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (MU 8-9762): Except Sundays. Mabel Mercer sings, in her sad, loving voice, her very special *chansons d'amour* for a very special audience. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. Her nest is upstairs over the Show Spot Bar. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Distributions from this horn of plenty are made by the armful every night but Monday. Left to right, the distributors are Mae Barnes, a roving center who can bring down any ballad with a resounding tackle; the Three Riffs and their bright double-take rhymes; Tony and Eddie, who do flamboyant parodies of anyone ill-advised enough to make recordings; Jimmie Daniels and Norene Tate, whose sonnets are romantic; and the Three Flames, whose music, especially when Tiger Haines sings it, is unmitigated nonsense.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open until late, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): No place for the walls to have ears, since the music turned out by Cutty Cutshall, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, Cliff Leeman, Johnny Windhurst, and Mr. Condon is nothing if not robust. Ralph Sutton plays crackerjack piano while they're outside cooling off. Tuesday nights, when other American primitives drop in, are pretty rugged. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): A comfortable clubhouse for serious musicians. Joe Bushkin's foursome (Buck Clayton, Jo Jones, Milt Hinton) and the Ahmad Jamal group hold forth after nine-thirty, and Don Abney is the cocktail and dinner pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and his Memphis Five are in possession of these premises. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): A homestead noted for its old-time specialties, such as Henry Goodwin, Pops



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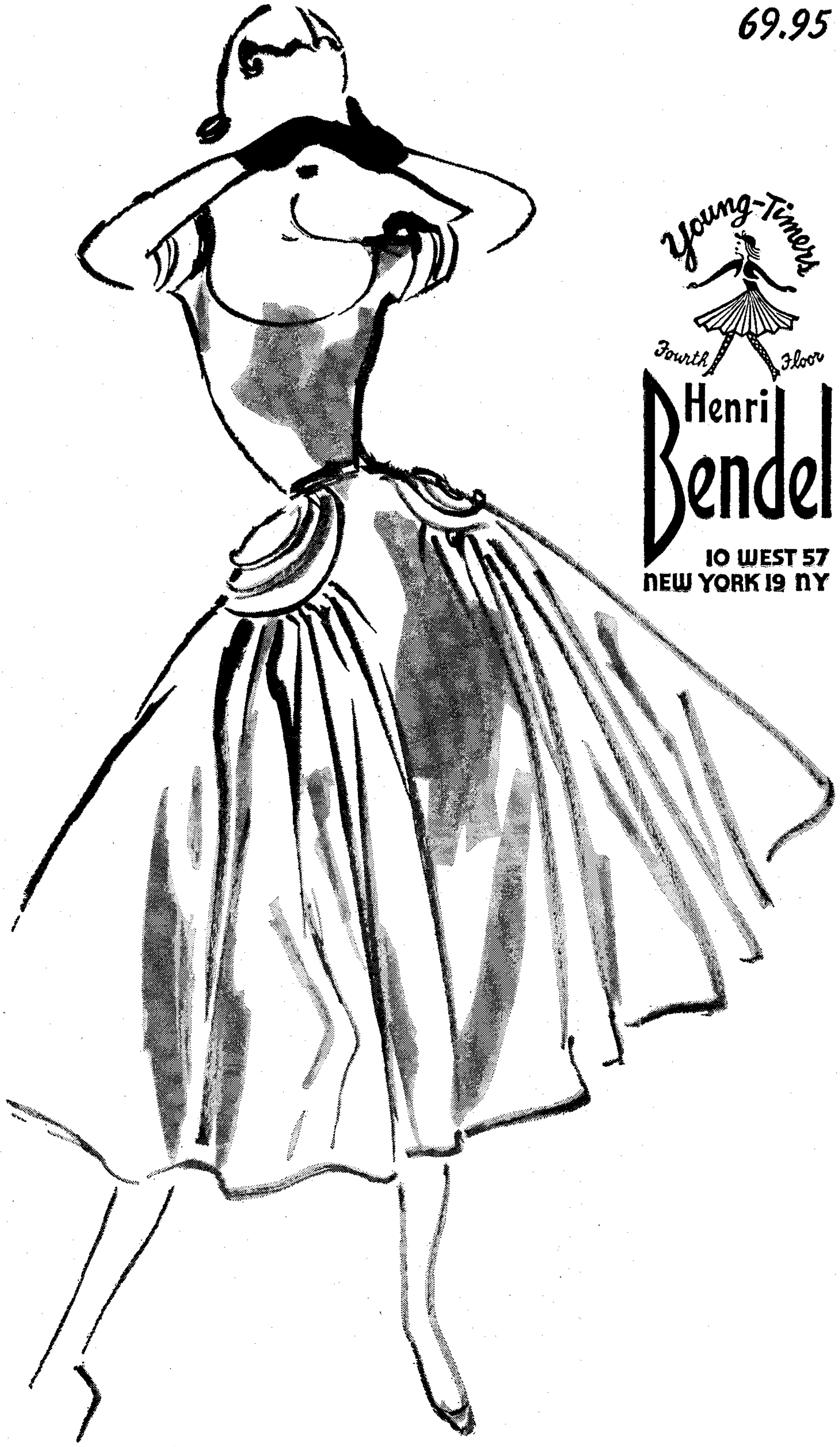

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Foster, Benny Waters, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): Illinois Jacquet's handiwork is only for the steadiest of nerves; Terry Gibbs' output has jumpy moments, too. On Thursday, Oct. 23, a new deal, including Slim Gaillard's bebop banter and solid music-making, plus assorted noises from Dave Brubeck's quartet. . . . **LE DOWNBEAT**, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9503): Hammers and tongs, instruments not recognized by Petrillo, are in great favor here. Two of our most individual modernist pianists, Mary Lou Williams and Billy Taylor, are also present, however, and other eminent performers are Zoot Sims, Bill Harris, Chubby Jackson, Kai Winding, and Kenny Clarke. Jam sessions Mondays, when these regulars are off. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT**, Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): Bobby Hackett and his hand-picked group of torpedoes (Vic Dickenson, Gene Sedric, Buzzy Drootin, Dick Carey, and Johnny Giuffreda) turn the grill into a rumpus room Tuesdays through Saturdays until two or so, and Sundays from nine-thirty to eleven-thirty. Sunday, Oct. 19, from five-thirty to eight-thirty, there'll be a jam session. Dancing. . . . **THE ALBERT**, 139 E. 56th St. (EL 5-1931): Herman Chittison's trio chuckles to itself after eight-thirty, and Irene Williams throws in her vibrant contralto after ten-thirty. They're on deck except Sundays. Laurie Brewis, the jaunty little Londoner, plays piano from ten o'clock on every night of the week. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): The piano of Marian McPartland and the loyal support of her trio add plenty of life to the famous circular bar. They play after nine-thirty except Mondays. . . . **BLUE NOTE**, 227 W. 46th St. (JU 6-1818): Billy Butterfield's band, in which Hank D'Amico handles the clarinet, is waging the good fight for good music on Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those weekend barrel-house festivals are still on. Friday, Oct. 17, the tumult will be provided by some All-America jazzmen; to wit (if everyone shows up), Max Kaminsky, Rex Stewart, Chubby Jackson, Joe Sullivan, George Wettling, Lou McGarity, Jimmy McPartland, Oran Page, Pee Wee Russell, and Sonny Greer. (The session will be repeated Saturday, Oct. 18, at Paramount Hall, 138 W. 43rd St.) . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): On Friday and Saturday evenings, Oct. 17-18, and from five-thirty to nine-thirty on Sunday, Oct. 19, there'll be a rent party by Conrad Janis's tailgaters, Buster Bailey, Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, Sol Yaged, and Elmer Schoebel. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

BRAQUE—Twenty-two paintings, many of them remarkably handsome, spanning the years from 1924 to 1952; through Oct. 25. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BROWN**, 2 W. 46th St.: A showing by seven members of Artists Equity, including sculptures by Ruth Gutman and paintings by Meyers Rohowsky; through Oct. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **CARLEBACH**, 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: A survey of pre-Columbian art, with stone, pottery, gold, and jade pieces from Mexico and Central and South America; through Dec. 15. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Annual fall exhibition of new works by Ben Shahn, Stuart Davis, Jack Levine, and others of the gallery's group; through Oct. 25. . . . **FEIGL**, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Canvases by, among others, Soutine, Matisse, and Chagall, and a single sculpture by Lipchitz; through Oct. 31. . . . **GANSO**, 125 E. 57th St.: Oils and explanations of them by Edward Chavez, Ethel and Jenne Magafan, and others; through Oct. 22. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Van-

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FIELDCREST MILLS, DIVISION OF MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY, INC., 88 WORTH STREET, NEW YORK 13, NEW YORK derbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: About a hundred paintings, resolutely conservative in style, celebrating the thirtieth anniversary of this gallery's founding; through Nov. 7. . . . NEW SCHOOL, 66 W. 12th St.: Julian Levi, Louis Schanker, and Chaim Gross are among those represented in a show of prints, drawings, paintings, and sculptures; through Oct. 18. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 8:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 3:30.) . . . SAIDENBERG, 10 E. 77th St.: Oils and water colors by ten modern masters, among them Braque, Matisse, Miró, and Modigliani; through Nov. 29. (Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.) . . . SALPETER, 42 E. 57th St.: Water colors by gallery members and guests including Irving Lehman, Charles Heidenreich, and Romare Bearden; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . BERTHA SCHAEFER, 32 E. 57th St.: Water colors and drawings by Balcomb Greene, Will Barnet, and other contemporaries; through Oct. 18. . . . SCULPTURE CENTER, 167 E. 69th St.: Welded sculpture by David Hare, José de Rivera, Richard Lippold, and others; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.) . . . VIVIANO, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by contemporary Americans and Italians, from Kay Sage and Carlyle Brown to Cremonini, Afro, and others; through Nov. 8.

Hazel Janicki—First solo show of works, dreamily Surrealist in style, by a promising young Ohio artist; through Oct. 18. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sacha Kolin—Abstract exercises in pure color and form, some of them rather crude and some fairly expressive; through Oct. 18. (Burliuk, 119 W. 57th St. Weekdays, noon to 6.)

Ibram Lassaw—New sculptures, continuing his lacily delicate explorations of the heavens and their constellations; through Oct. 25. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

William J. Long—Wood sculptures, archaic in manner and ponderous in design but occasionally quite effective; through Oct. 18. (Creative, 18 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Pascin—Twenty pictures, dated from around 1905 to 1930, by this now somewhat neglected post-Impressionist; through Oct. 25. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

Marjorie Phillips—Landscapes and flower studies mostly, all more or less in the Impressionist tradition; through Oct. 18. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

Picasso—Comprehensive exhibition of his drawings, small paintings, and other works of the period 1920-25; through Oct. 18. (Curt Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

Ray Prohaska—Hazily colorful abstractions, many of them based on marine subjects; through Oct. 17. (Levitt, 35 E. 49th St.)

Charles Rain—Oils, leaning slightly toward the Surrealist style, and done with miniaturistic precision; through Oct. 18. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

Ran-Inting—A Formosan artist's colorful and descriptive water-color paintings of his native scenes. Through Oct. 18. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.)

A. C. Sella—Paintings, some of them quite forceful, highly stylized in design and rather sombre in color; through Oct. 18. (Creative, 18 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

Miriam Svet—First New York exhibition of paintings by a California artist with a gift for mingling the everyday with a touch of fantasy; through Oct. 18. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz—About seventy of his early ink-and-wash drawings of the dancer Isadora Duncan, shown in commemoration of her death twenty-five years ago; through Oct. 25. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Some of This Week's Openings—At the FERARGIL, 63 E. 57th St.: Charles Cagle; through Oct. 25. . . . JANIS, 15 E. 57th St.: Kurt Schwitters; through Nov. 8. . . . KRAUSHAAR, 32 E. 57th St.: Cecil Bell; through Nov. 1. . . . PARSONS, 15 E. 57th St.: Seymour Lipton; through Nov. 1. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: Charles Shaw; through Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Group shows at the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.; through Nov.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

15. **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 130 E. 56th St.; through Nov. 8.

MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints by thirty artists, among them Arthur Deshaies, Antonio Frasconi, and Abraham Rattner, plus a display of various technical methods employed in making prints—wood blocks, lithograph stones, serigraph screens, and such; through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An absorbing exhibition of Rembrandt paintings, drawings, and prints, most of them assembled from the Museum's collection.... ¶ Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century sculptures and paintings on wood, representing the religious folk art of New Mexico and lent by the Taylor Museum of the Colorado Spring Fine Arts Center. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large and scintillating exhibition of paintings and other works by Matisse, Derain, Dufy, Vlaminck, and other moderns, done during their Fauve period, from about 1900 to 1908; through Jan. 4.... ¶ Fifty woodcuts in color, dating from 1948, by Louis Schanker, Adja Yunkers, Bernard Reder, and twenty-seven other artists, along with forty prints, mainly earlier, by three painters, Marin, Hopper, and Weber—all selected from the collection presented to the Museum by the late Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.; through Nov. 16. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8th St.—A loan show comprising approximately a hundred examples of American art, including oils, water colors, drawings, and sculptures that have been collected since 1942 by Edith and Milton Lowenthal; through Nov. 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK CITY OPERA COMPANY—Thursday evening, Oct. 16: "Bluebeard's Castle" (in English) and "L'Heure Espagnole." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 17: "Tosca." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 18: "Madame Butterfly" (with a Japanese and American cast).... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 18: "La Traviata." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 19: "The Old Maid and the Thief" and "Amahl and the Night Visitors.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 19: "Faust.". . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 22: "Bluebeard's Castle" (in English) and "L'Heure Espagnole.". . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 23: "The Consul.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 24: "Don Giovanni.". . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 25: "Carmen.". . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 25: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30. Through Sunday, Nov. 2.)

ORCHESTRAS

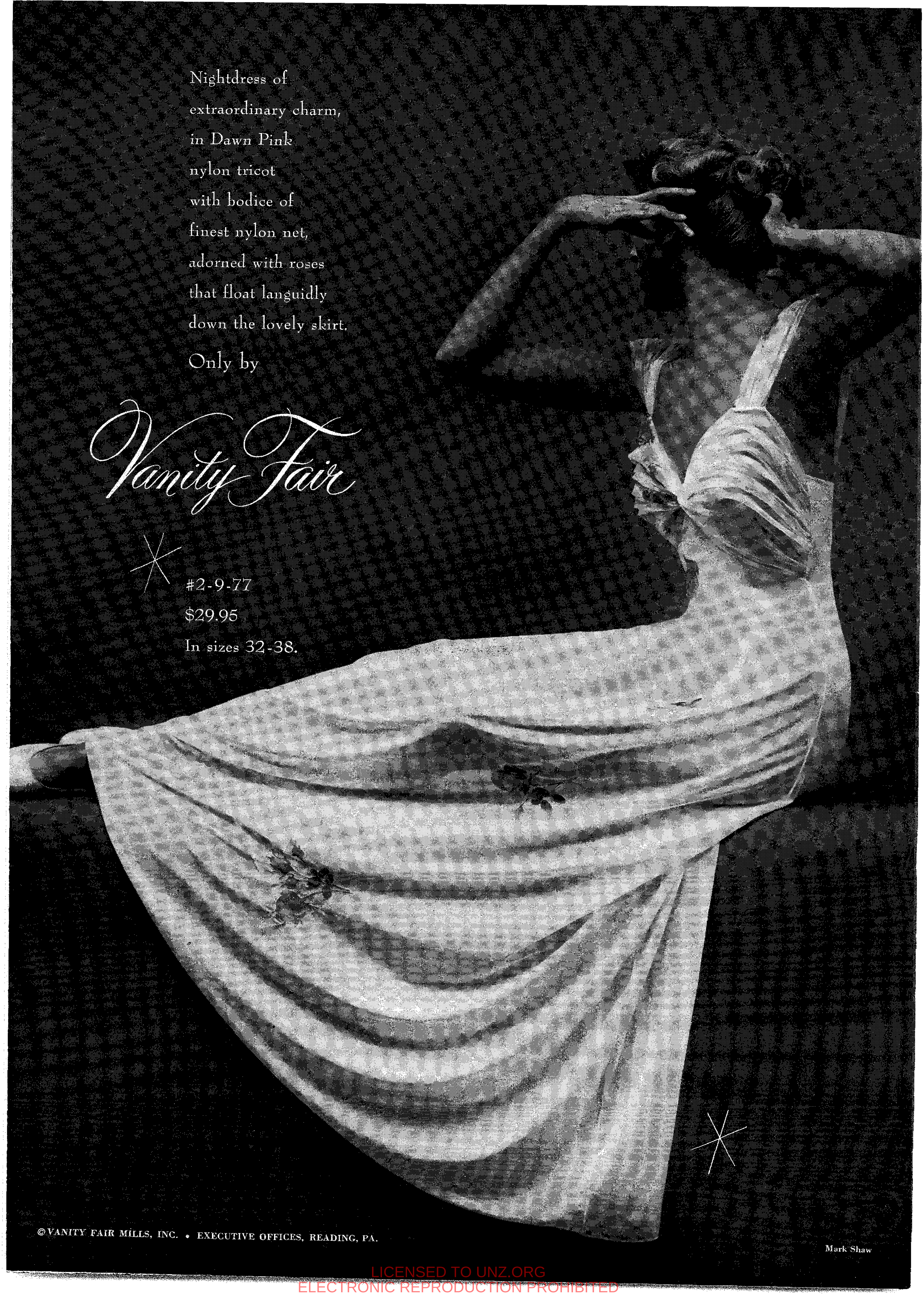
PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, April 26: Thursday, Oct. 16, at 8:45; Friday, Oct. 17, at 2:30; and Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2:30 (all with George London, bass-baritone, and the Schola Cantorum); and Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 24, at 2:30 (both with Zino Francescatti, violin).

SAIDENBERG LITTLE SYMPHONY—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.) . . . ¶ Daniel Saidenberg conducting an all-Bach program. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

CLAUDE FRANK—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 17, at 8:30.)

SUZANNE BLOCH—Playing the lute, virginals, and



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

recorders, in company with Paul Smith, recorders, and Vladimir Bobri, guitar. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, at 8:45. For tickets, call MU 8-7586.)

RAWN SPEARMAN—Tenor. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 3.)

SIGI WEISSENBERG—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 8:40.)

VERA FRANCESCHI—Piano. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—The second half of a two-part Bartók cycle. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

MALCUZYNSKI—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

LESLIE CHABAY—Tenor. (Town Hall. Thursday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

THEODORE ULLMANN—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 24, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

BOXING—Ezzard Charles vs. Cesar Brion, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 24. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 18 (all at 2): Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Pennsylvania, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Rutgers, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Colgate, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Holy Cross vs. Brown, at Worcester. . . . ¶ Maryland vs. Navy, at College Park. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Lafayette, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Cornell, at New Haven. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 25: Brown vs. Rutgers, at Providence, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Army, at Baker Field, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Navy, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Temple vs. N.Y.U., at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Lafayette, at New Haven, at 1:30.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals. (Polo Grounds. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2:05.)

GOLF—New York *Herald Tribune* Tournament of Champions. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 20-21.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunt Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 18.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 25.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Saturday, Oct. 18. The Grey Lag Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 18. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . EMPIRE CITY AT JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, Oct. 20, through Saturday, Nov. 15. The East View Stakes, Wednesday, Oct. 22, and the Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 25. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Mondays; last day, Saturday, Nov. 8. Through Saturday, Oct. 18, post time will be 1:30; after that date it will be 1. The Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 18. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track at 10.) . . . LAUREL PARK, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Friday, Oct. 24.

TROTTING—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40; through Saturday, Nov. 15. (Trains leave Grand Central Station for the track Mondays through Fridays at 6:53 and 7:40, and Saturdays at 7:20.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—*Opening children's concerts of the season*—By the PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY: Igor Buketoff conducting, with Saul Goodman as soloist in "The Worried Drummer." (Town Hall. LU 2-4536. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 3.) . . . LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY: Thomas Scherman conducting, with Lisl Weil, who will draw cartoons. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Operetta—"The Mikado," presented by the Masque and Lyre Light Opera Company. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 19, at 2:40.)

Plays—By the **playmart:** "Rumpelstiltskin." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1 and 2:45 and Sundays at 2:45. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **clare tree major children's theatre:** "King Midas; or, The Golden Touch." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 25, at 3.)

Pied Piper Carnival—Pony rides, a carrousel, races, games, a fishpond, a shooting gallery, and whatnot. (Barnard College, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Oct. 18, from 1 to 5.)

OTHER EVENTS

Presidential Campaign—An extremely tentative schedule of speeches. The daily papers will be able to tell you which will be broadcast—**democratic:** President Truman in Brooklyn, Saturday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Governor Stevenson in Los Angeles, Thursday, Oct. 16; in Chicago, Tuesday, Oct. 21; in Cleveland, Thursday, Oct. 23; and in Pittsburgh, Saturday, Oct. 25. . . . **republican:** General Eisenhower in New York, Thursday, Oct. 16; in Newark, Friday, Oct. 17; in Albany, Wednesday, Oct. 22; in Buffalo, Thursday, Oct. 23; and in Detroit, Friday, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Senator Taft in Asbury Park, N.J. Wednesday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Governor Warren in St. Louis, Friday, Oct. 17; in Newark, Monday, Oct. 20; in Allentown, Pa., Tuesday, Oct. 21; and in Savannah, Ga., Wednesday, Oct. 22.

United Nations—Weekdays, visitors are admitted to plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, and also to the occasional meetings of the Security Council. (United Nations Permanent Headquarters, First Ave. at 42nd St. For tickets, call PL 4-1234, Ext. 634, the day before you want to go.) . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 22 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

New York Antiques Fair—Proving that age cannot wither if the dowels are sound. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 16-17, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 18, from 1 to 6.)

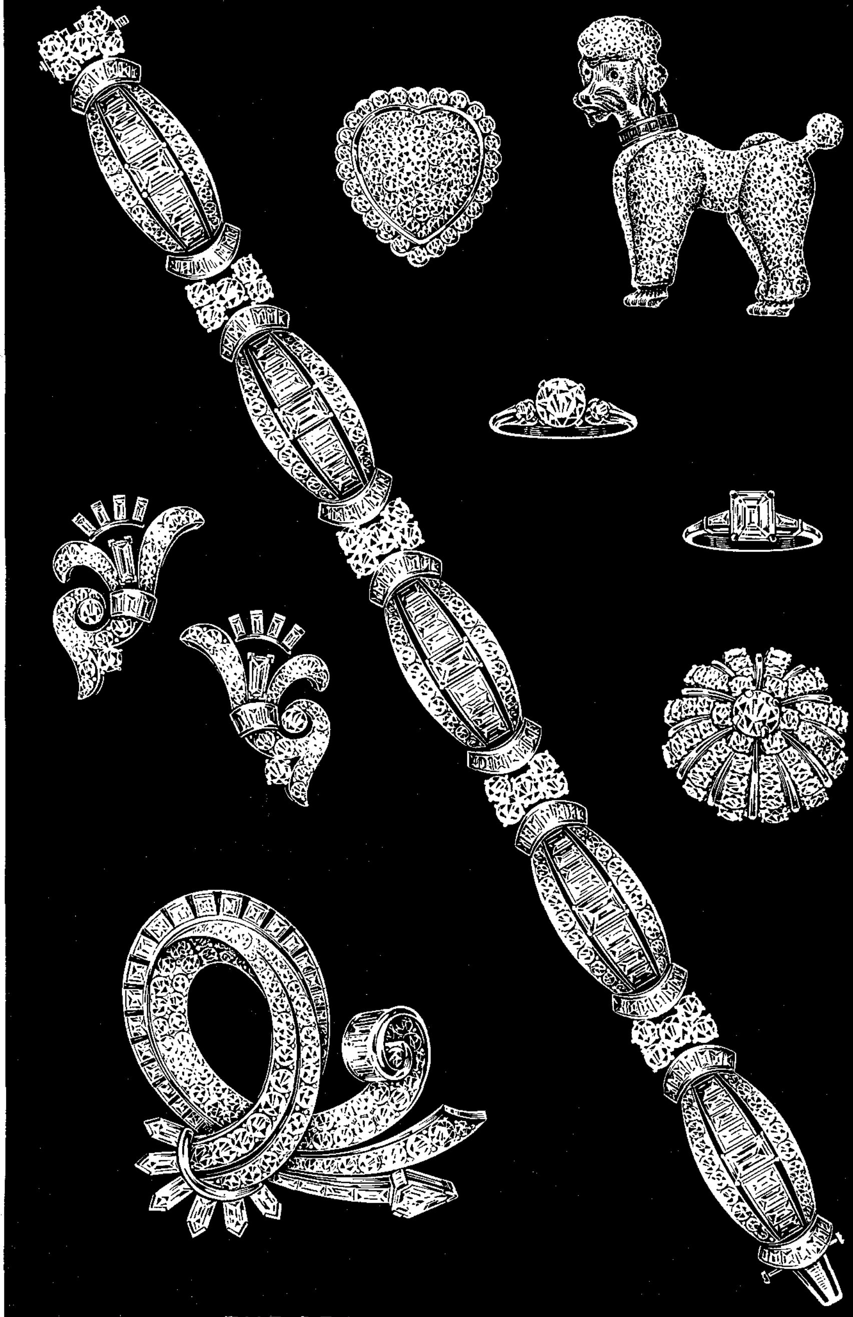
Chrysanthemum Show—Whether you prefer the buttonhole variety or the football-game size, they're all here. (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Friday, Oct. 24, from 2 to 5, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 25-26, from 10 to 5.)

Costume Exhibit—A collection of winter fashions worn by New York women between 1821 and 1921. The earliest example is an olive-green silk high-waisted coat and the most recent ones are an evening gown by Poiret and two by Worth. Through March 1. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium—The current show is called "The Earth in Space" and demonstrates how primitive man used his knowledge of the heavens in navigation. It also deals with the rotation and tilt of the earth on its axis, its revolution around the sun, and their subsequent effect upon the seasons. (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Oct. 17-18, at 1:45: French Provincial furniture and such objects of art as Dresden porcelain, tôle clocks, barometers, and candelabra, from the collection of Henri Duvernoux, of Paris, and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 21-22, at 1:45: Standard sets, art reference books, and first editions in sets of Dickens, Trollope, and others, the property of Mrs. Harrison Williams and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 22, at 8: Modern paintings, drawings, and prints by, among others, Renoir, Rouault, and Georgia O'Keeffe, collected by Clifford Odets and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 18.

BLACK, STARR & GORHAM



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

ODAY
TODAY
TODAY

Casque d'Or—An arresting, realistic French film of crime and passion in the apache Paris of fifty years ago. Very grim and very Grand Guignol. With Simone Signoret and Claude Dauphin. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Oct. 16.... ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting Oct. 17.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 22.)

Encore—Three more Maugham stories translated to the screen in an English film, with fairly entertaining results. The participants include Roland Culver, Nigel Patrick, Glynis Johns, and Kay Walsh. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 20.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; and Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; starting Oct. 21.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; and Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; starting Oct. 22.)

High Noon—In this topnotch Western, Gary Cooper and his wife, a Quaker lady with considerable knowledge of the six gun, wipe out a foursome of visiting badmen. Grace Kelly plays the spouse, and Thomas Mitchell and Lloyd Bridges are around, too. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; starting Oct. 17.)

The Stranger In Between—An English film concerned with a fugitive from a murder charge and a small runaway who, after being thrown together, develop a friendship that is the making of both of them. A fine job, with Jon Whiteley doing splendidly as the boy, and Dirk Bogarde helping things along as the murderer. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

What Price Glory?—Another version, and a good one, of Maxwell Anderson's and Laurence Stallings' seemingly indestructible story of those two tough Marines, Captain Flagg and Sergeant Quirt. With James Cagney and Dan Dailey, and directed by John Ford. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 17-18.... ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 18-19.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Oct. 21-22.)

The Young and the Damned—Luis Buñuel's examination of juvenile delinquency in Mexico, which is long on violence but unfortunately lacking in any clear explanation of why the terrifying little ones behave as they do. A Mexican film. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Oct. 16.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Oct. 17.)

REVIVALS

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The classic silent fantasy. A German picture, with Conrad Veidt. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

Dead of Night (1946)—An excursion into the supernatural. An English film, with Michael Redgrave. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; Oct. 16.)

Drums (1938)—Sabu and Raymond Massey as India and the British Empire, respectively. An English film. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 19-20.)

Four Feathers (1939)—Kitchener in Egypt, by Korda. An English film, with Sir Ralph Richardson. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 19-20.)

Great Expectations (1947)—An English picture based on Dickens' story, with Valerie Hobson and John Mills. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Oct. 18.)

The Hunchback of Notre Dame (1939)—Charles Laughton, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Maureen O'Hara in medieval Paris. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; Oct. 20-21.)

The Lady Vanishes (1938)—Hitchcock's express train with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, and Paul Lukas aboard. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through Oct. 22.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; Oct. 19-20.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories of two girls in Greenwich Village. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 18.)

Panic in the Streets (1950)—Richard Widmark as a United States Public Health doctor trying to head off a plague in New Orleans. Paul Douglas is in it, too. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Oct. 16.)

The River (1951)—Life and young love along the Ganges, taken from Rumer Godden's novel. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 18.)

Tales of Hoffmann (1951)—A big British amalgam of opera, ballet, and cinematography. With Moira Shearer, Robert Helpmann, and Robert Rounseville. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630.)

Ways of Love (1950)—A trilogy composed of one Italian and two French films. With, among others, Anna Magnani. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Oct. 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 19: "Man of Aran" (1934), a Robert Flaherty film.... ¶ Starting Oct. 20: "Elephant Boy" (1937), another Flaherty film. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

Note—A new movie-projection technique that involves a large curved screen, three projectors, and six sound tracks is being demonstrated under the title "This Is Cinerama." The program is made up of a series of short sequences chosen to illustrate the capabilities of the scheme—a roller-coaster ride, Niagara Falls from a helicopter, and so on. (Broadway Theatre, B'way at 53rd, CI 7-2887. Nightly at 8:40. Matinées Mondays through Thursdays at 2:30, and Fridays through Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

• • •

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 22: "The Miracle of Our Lady of Fatima," Gilbert Roland.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Just for You," Bing Crosby, Jane Wyman, Ethel Barrymore.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through Oct. 20: "One Minute to Zero," Robert Mitchum, Ann Blyth.
From Oct. 21: "The Lusty Men," Susan Hayward, Robert Mitchum.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"The World in His Arms," Gregory Peck, Ann Blyth.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
Through Oct. 22: "Because You're Mine," Mario Lanza, Doretta Morrow.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd (LO 3-1100)
Through Oct. 21: "Son of Paleface," Bob Hope, Jane Russell.
From Oct. 22: "Springfield Rifle," Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter.

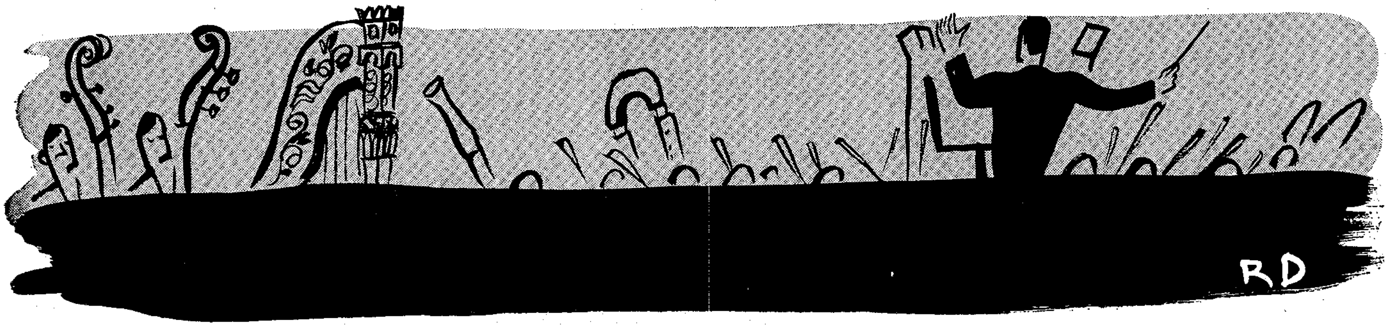
Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Thief," Ray Milland, Rita Gam.

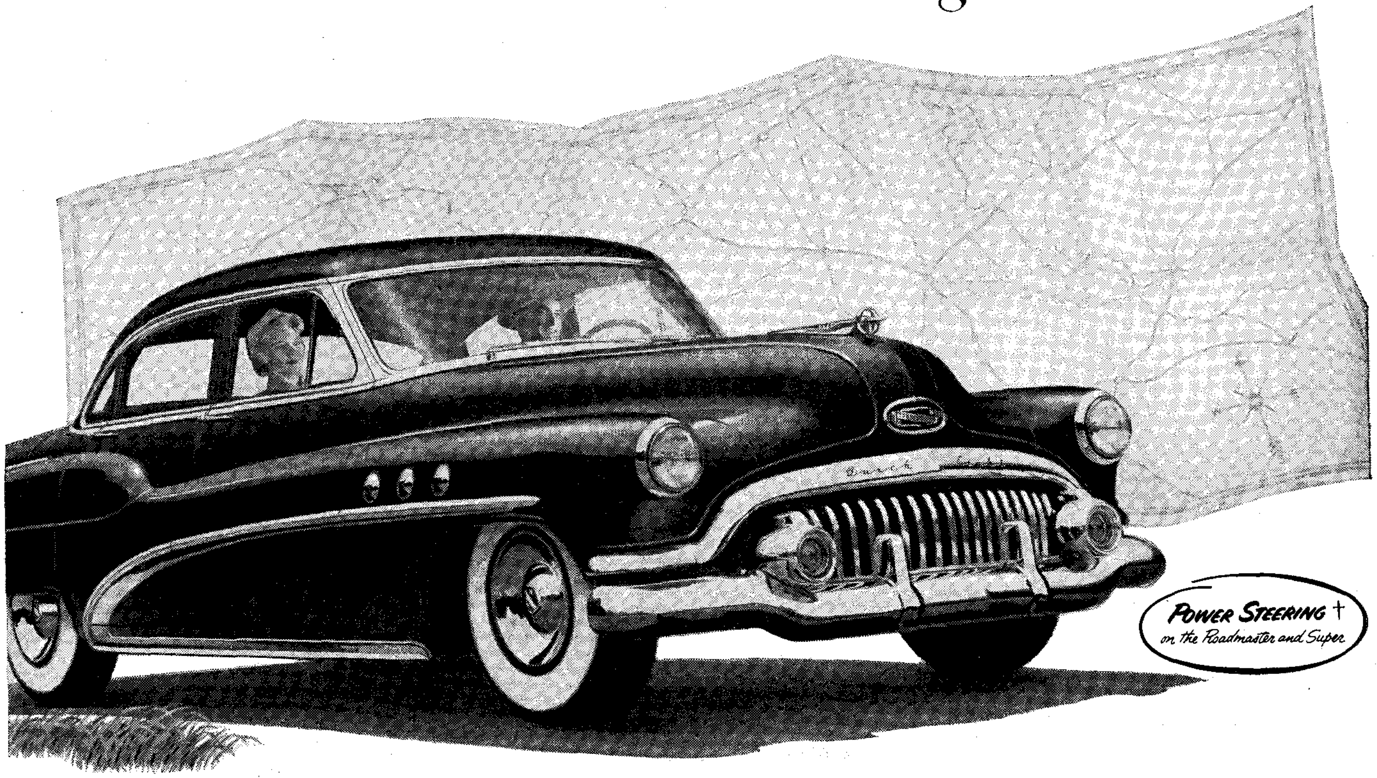
State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"The Merry Widow," Lana Turner, Fernando Lamas.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Fourposter," Rex Harrison, Lilli Palmer.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"Father's Dilemma" (in Italian), Aldo Fabrizi.



DISTANCE
makes the heart grow fonder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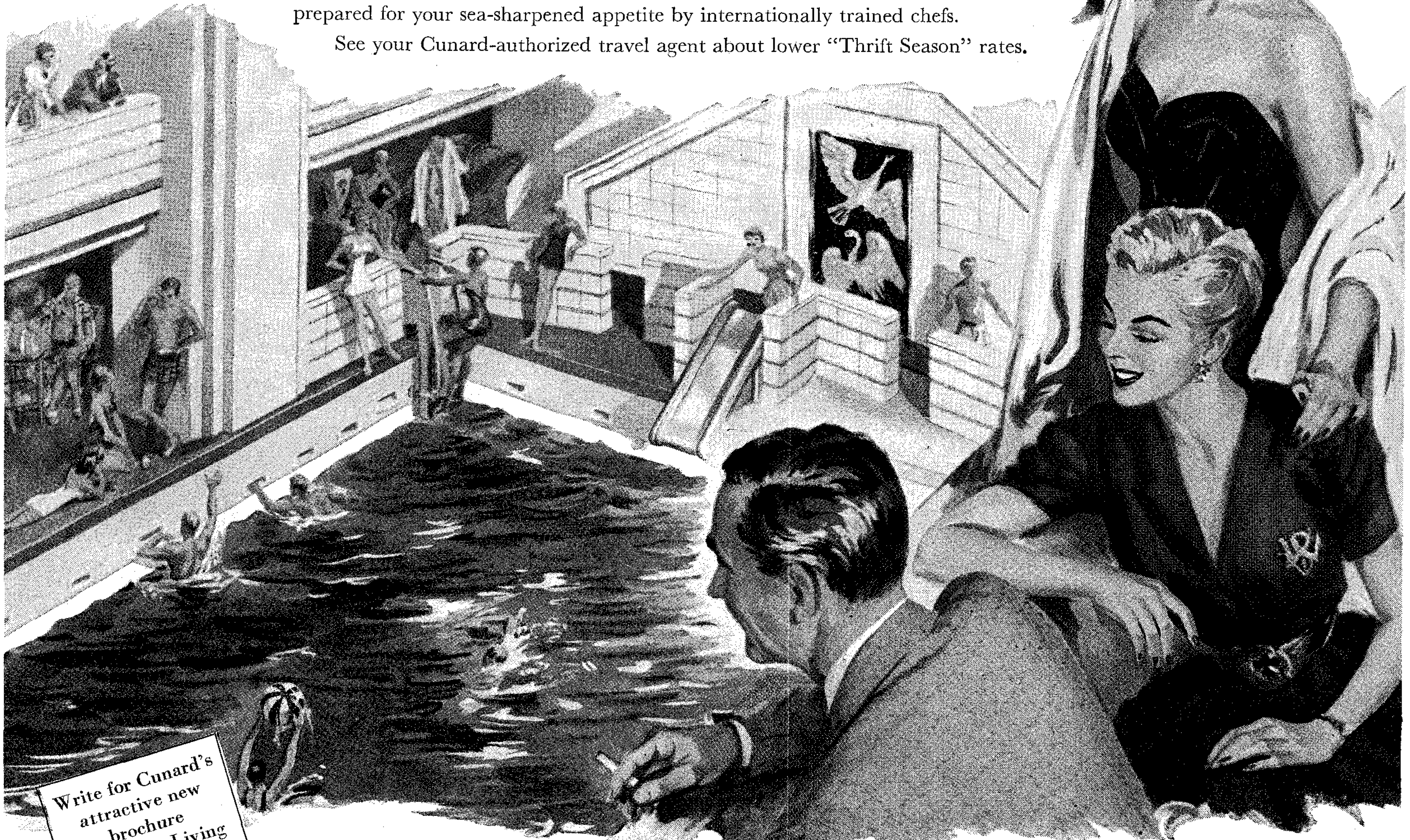

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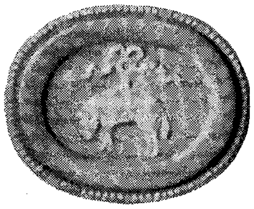

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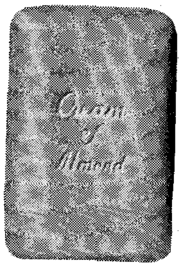

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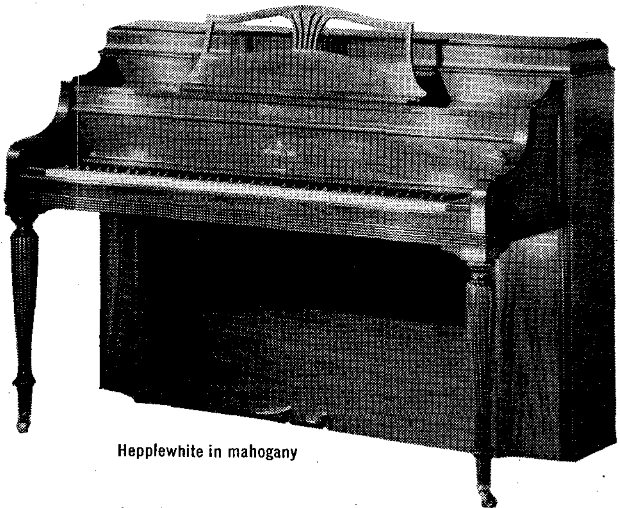

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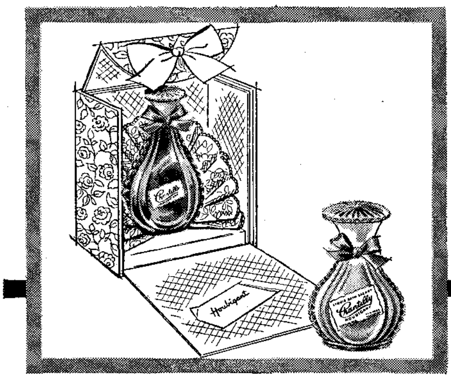

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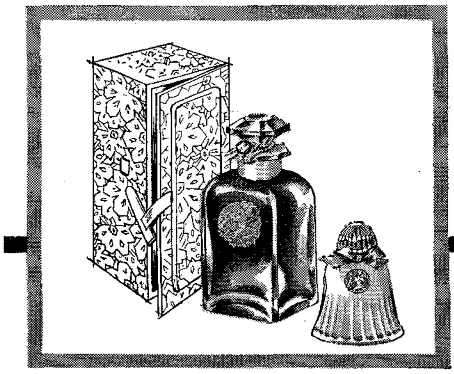

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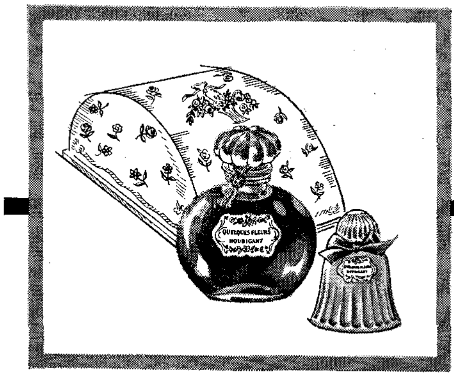

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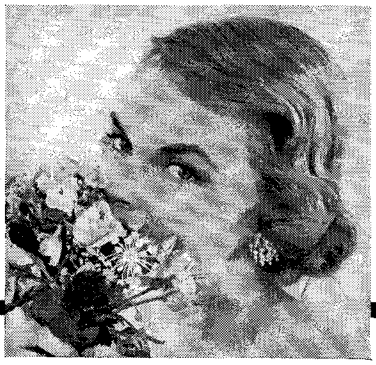

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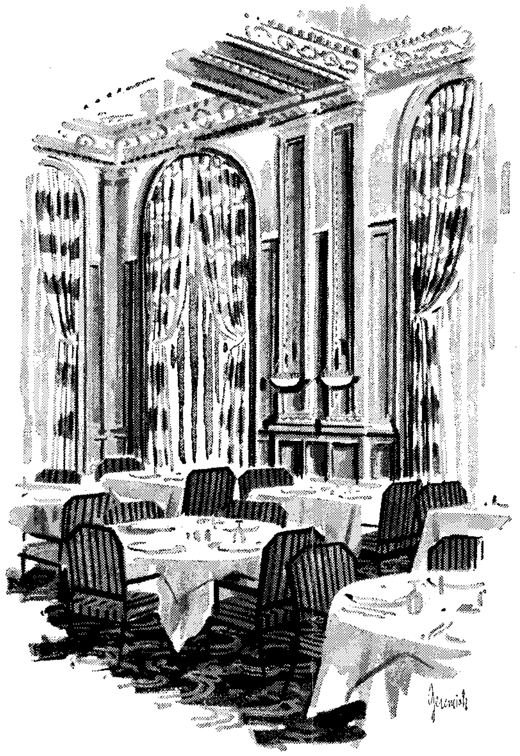

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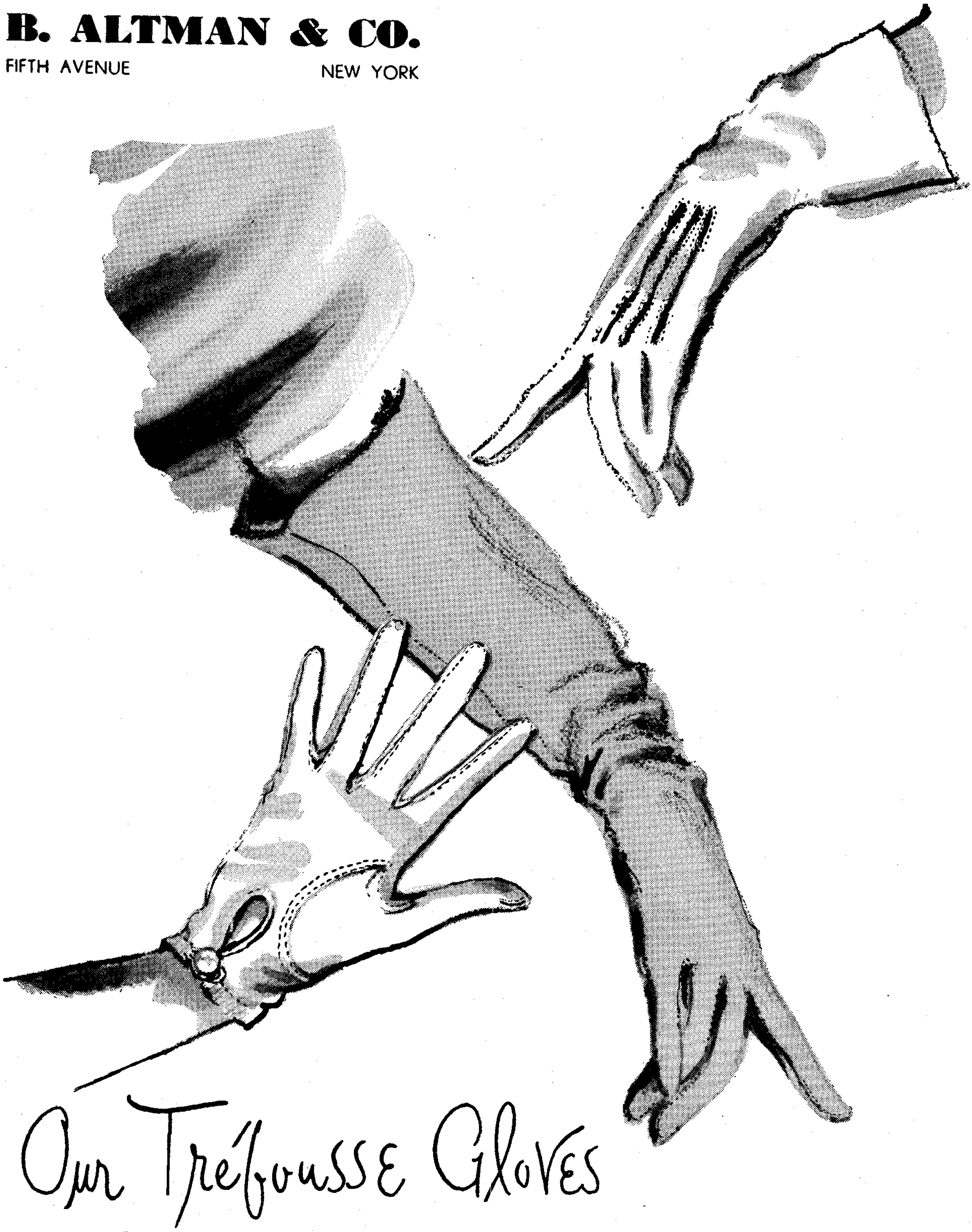

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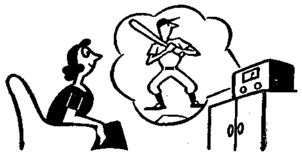
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

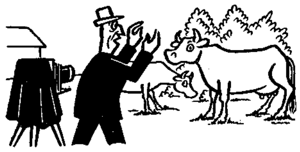
BASEBALL is, of course, just a memory. And everyone, naturally, has his own private set of recollections. As for us, our only contact with the world of baseball is through our wife, who turns the radio on in spring and lets it run till fall because of a sentimental attachment she has for the New York Giants. (When allegiance to the Giants becomes no longer practicable, she shifts quickly and silently to the Dodgers, of Brooklyn.) Our own impression of baseball is gained from hearing, but not listening to, radio reports of games, and we are gradually peopling our strange, un-American world with players whom we know vaguely and love dearly. There's a character named Antipasto, who plays in the outfield, and one named Mowgli, who pitches. Our wife tells us that they are in the same league but not on the same team, and that we have their names wrong. But everyone to his own sport, say we.



IF we're vague about baseball, we're crystal-clear about the game of politics, and can give you names and figures. Eisenhower weighs 176 and is supported by the *Daily Princetonian*, once edited by Stevenson, who weighs 185 and is backed by the *Columbia Spectator*, a student newspaper of Columbia University, of which Eisenhower is president. Eisenhower is 62 years old, pulse rate 72, or eight beats per minute slower than the pulse rate of Stevenson, who is 52 years old, or ten years younger than Eisenhower. Both men sleep well—why, nobody knows. Eisenhower is five feet ten, watches his weight carefully, and is supported by the Youth for Eisenhower. Stevenson is five feet ten, watches his weight carefully, and has the backing of the *Harvard Crimson* and the *Yale Daily News*. (Score in 1951: Yale 21, Harvard 21.) Eisenhower once suffered an injury to his left knee, and is on the same ticket with Richard ("Dick") Nixon, who owes $20,000 on a house in Washington and loves dogs. Stevenson once had a kidney stone removed, raised a political fund in Illinois from private sources, and vetoed a bill against cats. Eisenhower plays golf, averages from 1,800 to 2,500 calories per day, and is supported by James F. Byrnes, former Secretary of State under Harry S. Truman, who supports Stevenson, who plays tennis, averages 1,700 calories per day, and is supported by John J. Wiley, who helped manage the 1950 Senatorial campaign of Richard ("Dick") Nixon, running mate of Dwight D. Eisenhower. Eisenhower's tonsils have been removed and he is in favor of economy in government, an idea endorsed also by Adlai E. Stevenson, who hasn't any tonsils, either. Both men have a tendency toward overweight. If you don't know how to vote now, you'll never know.

Wedge-Shaped

A FEW days ago, we accompanied Henry A. Strohmeyer, Jr., senior partner in the White Plains firm of Strohmeyer & Carpenter, on a cow-photographing expedition to Dunwalke Farm, Clarence Dillon's place in Far Hills, and thus got the lowdown on a singular specialty. His firm devotes itself solely to photographing farm animals. Strohmeyer, an alert, cheerful fellow of sixty-one, picked us up in midtown at an ungodly hour. "Got to keep these dairy-farm appointments by nine A.M.," he said as we whizzed through the Lincoln Tunnel. "Cows aren't milked till after they've had their pictures taken—lose half the point of the pictures, for goodness' sake!—and if they're made to wait too long, they get disgruntled. Can't have that. Disgruntlement shows in a cow's face—don't think it doesn't." Strohmeyer went on to say that Dillon owns a magnificent herd of Guernseys and that the cows whose likenesses he was about to take were soon to go on sale. "My pictures will be published in various livestock magazines, to attract bidders. All fine-looking girls. Ought to bring over three thousand dollars apiece."



As we spanked along the New Jersey Turnpike, Strohmeyer informed us that he had hit on his vocation more or less by chance. His father was a big wheel in stereoscopic photography, and when the movies supplanted the stereoscope, the elder Strohmeyer, an expert at landscapes, made a career of photographing people's estates. His son soon joined him. "Father photographed most of the big estates in New Jersey and Westchester," Strohmeyer said. "He would wait as long as a week for the weather and light to get right before photographing a particular estate. You can't wait anything like that long with livestock." One day in 1915, a man whose place was being photographed asked the younger Strohmeyer if he'd mind taking a picture of a prize bull on the property. Strohmeyer said he'd be glad to. "I didn't know anything about bulls, or any other four-footed creatures, and it wasn't much of a picture," Strohmeyer said. "Still, I'd enjoyed doing it, and the next thing I knew, I was off estates and on animals. By 1928, I was so rushed I had to find a partner. John Carpenter was raised on a farm, and I figured it was easier to teach him about photography than to teach a photographer about farms. Little by little, we've given up bothering with cats, dogs, horses, hogs, and the like. Too much trouble—won't stand still. Oh, maybe I'll shoot an occasional hog for a friend. Or a sheep—there's nothing to shooting a sheep. Poultry we don't touch. Never have and never will."

We reached Dunwalke Farm just before nine and came to a stop in the middle of a group of handsome white barns and outbuildings. Strohmeyer told the dairy manager we'd passed a field on the way in that looked ideal for shooting, and the manager said he'd send the subjects along. We made our way back to the field, which had been freshly cut, and Strohmeyer set up his camera facing a clump of bushes. Ducking in and out of a black focussing cloth and gesturing with a five-by-seven plate, he explained that Guernseys, being buff-colored, photograph best against foliage and that natural light is desirable, since artificial light is apt to show up a cow's ribs. Two farmhands led the first of the Guernseys into the field, and Strohmeyer directed the placing of the animal. "Beef animals are taken quartering from front to back," he told us, whipping out a pair of scissors and snipping some tufts of unruly hair from the cow's back. "A dairy cow should look wedge-shaped. Take her a bit back of center, with the rear a bit—ah—prominent."

Strohmeyer patted the cow's neck, scratched her ears, ran a comb through her fluffy tail, and asked one of the farmhands her name. He said it was Viva. While this farmhand brushed her, Strohmeyer directed the other to hide behind the bushes and emerge on signal with a jacket over his head, uttering sounds weird enough to attract the cow's interest. Strohmeyer then began to snap commands to the farmhand beside Viva and to Viva herself. "Left foot up!" he cried. "Now left hock out! Pinch her gently in the hips! Head up a little! Stand still, you hussy! Please, Viva, please!" When Viva was posed to Strohmeyer's satisfaction, he called to the man in the bushes, who bounded out, flapping his jacket and shouting, "Hew! Whinny! Hew!" Viva stared. "No use!" Strohmeyer said mournfully, from under the focussing cloth. "I have to get that sparkle. Bring down a calf, the younger the better. Cows perk up when they spot a calf." Three minutes later, a calf was hurried into the field and paraded back and forth before Viva. "That's it! Sparkle!" Strohmeyer said, seeing more in Viva's sleepy brown eyes than we did. He clicked the shutter, mopped his brow with the focussing cloth, and, in high spirits, signalled for another model to be brought on.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The Allied Liquor Shop, at 137 East Sixty-second Street, bears, in three-dimensional gold letters on its right-hand window, the following: "Allied Liquorsh."

The American flag illustrated in Abercrombie & Fitch's latest catalogue has forty-five stars.

On the menu of Rosoff's Restaurant, West Forty-third Street: "Buttered fresh tender California peas with chlorophyll."

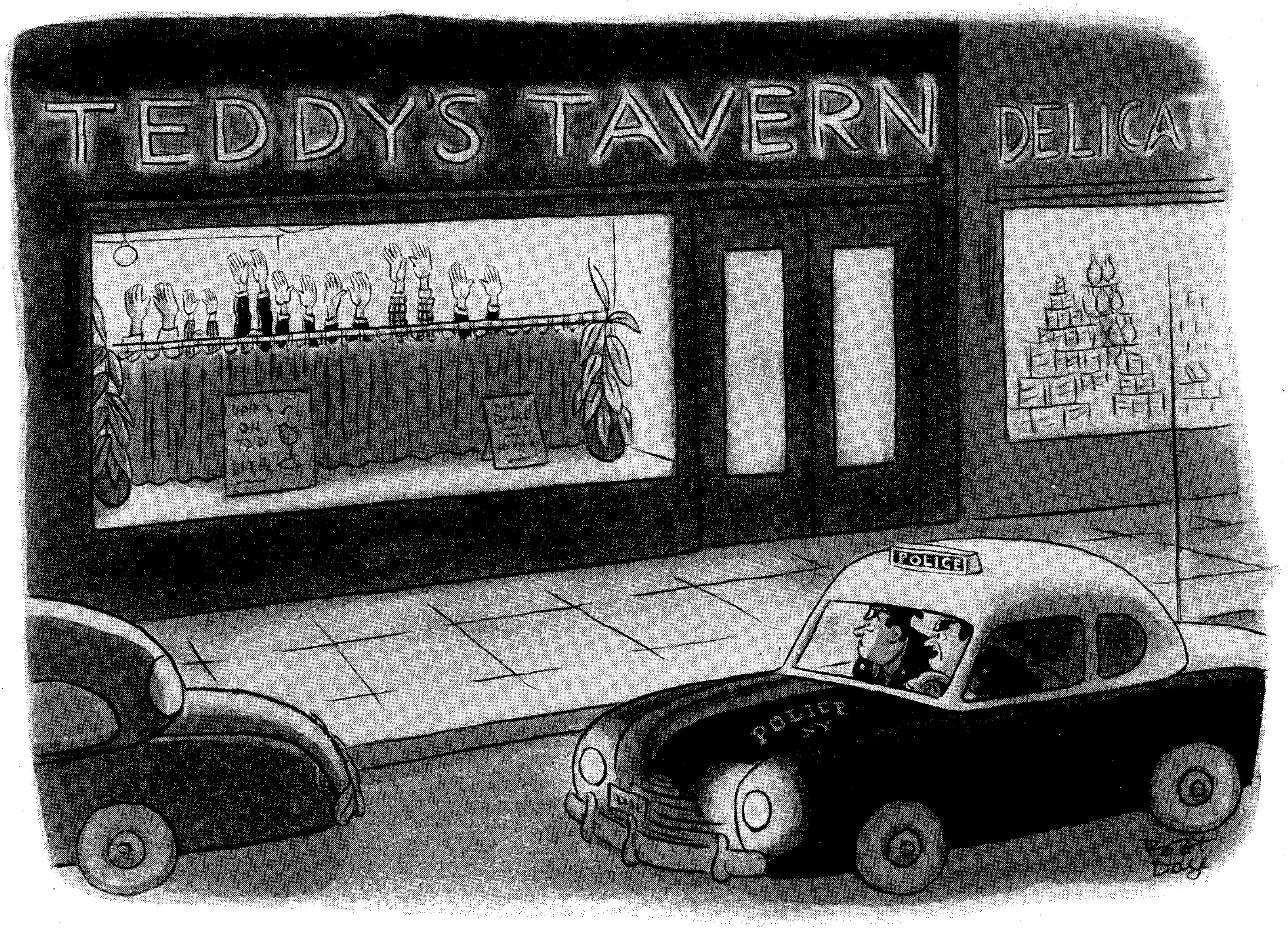
Still on Fifth Avenue

"GRAB your hat and go up to Bonwit Teller's second-floor shoe salon!" we barked at one of our younger staff men the other morning, for we had just become privy to the fact that a small dining room of the old Cornelius Vanderbilt house had been transplanted to that section of this enterprising store, scarcely five blocks from its original site. Our man was back two hours later, full of news. Upon his inquiring into the matter of the dining room, Bonwit's had provided him with no less knowledgeable a guide than Mr. Walter Hoving, president of the emporium, resplendent in "Ike" lapel pin and Racquet Club tie. Together they inspected the phoenix, which in its Bonwit incarnation turned out to be no longer a room but an alcove, open at the east end. Its three walls are fitted with eleven hand-carved gray-beige Louis XVI panels, some of them mirrored, and three double doors; a twelfth panel, bigger than the others, stands by itself at one side of the shoe salon. The two corner panels in the alcove are bowed and contain shelves behind curved glass doors; a few pairs of shoes are exhibited in them. In its pristine form, the room was twenty-five feet by fourteen, and sixteen feet high; William Pahlmann, the decorator, who installed it in Bonwit's, took the cornices off the panels to accommodate it to the store's twelve-foot ceilings.

"I've lunched in that room with Mrs. Vanderbilt many times," Mr. Hoving told our representative. "She used it for lunches of six or less. It contained the best *boiserie* in the house; the General and his wife bought it in Europe. When Mrs. Vanderbilt moved from Fifty-first Street to her present house, on Eighty-sixth Street, she had the panelling taken out intact, with the idea of using it there. Well, that didn't work out, for some reason, and she sold it to a Second Avenue dealer. Mr. Pahlmann called it to my attention there, and I bought it at once. It was in terrible shape—absolutely black—but I think we've brought it to life. It's been here a little over a month, and several of our customers have recognized it. It was one of the lovely small rooms of old New York, and we're delighted to preserve it for our customers and anyone else who wants to come in."

Hoving besought our man to notice a number of antiques he had bought to go with the Vanderbilt woodwork. These included some Louis XIV chairs and sofas (some of them also from the Vanderbilt house), an Empire table, and, out in the salon, a French floral rug, twenty-five feet by fifty, which came from a big house in Locust Valley. "That rug originally cost sixty or seventy thousand dollars," Mr. Hoving said. "Of course, we didn't pay anything like that. We have antiques all through the store, and in our stores in Boston, Chicago, and Cleveland. Here's our philosophy about this: By using old pictures, old rugs, and old furniture, you can make a store look wonderful for substantially less than it would cost if you decorated it with everything new. I've taken people through our Chicago branch, which is five stories high, and asked them to guess what our total investment in furnishings there is. They're always off. Most guesses have been over two million dollars. The actual investment was only five hundred and eighty thousand."

The preserver of the Vanderbilt room declined to state what his Manhattan establishment's furnishings cost, but our man shrewdly noted that this building is twelve stories high. "Would you like to see our coat-and-suit department, on the fourth floor, and our better-grade dresses, on the sixth?" Mr. H. asked him. "In one we've tried to convey an outdoor feeling and in the other an



"This must be the place."

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indoor feeling." Our lieutenant nodded, and has since handed us a sheaf of notes on the subject, which we have filed in a cigar box we once picked up in the old George Blumenthal house.

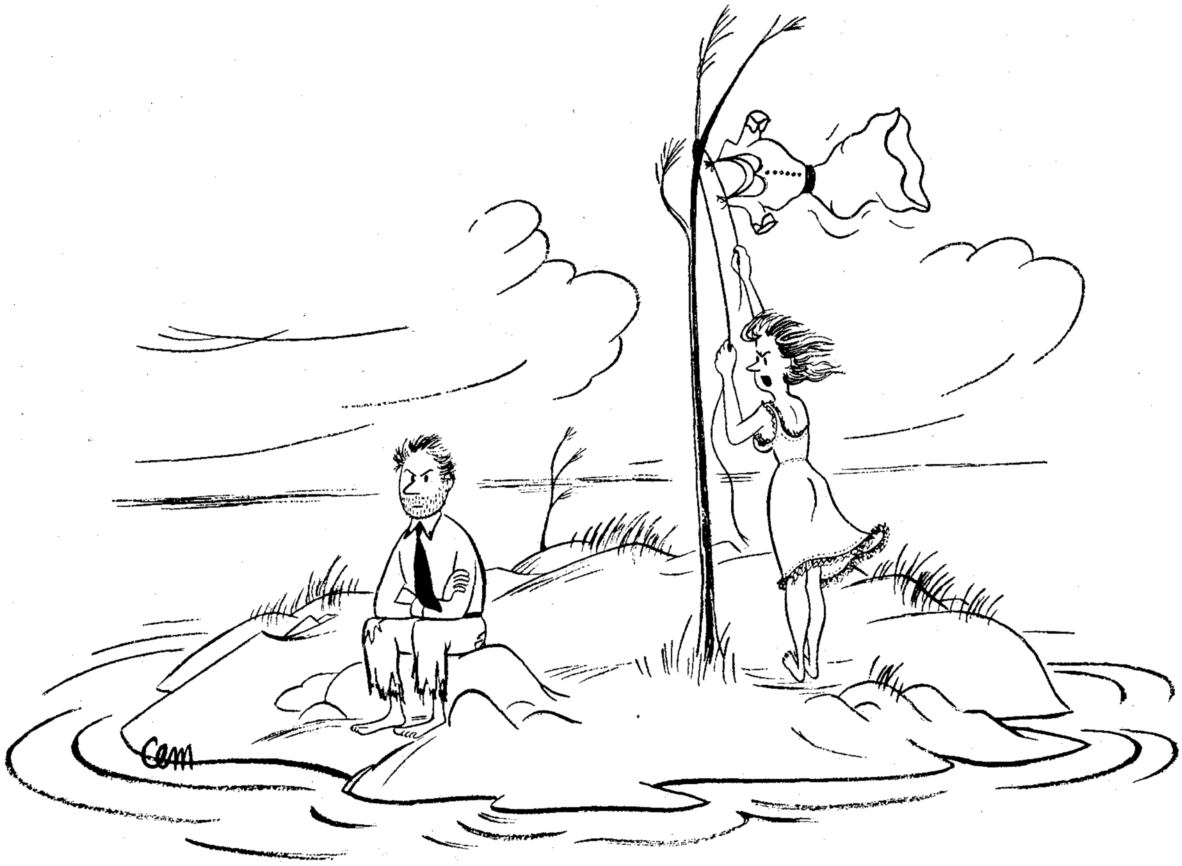
Nothing to It

A Five-Year-Old girl in one of the more advanced kindergartens went to spend the night with a classmate whose father is a psychiatrist, and at dinner she inquired of the gentleman what he did. He said he explained people's dreams, and a thoughtful expression spread over her face. Next morning, she had a dream all ready for him, and, sure enough, he explained it satisfactorily before the arrival of the eight-thirty school bus. That night, flushed with success, she put the same occupational query to her father, who replied that he was a lawyer. Cross-examined, he tried for a full fifteen minutes to make his calling comprehensible but got deeper and deeper into trouble the further he went. Finally, the little girl stopped him impatiently. "Well, at least I know what a *psychiatrist* does," she said.

Thirsty Sponge

We called on Alfred H. Morton, the new head of the Voice of America, one afternoon recently and asked him to describe his typical day. "Typical day!" he cried. "Why, I've only been in office two minutes! I've just said goodbye to my predecessor. You're the first person I've seen since taking office. There hasn't been *time* for a typical day." While we were wondering whether to settle for a typical two minutes, Mr. Morton observed that he had been in the V.O.A. office, if not *in* office, for three weeks, indoctrinating himself. "Intensively, I assure you," he said. "It doesn't take very long around here to recognize the vital necessity of the work. The war of words is one of extreme importance to this country of ours. I've been sitting in on staff meetings, and I'm very much impressed with the quality of expertness that reposes in the division heads. I've been soaking up information for three weeks like a thirsty sponge on an ocean bottom."

We asked about his pre-submarine activities. "It is always very difficult for me to indulge in the personal pronoun," he said, but, at our urging, he disclosed that he was born in Chicago, the son of a doctor; interrupted his studies at the University of Illinois to serve in the Field Artillery in the First World War; took an engineering degree at the university in 1919; and then joined General Electric's New York office. "I had the privilege of sitting at the feet of Mr. Owen D. Young when I was a beardless youth," he said. In 1921, still unshaven, he moved over to the newly born Radio Corporation of America. "I opened its Washington office, and from 1929 until 1934 was its European manager, with headquarters in Paris," he



"You and your damned Brooks Brothers shirt!"

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said. "Our territory extended from North Africa to Russia. I supervised the construction of two large broadcasting stations in Rome and Milan, and negotiated and administered patent-license agreements with European radio-apparatus manufacturers. Then, beginning with the 1930 International Exposition in Paris, I started a regular flow of European broadcasts to this country. Now, of course, I'm doing just the opposite; we broadcast an average of three hundred and sixty-five thousand words a day, in forty-six languages, to the rest of the world."

Morton returned to America in 1933 for the opening of the Chicago World's Fair. He escorted Marconi to that event as a guest of R.C.A., which in 1919 had bought the American Marconi Company. "I got to know Mr. Marconi quite well in Italy," he said. "I often accompanied him on his floating laboratory, the Elettra. He named his daughter Elettra, too, by the way. He was an extremely intelligent, personable, shy man. He took a lot of knowing, but he was a bird dog when he got an idea." N.B.C., an R.C.A. offshoot, claimed Mr. Morton next. After two years as manager of its program department, he became a vice-president in charge of stations owned, managed, and operated by N.B.C. There were N.B.C.-owned stations in New York, Chicago, Washington, Cleveland, and San Francisco; there were N.B.C.-managed and N.B.C.-operated ones, owned by General Electric and Westinghouse, in Philadelphia, Boston, Pittsburgh, Schenectady, and Denver. As a consequence, he travelled widely. "In 1938, television began to poke its head up, and I was asked to organize a television staff," he said. "It was showing signs of developing into a healthy young man when Pearl Harbor brought an abrupt halt to television. In 1942, N.B.C.'s Artists Service—a sort of talent pool—was set up as a separate corporation, the National Concert and Artists Corporation, and I became its president. This assignment forged an unusually interesting link in my chain of experience, since it put me in touch with *talent*. In 1948, when television had come back, Twentieth Century-Fox approached me and asked me to guide them in handling this new Frankenstein monster. I laid out a six-point plan, which they embraced, but a combination of road blocks developed—the F.C.C.'s freeze on TV station activity, the Supreme Court's 1949 anti-trust decision against the major motion-picture companies, and a twelve-per-cent drop-off that year in theatre attendance—which kind of chilled Twentieth Century's ardor for TV." Mr. Morton resigned in 1950 and formed his own firm of television consultants. "And then, a few weeks ago, I heeded this clarion call to duty," he said, with a smile.

V.O.A.'s A.H.M. is as beardless as he was in the days when he sat at O.D.Y.'s feet. "The radio industry's coöperation is essential to us," he said, rubbing his chin, "and in this connection, having been in commercial radio so long myself, I think I may be of help. We have an excellent and hardheaded advisory committee of radio people from all over the country, most of whom I know. I'll be able to cut up old touches with them. They're so serious that they've broken themselves down into *sub*committees."

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OVERHEARD on a New York-to-Croton local:

FIRST MATRON: "Have you read the new Hemingway story? I think it's wonderful."

SECOND MATRON: "No. I really can't stand fish."

Multiple Planner

THE International Planned Parenthood Committee, in London, has received the following letter from a gentleman on the African Gold Coast:

DEAR FRIEND,

I have the honour most respectfully to apply for your special and particulars catalogue.

I have married two women, so try your best and send me some of catalogue.

Try your best and send it to me very instantaneous.

Registered

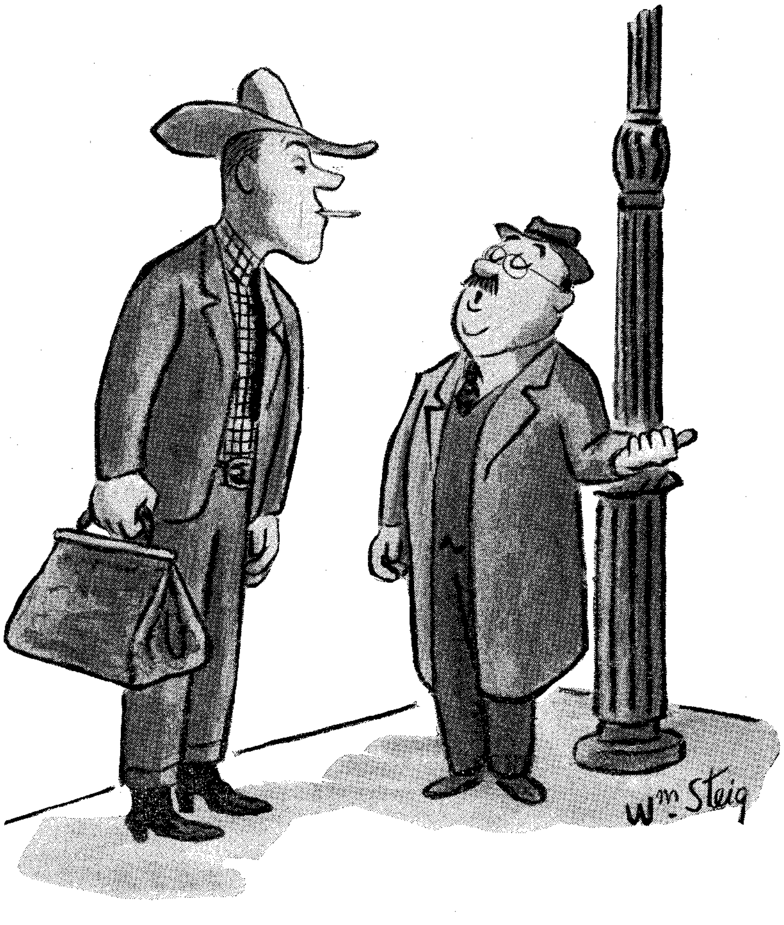
WE got word that the unusually heavy early registration of voters last week had turned the normally tranquil purlieus of the Board of Elections into bedlam, and, as a student and fancier of bedlam, we set out at once for the Board's headquarters, which are on the fourth floor of the Police Department annex, on Broome Street. What we found there was bedlam, all right, but under control and in a worthy and pleasant form, for if the office staff of the Board was hard pressed, it was also proud that the vote in November promised to be big. As we stepped off the elevator into a large, yellowing corridor, a shirtsleeved man, wearing an expression of good-humored harassment, was being questioned by a man in heavy brown work clothes, whose voice made the light fixtures tinkle. "I'm a riveter, see?" he boomed. "New York's my home town, but I been hopping around from job to job—Canada, Mexico, Arkansas. Now, what I want to know is am I a resident? Do I get to vote or don't I?" The man in shirtsleeves asked the riveter if he had previously registered in an election district here and if he was currently living in that district. The riveter replied that he had and was. "The law says that you must be a resident of the state for at least a year, a resident of the city for at least four months, and a resident of your election district for at least thirty days prior to an election," said the man in shirtsleeves. "Yours is a delicate case and will have to be decided in the district. Inform the authorities that you were obliged to be out of town temporarily in order to procure a livelihood." "Livelihood!" said the riveter, in a tone of disbelief, and then, "O.K., O.K., just so's I get to vote. I'm a Democrat, see, and—" The man in shirtsleeves threw up his hands and hurried away.

Passing a telephone switchboard, we asked the operator, a tired-looking young man, how he was making out. "Every seven seconds, another call," he said. "The board's been a Christmas tree all day. Seems like for once we're going to get a *vote* in this country. The way I figure it, it's thanks to Eisenhower. I don't say that because I'm a Republican, either." At that moment, the whole board lighted up, and we made our way, through an office filled with bustling people and ringing telephones, to the ancient roll-top desk of Thomas Mallee, chief clerk of the Manhattan elections office. Mallee, a gray-haired, gentle man, told us that he'd never seen such a big early registration. "I've got twenty-six people here answering questions by phone as well as getting their regular work done—jobs like preparing absentee ballots and ballot strips for the voting machines and drawing up challenge lists of people who have died or who have moved from one district to another and might try to vote in both." Mallee said that the most frequent telephone inquiry was "Where do I register?," followed by inquiries concerning length of residence. "A real pain, those residence requirements," he said. "Maybe somebody just moved here from Ohio, and when we tell them they can't vote, they say, 'But it's only the national election I'm interested in. How can a state law affect a national election?' Then we have to explain that every state has the right to make its own residence rules." Mallee's telephone rang, and after he had listened to the person on the other end for a moment, he whispered to us that it was a student at Columbia and that students always give the Board of Elections a bad time in Presidential years. "Live in California, do you?" Mallee said into the telephone. "I'm very much afraid that under Section 151 you're not entitled to vote here, young man." A babble of protests issued from the receiver, and Mallee said mildly, "Now, now! *I* didn't make the law," and dropped the telephone back into its cradle.

Next, we spoke to an official who said that the demand for civilian absentee ballots was running far ahead of 1948, as was the demand for military absentee ballots; that the printing budget for the election was $493,000; that the payroll for some seventeen thousand inspectors, of which four are assigned to each election district, and for several hundred temporary clerks and typists came to a cool $1,850,000; and that he attributed the extraordinary registration to a mounting enthusiasm for Stevenson. On our way to the elevator, we looked into a room labelled "Hotel and Lodging House Reports," in which four clerks were bobbing about in a sea of manila envelopes and printed forms. Treading paper, one of the clerks said, "We got eleven thousand hotels, boarding houses, and flophouses in this city, and every last one of them has to send us a list of its guests, transient and otherwise. Don't want a lot of floaters doubling up at the polls." Even as he spoke, the forms lapped higher.

Any End Up

Consideration for the post office is not dead. A young matron recently received from her Boston grandmother a carefully wrapped package, containing a collection of rattling tulip bulbs, that was marked, in the sender's clear, large handwriting, "*Not* Fragile."



"Three blocks down, podner."

CLOUDLAND REVISITED

THE WICKEDEST WOMAN IN LARCHMONT

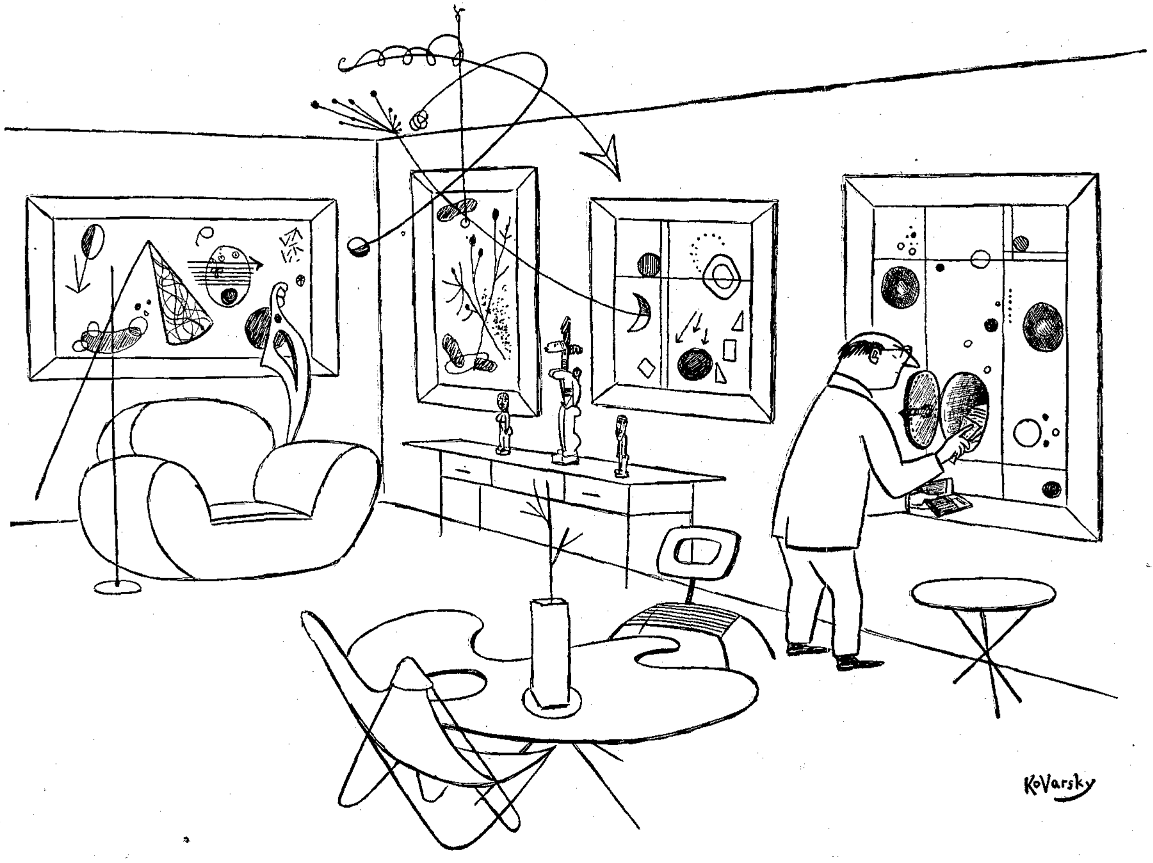
IF you were born anywhere near the beginning of the century and had access at any time during the winter of 1914-15 to thirty-five cents in cash, the chances are that after a legitimate deduction for nonpareils you blew in the balance on a movie called "A Fool There Was." What gave the picture significance, assuming that it had any, was neither its story, which was paltry, nor its acting, which was aboriginal, but a pyrogenic half pint by the name of Theda Bara, who immortalized the vamp just as Little Egypt, at the World's Fair in 1893, had the hoochie-coochie. My own discovery of Miss Bara dates back to the sixth grade at grammar school and was due to a boy named Raymond Bugbee, a detestable bully who sat at the desk behind mine. Bugbee was a fiend incarnate, a hulking, evil-faced youth related on both sides of his family to Torquemada and dedicated to making my life insupportable. He had perfected a technique of catapulting BB shot through his teeth with such force that some of them are still imbedded in my poll, causing a sensation like *tic douloureux* when it rains. Day after day, under threat of the most ghastly reprisals if I squealed, I was pinched, gouged, and nicked with paper clips, spitballs, and rubber bands. Too wispy to stand up to my oppressor, I took refuge in a subdued blubbering, which soon abraded the teacher's nerves and earned me the reputation of being refractory. One day, Bugbee finally overreached himself. Attaching a steel pen point to the welt of his shoe, he jabbed it upward into my posterior. I rose into the air caterwauling and, in the attendant ruckus, was condemned to stay after school and clap erasers. Late that afternoon, as I was numbly toiling away in a cloud of chalk dust, I accidentally got my first intimation of Miss Bara from a couple of teachers excitedly discussing her.

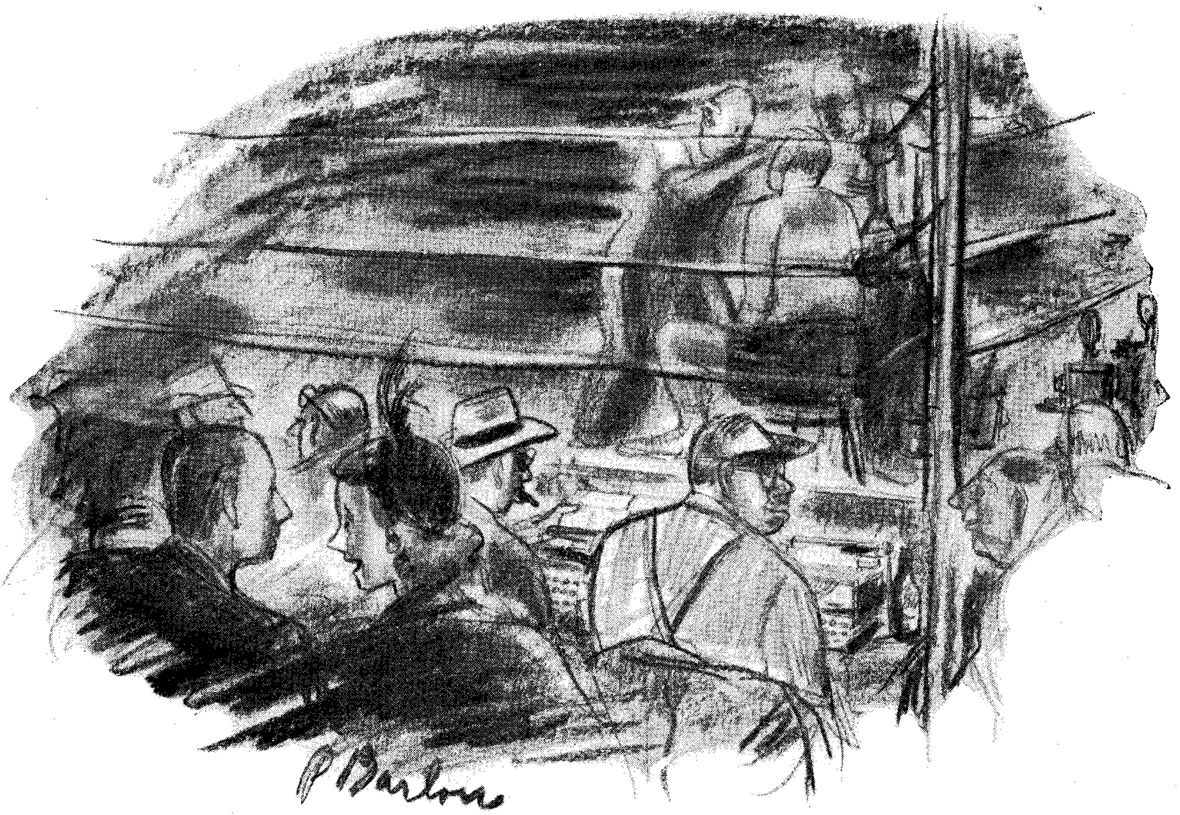
"If you rearrange the letters in her name, they spell 'Arab Death,' " one of them was saying, with a delicious shudder. "I've never seen an actress kiss the way she does. She just sort of glues herself onto a man and drains the strength out of him."

"I know—isn't it revolting?" sighed the other rapturously. "Let's go see her again tonight!" Needless to add, I was in the theatre before either of them, and my reaction was no less fervent. For a full month afterward, I gave myself up to fantasies in which I lay with my head pillowed in the seductress's lap, intoxicated by coal-black eyes smoldering with belladonna. At her bidding, I eschewed family, social position, my brilliant career—a rather hazy combination of African explorer and private sleuth—to follow her to the ends of the earth. I saw myself, oblivious of everything but the nectar of her lips, being cashiered for cheating at cards (I was also a major in the Horse Dragoons), descending to drugs, and ultimately winding up as a beachcomber in the South Seas, with a saintly, ascetic face like H. B. Warner's. Between Bugbee's persecutions that winter and the moral quicksands I floundered into as a result of "A Fool There Was," it's a wonder I ever lived through to Arbor Day.

A WEEK or so ago, seeking to ascertain whether my inflammability to Miss Bara had lessened over the years, I had a retrospective look at her early triumph. Unfortunately, I could not duplicate the original conditions under which I had seen her, since the Museum of Modern Art projection room is roach-free and lacks those powerful candy-vending machines on the chairs that kicked like a Colt .45. Nonetheless, I managed to glean a fairly comprehensive idea of what used to accelerate the juices in 1915, and anyone who'd like a taste is welcome to step up to the tureen and skim off a cupful.

Produced by William Fox and based on the play by Porter Emerson Browne, "A Fool There Was" maunders through a good sixth of its footage establishing a whole spiral nebula of minor characters before it centers down on its two luminaries, the Vampire and the Fool. As succinctly as I can put it, the supporting players are the latter's wife Kate, an ambulatory laundry bag played by Mabel Frenyear; their daughter, an implacably arch young hoyden of nine, unidentified; Kate's sister (May Allison); her beau, a corpulent slob, also anonymous; and a headlong butler seemingly afflicted with locomotor ataxia. All these inhabit a depressing chalet in Larchmont, where, as far as I could discover, they do nothing but shake hands effusively. A tremendous amount of handshaking, by the way, distinguished the flicks in their infancy; no director worth his whipcord breeches would have dreamed of beginning a plot before everybody had exchanged greetings like a French wedding party entering a café. In any case, the orgy of salu-





"Which is the one that likes to start off his column with a little poem?"

tation has just begun to die down when John Schuyler, the Fool, arrives by yacht to join his kin, and the handshaking starts all over again. Schuyler (Edward José), a florid, beefy lawyer in a high Belmont collar, is hardly what you would envision as passion's plaything, but I imagine it took stamina to be a leading man for Theda Bara—someone she could get her teeth into, so to speak. We now ricochet to the Vampire and her current victim, Parmalee (Victor Benoit), strolling on a grassy sward nearby. The siren, in billowing draperies and a period hat, carries almost as much sail as the Golden Hind, making it a bit difficult to assess her charms; however, they seem to have unmanned the young ne'er-do-well with her to the point where he is unable to light the Zira he is fumbling with. Their affair, it appears, has burned itself out, and Parmalee, wallowing in self-pity, is being given the mitten. Midway through his reproaches, a chauffeur-driven Simplex, sparkling with brass, pulls alongside, Miss Bara shoves him impatiently into it, and the pair whisk offscreen. These turgid formalities completed, the picture settles down to business, and high time. In another moment, I myself would have been shaking hands, and manumitting the projectionist to the ball game I was keeping him from.

In a telegram from the President (Woodrow Wilson presumably chose his envoys in an extremely haphazard manner), Schuyler is ordered to England on some delicate mission, such as fixing the impost on crumpets, and makes ready to leave. He expects to be accompanied by Kate and his daughter, but just prior to sailing, his sister-in-law clumsily falls out of the tonneau of her speedster, and Kate remains behind to nurse her. The Vampire reads of Schuyler's appointment, and decides to cross on the same vessel and enmesh him in her toils. As she enters the pier, an aged derelict accosts her, observing mournfully, "See what you have made of me—and still you prosper, you hellcat." Meanwhile, Parmalee, learning of her desertion from a Japanese servant whose eyelids are taped back with two pieces of court plaster, smashes all the bric-a-brac and ferns in their love nest, tears down the portieres, and hastens to intercept her. The derelict waylays him at the gangplank. "I might have known you'd follow her, Parmalee," he croaks. "Our predecessor, Van Diemen, rots in prison for her." The plea to desist from his folly falls on deaf ears; Parmalee sequesters his Circe on the promenade deck and, clapping a pistol to his temple, declares his intention of destroying himself if she abandons him. She smilingly flicks it aside with a rose and a line of dialogue that is unquestionably one of the most hallowed in dramaturgy: "Kiss me, my fool." Willful boy that he is, however, Parmalee must have his own way and shoots himself dead. The gesture, sad to say, is wasted, exciting only desultory interest. The body is hustled off the ship, a steward briskly mops up the deck, and by the time the Gigantic has cleared Sandy Hook, Theda and her new conquest are making googly eyes and preparing to fracture the Seventh Commandment by sending their laundry to the same *blanchisseuse* in Paris.

A TIME lapse of two months, and in a hideaway on the Italian Riviera choked with rubber plants and jardinieres, the lovers play amorous tag like Dido and Aeneas, and nibble languidly on each other's ears. Although everything seems to be leeches and cream, a distinct undercurrent of tension is discernible between them; Schuyler dreams betimes of Suburbia, his dusky cook who used to make such good flapjacks, and when Theda jealously tears up a letter from his wife, acrimony ensues. Soon after, while registering at a hotel, Schuyler is recognized by acquaintances, who, much to his anguish, recoil as from an adder. Back in Westchester, Kate has learned of his peccadilloes through a gossip sheet. She confronts Schuyler's law partner and, with typical feminine chauvinism, lambastes the innocent fellow: "You men shield each other's sins, but if the woman were at fault, how quick you'd be to condemn her!" Mrs. Schuyler's behavior, in fact, does little to ingratiate her. Not content with barging into a busy law office and disrupting its routine, she then runs home and poisons a child's mind against its father. "Mama," inquires her daughter, looking up from one of Schuyler's letters, "is a cross a sign for love?" "Yes," Kate retorts spitefully, "and love often means a cross." The fair sex (God bless them) can be really extraordinary at times.

In our next glimpse of the lotus-eaters, in London, Schuyler has already begun paying the piper; his eyes are berimmed with kohl, his step is palsied, and his hair is covered with flour. Theda, contrariwise, is thriving like the green bay tree, still tearing up his correspondence and wrestling him into embraces that char the woodwork. Their idyll is abruptly cut short by a waspish cable from the Secretary of State, which reads, in a code easily decipherable to the audience, "ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR DISGRACEFUL CONDUCT, YOU ARE HEREBY DISMISSED." Remorse and *Heimweh*, those twin powerful antibiotics, temporarily dispel the kissing bug that has laid Schuyler low. He returns to the States determined to rid himself of his incubus, but she clings and forces him to install her in a Fifth Avenue mansion. Humiliations multiply as she insists on attending the opera with him in a blaze of aigrettes, and there is an affecting scene when their phaeton is overtaken by his wife's auto near the Public Library and his daughter entreats him, "Papa, dear, I want you." But the call of the wild is too potent, and despite pressure from in-laws and colleagues alike, Schuyler sinks deeper into debauchery. Kate, meanwhile, is keening away amid a houseful of relatives, all of them shaking hands as dementedly as ever and proffering unsound advice. There is such a hollering and a rending of garments and a tohubohu in the joint that you can't really blame Schuyler for staying away. When a man has worn himself down to the rubber struggling in a vampire's toils, he wants to come home to a place where he can read his paper in peace, not a loony bin.

Six months of revelry and an overzealous makeup man have left their stamp on the Fool when we again see him; the poor chap is shipping water fast. He reels around the mansion squirting seltzer at the help and boxing with double-exposure phantoms, and Theda, whose interest in her admirers wanes at the drop of a security, is already stalking a new meat ball. Apprised of the situation, Kate goes to her husband bearing an olive branch, but their reunion is thwarted by his mistress, who unexpectedly checks in and kisses him back into submission. The action now grows staccato; Schuyler stages a monumental jamboree, at which his guests drink carboys of champagne and dance the bunny hug very fast, and then, overcome by delirium tremens, he violently expels them into the night. Kate, in the meantime, has decided to take his daughter to him as a last appeal. Preceded by her sister's beau (the Slob), the pair arrive at the mansion to find Schuyler in parlous shape. The child throws herself on him—a dubious service to anyone suffering from the horrors—and the adults beseech the wastrel to come home and, one infers, be committed to a nice, quiet milieu where his expenditures can be regulated. His dilemma is resolved by the reappearance of Theda; Schuyler grovels before her, eradicating any doubt as to his fealty, and the folks exit checkmated. The last few seconds of the picture, in a sombre key unmatched outside the tragedies of D'Annunzio, depict the Fool, obsessed by a montage of his sins, squirming on his belly through an openwork balustrade and collapsing in a vestibule. "So some of him lived," comments a final sepulchral title, "but the soul of him died." And over what remains appears a grinning presentment of Miss Bara, impenitent and sleek in black velvet and pearls, strewing rose petals as we fade out.

FOR all its bathos and musty histrionics, "A Fool There Was," I am convinced, still retains some mysterious moral sachet, if the experience I had after seeing it is at all indicative. As I was quietly recuperating in a West Side snug over a thimble of sherry and the poems of St. John Perse, a young woman who was manifestly no better than she should be slid into the banquette adjoining mine. So absorbed was I in the poet's metre that it was almost two minutes before I detected her wanton gaze straying toward me in unmistakable invitation. I removed my spectacles and carefully placed them in their shagreen case. "Mademoiselle," I said, "the flirtation you propose, while ostensibly harmless, could develop unless checked into a dangerous liaison. I am a full-blooded man, and one who does not do things by halves. Were I to set foot on the primrose path, scenes of carnival and license to shame Petronius might well ensue. No, my dear young lady," I said, draining my glass and rising, "succulent morsel though you are, I have no desire to end my days like John Schuyler, crawling through balustrades and being sprinkled with blooms." As luck would have it, her escort, whose existence I had somehow neglected to allow for, materialized behind me at this juncture and, pinioning me, questioned my motives. I gave him a brief résumé of "A Fool There Was" to amplify my position, but he acted as though I had invented the whole thing. Maybe I have. Still, who could have made up Theda Bara?

—S. J. PERELMAN

FOR
SALE
HONEY
PUMPKINS
BULL

PORTRAIT OF GIRL WITH COMIC BOOK

Thirteen's no age at all. Thirteen is nothing.
It is not wit, or powder on the face,
Or Wednesday matinées, or misses' clothing,
Or intellect, or grace.
Twelve has its tribal customs. But thirteen
Is neither boys in battered cars nor dolls,
Not "Sara Crewe," or movie magazine,
Or pennants on the walls.

Thirteen keeps diaries and tropical fish
(A month, at most); scorns jump ropes in the spring;
Could not, would fortune grant it, name its wish;
Wants nothing, everything;
Has secrets from itself, friends it despises;
Admits none to the terrors that it feels;
Owns half a hundred masks but no disguises;
And walks upon its heels.

Thirteen's anomalous—not that, not this:
Not folded bud, or wave that laps a shore,
Or moth proverbial from the chrysalis.
Is the one age defeats the metaphor.
Is not a town, like childhood, strongly walled
But easily surrounded; is no city.
Nor, quitted once, can it be quite recalled—
Not even with pity.

—PHYLLIS McGINLEY

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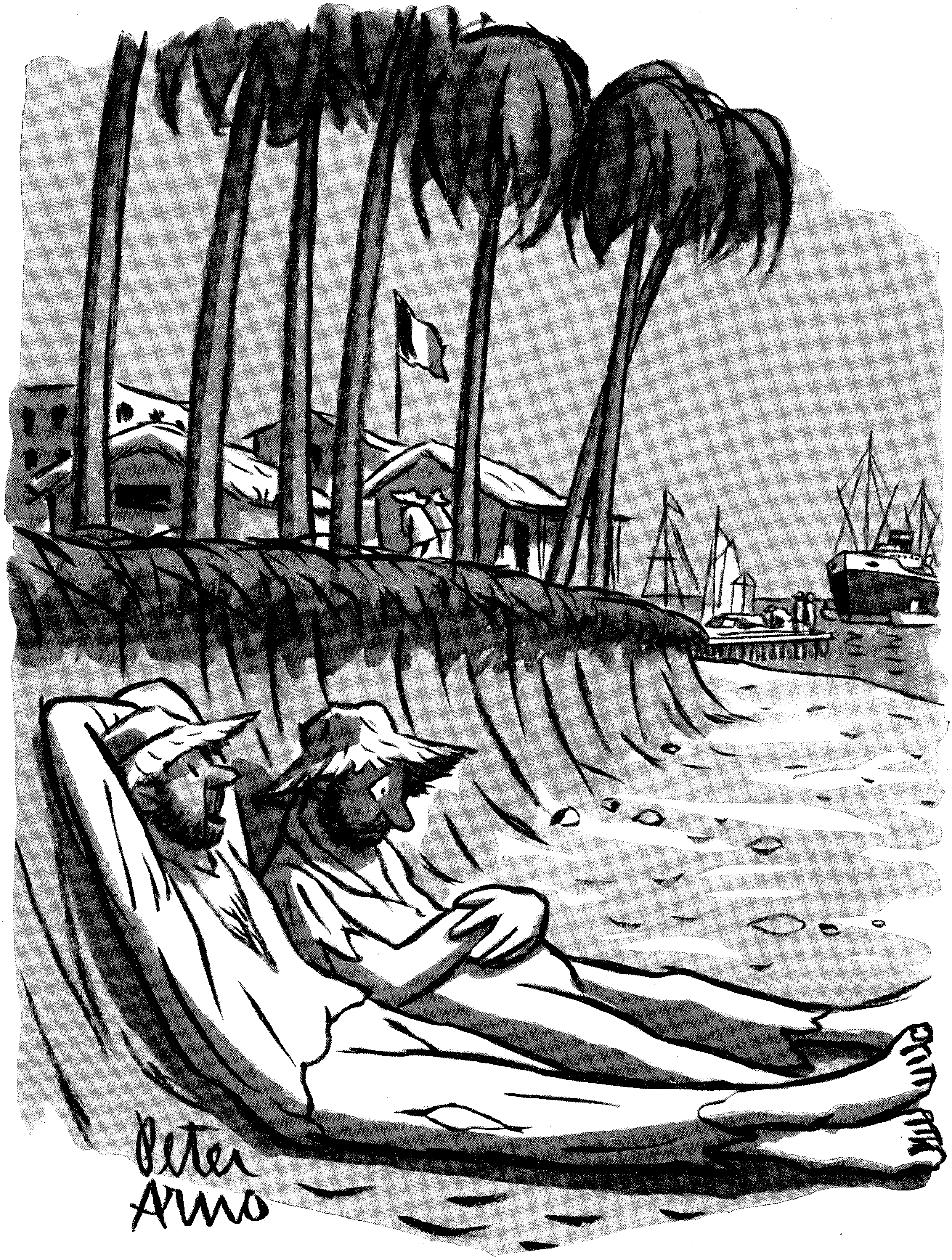
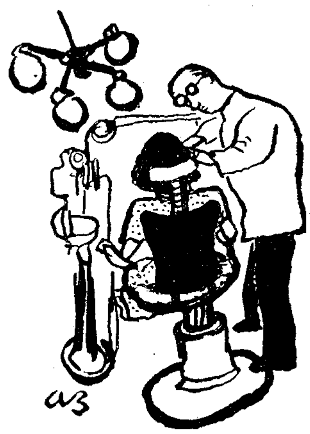


"You're trying to forget one woman. I'm trying to forget an entire all-girl orchestra."

THE REWARD

OLD man Camp—Seymour Camp, his full name was—was a queer and rather crotchety character, and the house, or shack, that he lived in was a positive eyesore, and although I didn't quite realize it until very much later, it was the latter fact, fully as much as the first one, that made him such a burden to the neighborhood. That was some years ago, when I lived in a small town in New England, and queer characters are hardly a rarity in that region. There, indeed—and quite properly, too, I think—it's regarded as every man's right to be peculiar; in a way, it is one of the few remaining evidences of the old, stubborn, nonconformist spirit of the earliest settlers. But to be shiftless, graceless, and godless as well is another matter. That, of course, goes against the New Englander's Puritan background, and it's not too much to say that, in the old man's later years at least, almost everyone in the village looked upon him with disfavor.

For his own part, he did little to ingratiate himself with anyone. He was a tall man, heavily built, and rather slow and ponderous of movement, but strong-looking for his seventy-odd years, with sparse white hair, and a broad, solid-jowled, ruddy face; and he lived, alone, in a sort of converted chicken house, across the way from an ancient farm site, overgrown with weeds and abandoned, at the side of the road leading south from the village center. It was a tiny place, one story high and scant in every dimension for the man's considerable bulk. At some time in the past either he or an earlier resident had made some halfhearted attempts at improving it; a small porch, made of birch posts and random bits of planking, had been added, and the whole structure had been given a coat of red barn paint, while a sort of yard had been staked out around it, enclosed in discarded sections of old snow fencing. But that had been done long ago, and now the paint had flaked and faded; the porch roof, never very solidly supported, slanted drunkenly; and both the roof and the sides of the house had been patched, in what amounted almost to a crazy-quilt pattern, with odd bits of beaten-out tin and asbestos shingle.



It was, in short, the kind of haphazard dwelling that lonely old men sometimes hole up in in the poorer regions in the country, and I imagine that old man Camp was for the most part fairly snug there; small rooms have at least the advantage of being easily kept warm in winter. And he must have felt some sort of proprietary interest in the place, for he scythed his little yard three or four times in the course of the summer, and there were a half-dozen rambler roses along his fence line, and a trumpet vine growing against the porch, that he tended carefully. He grew sunflowers, too, I remember, and every year a row of them would spring up along the southern wall of the house, and grow taller and taller as the season progressed, until at last, and rather ludicrously, like the stalks in a Jack-the-Giant-Killer story, they would rise up higher than the house itself, dwarfing it with their frizzle of leaves and great cumbersome discs of yellow—a kind of grotesque shelter instead of a decoration.

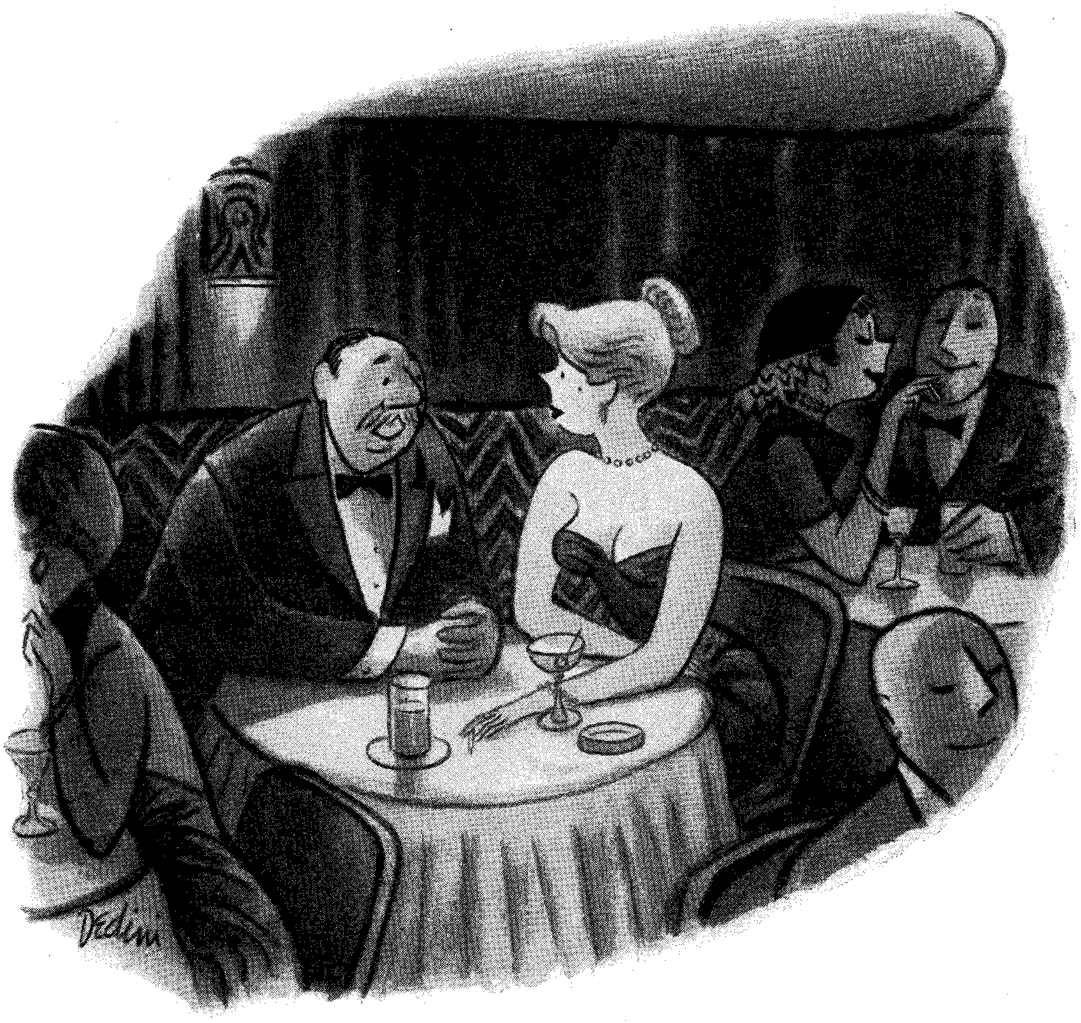
I USED to see old man Camp fairly often, since my own house was only a mile or so farther out on the same road. He had an old name, as the saying goes, in the locality (Camp's Hill, to the north of the town, had been named after one of his forebears), and in earlier years, I'd been told, he had earned a fairly steady living, hiring out as a farmhand or doing road work. Now, though, he did almost literally nothing. He had a pension of some sort (people said it was from the Spanish-American War, and he was just about old enough to make that plausible), and once a month he would hitch a ride in to the village post office to get the check, and then go across to the general store to cash it. About once a week he went in to do his shopping. In the summers, he usually planted a little vegetable garden, and tending this and his scattering of flowers occupied him desultorily. Now and then, he would take a walk, ambling ponderously for a little way up or down the roadway in front of his house, or back along a field path that led into the woods behind it.

Otherwise, for the most part, he just sat—in an old wicker rocking chair on his miniature porch when the weather was favorable, at a window inside when it was not—and there was something so barren, so bleak, so narrowly circumscribed about his life that it fascinated me from the first. It must not be supposed, of course, that the town neglected him utterly. In a kind of irregular rotation system, and especially during the winter, when living alone can be dangerous in the country, ladies who were active in village affairs—Mrs. Harmon, the postmaster's wife; Mrs. Biddle, the town librarian; and of course Mrs. Prescott, the wife of the minister—would "look in on him" dutifully, often bringing a cake or a pie for his table. But they always retired a bit ruffled after their visits, with fresh tales of his slovenliness and his surly manners.

Gerald Pride, the elderly owner of the general store, and the father of the younger Pride who now ran it, was an old-time friend of his, and the two often settled down for a chat, times when old Camp came in to do his marketing. Mr. Pride had reached the age where he did very little work about the store, but he was on hand every day, sitting usually in an old splint-backed chair at his desk, in a sort of open-fronted cubbyhole at the rear of the place, and there were a few favored customers that he came out to wait on. Old man Camp was one of these, and when his order had been prepared—bacon, salt pork, cabbage, canned milk, bread, coffee, crackers, and a half pound or so of cheap chocolates was what it usually came to—the two would walk back slowly to Pride's "office" for a visit.

Nothing much would be said, I observed, on these occasions; they were a ritual rather than a reunion. Mr. Camp would lower himself painfully into a chair and Mr. Pride would offer him a cigar, and then the two would sit smoking silently for a while—the one bulky and awkward and truculent-looking, the other thin, pale, lean-faced, and acidulous—gazing out, over the piled counter full of shirts, overalls, and canvas pants that half hemmed them in, at the activities in the store beyond.

Mostly, it was young Jerry Pride who broke up these meetings. Jerry, lean and large-nosed like his father, was a good deal sharper mentally—or perhaps the fact was that the other was now too old to bother—and he was keenly alive to the possibilities of profit, both to himself and to the town, from the influx of city people to the region,



"My wife doesn't understand me, my secretary doesn't understand me, the union doesn't understand me, and my board of directors doesn't understand me."

if it could be made, and kept, attractive to them. To him, old man Camp was a nuisance, and his shack a blot upon an otherwise seemly and possibly quite profitable landscape. In the store, he was an embarrassment, too, for when he smoked—he had asthma, perhaps—he had a way of hawking and coughing loudly and constantly, and these really quite prodigious noises would not have resounded more than a half-dozen times from the rear of the store before young Jerry's face would begin to look even more pinched and disapproving than usual; he would cast a few glances in the direction of the two old men, and then suddenly he would find some problem to take up with his father. "Pop," he'd call, "do you know where those long-handled dish mops are that came in? Mrs. Kinney wants one." Or, "Pop, did you unpack that carton of Duco enamels? I can't find any." Old man Camp, with a sour look at young Jerry and a grunt for anyone else in the store who said hello, would get slowly to his feet and go on his way.

Mr. Pride, though, was just about his only friend—or if he had any others they were men like himself, set apart from each other in their solitary havens and too old or too dependent to be able to do much visiting, and with only their common thoughts or remembrances for communion. Otherwise, he "kept pretty much to himself," as the country people put it, and as it was clear that he liked things that way—he never waved if one waved to him from a car; he never spoke, except in the briefest and most noncommittal manner, if one said hello to him in passing; he just sat, almost visibly emanating hostility—I often wonder, myself, why I bothered so much about him. Friends of mine who are versed in psychology have told me that I suffer from a compulsive desire to be liked by others, and that may be the reason, for if it's true I'm so deeply immersed in it that I find it difficult to conceive of anyone's actively desiring the opposite. And then the old man was so obviously lonely, and his cantankerousness seemed so natural an outgrowth of that. And he lived on the same road as I, which meant that I frequently gave him a lift into town on his errands, and which gave me also, somehow, a sense of responsibility.

FROM the first up until the end, when I more or less gave him up as hopeless and abandoned the effort, it was an uphill job all the way, just trying to be friendly to old man Camp. Even in the small matter of the lifts I gave him into town, he was careful to avoid all suggestion that he was asking, or getting, a favor. I remember once stopping on my way into town to ask if he wanted to go in with me. I was new to his vagaries then, and it seemed a natural thing to do, since it was just past the first of the month and I knew he was due to go in for his pension check.

He was not on his porch that day, though the weather was pleasant, and there was no movement anywhere about the place as I stopped the car and got out and walked up the scraggly little path to his door. But he must have been lurking somewhere within, for my knuckles had hardly touched the door when it opened and there he stood, looming large against the cramped, dim interior, his face set and his eyes sternly alert, regarding me.

"Hello, Mr. Camp," I said, and he grunted something. I was, to tell the truth, a little taken aback, and—a habit I have—to make up for his lack of cordiality I increased my own. "I just thought," I went on, "I was driving into the village, and I thought if you wanted to go in today I'd be glad to take you."

He looked at me almost in surprise, and the idea crossed my mind that perhaps he'd been sleeping and I had wakened him. But then how could he have answered the door so quickly? "What?" he said. He had a deep, rather rasping voice, and this time he peered at me more closely.

A little awkwardly, I repeated, "As I say, I was just driving by, into town, and I thought, if you want to go in

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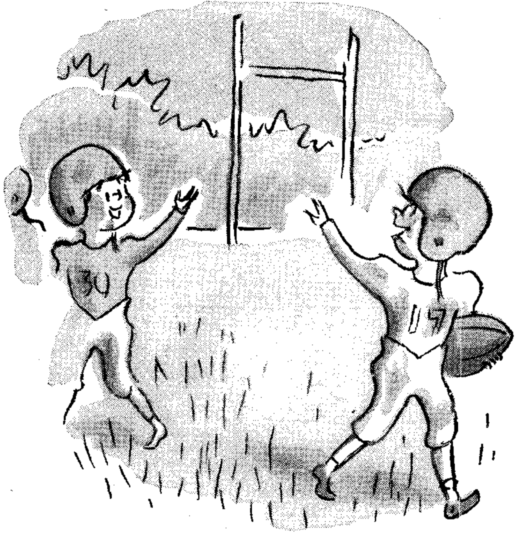

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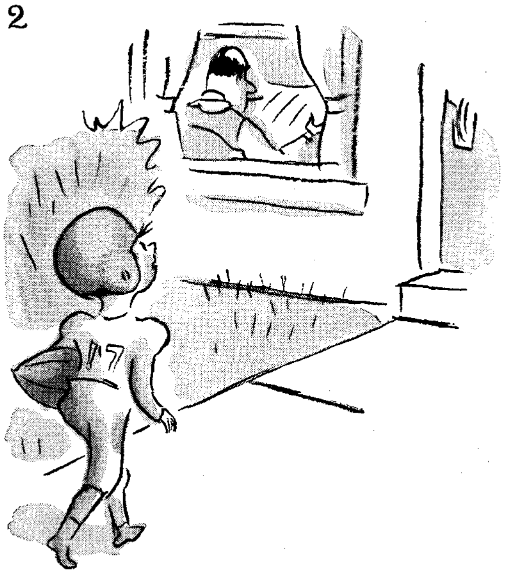

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with me now, I'll be glad to take you.”

“I'll go in in my own time,” he said. He said it, as the saying goes, “like that,” with no anger, or other emotional inflection. It was simply a statement—cold, hard, and inflexible, stonily barring off all my efforts at friendliness—and for a moment or two I could only stare at him.

“Well,” I said at last. It's not often one gets, undeserved, a rebuke like that. It had come so suddenly, too, that for the moment my own feeling of good will and good nature insulated me against it. “Well, of course,” I said, rather foolishly. “I just thought I'd ask.” And as he said nothing more, I turned away. I was halfway down the path when he spoke again.

“Well, thanks, anyway. Thanks just the same,” he said suddenly, his voice almost testy, and then, abruptly, he slammed the door. I don't know how he got into town that time, for—my sense of outrage catching up with me at last—I took a route that bypassed his place for a week or two thereafter.

This was one of the few times old man Camp ever spoke kindly to me, and the time came when I treasured it, half ironically, along with two or three other instances of his good nature. He unbent again one day, later on in the year, when I was getting him into the car for a lift into town. This was always a tedious process for, like a good many men who gain weight as they grow old, he looked stronger and more capable than he really was. In fact, his joints and his muscles, aging inexorably, had lost all their suppleness, and though he walked with a sturdy stride and stood solidly, his size otherwise was a handicap to him, and the business of transferring his bulk from an upright position on the road to the seat beside me—one huge leg heaved in first and deposited on the floorboard, then the body after it, and then slowly, and with much grabbing here and there for handholds and leverages, the other leg drawn in awkwardly—was a maneuver that often took him minutes to perform.

In his odd, cranky way, too, he complicated the process, since for reasons of pride, I suppose—and although, in the winter, when all the other city people in our area had closed up their houses and gone, and he knew my car was the only one likely to be on the road—he never waited for me by his own house, as in all common sense he should have. Instead, as soon as he heard my car (and he must have heard it, in the silence of the wintry countryside), he would start walking. It was, I suppose, to demonstrate that he was asking no favors of anyone. He could walk if he had to, and he never turned his head or looked up as I approached; it was always I who had to stop and hail him.

But the trouble was that my brakes were bad that year, and his pace was such that, invariably, it would take him part way up a little rise in the road just beyond his house before I could quite catch up with him. . . . Among the vividest memories of all my associations with the old man is of him trudging on ahead in the snow, in the baggy gray pants, ancient stocking cap, and brown reefer jacket he always wore, while I raced to overtake him. And then the car halted halfway up the hill, and myself clinging hard on the hand brake, smoke and vapor from the car exhaust swirling all around us in the freezing air, while the old man laboriously hauled himself into the seat beside me. And then, often as not, the wheels skidding on the snow as I tried to start on the incline, so that I'd have to back all the way down to the foot of it again to get traction.

“Camp!” I yelled at him once. “Can't you wait for me down at your house? Can't you see I can't get the car started here?”

“I didn't ask you for the ride,” he retorted snappishly, and his own tone was such that, by a sort of reflection, it forced me to realize my own childishness at the moment, too. “Let me out now, if ye want. I can walk.” And though I drove on, of course, disregarding him, he kept on moving and muttering restlessly to himself for a while. “An' don't go callin' me Camp,” he brought out at last. “You don't know me well enough, young feller.” And a little while later, still fuming, “I was walkin' this road long before you was ever even thought of, out here!”

But I'm getting a little bit ahead of myself. *That* time was in the winter, and I was already beginning to treat him a bit like a child, so I paid no attention to his outbursts. In fact, that day, partly to make amends for my bad temper, I of-

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fered to wait for him in the village, to drive him home again after he'd finished his shopping, and he—to make amends, too, I suppose, in his way—for once made no bones about accepting the favor. "Well," he said, "if you ain't in a hurry . . ." And from then on the drive back became part of our established procedure.

(Even then, though, he couldn't accept the situation gracefully; he still felt a little self-conscious about it, apparently, and so was led into awkward and embarrassing gestures—as when, once, he and old Mr. Pride came out of the store together, he waved an arm toward me, waiting in the car. "Y'see, Jerry," he cried, in his harsh, old voice. "I got my own chauffeur now. He drives me everywhere. Don't ye, young feller?" he went on, as he came slowly down to the car, and under old Mr. Pride's rather ironic gaze I had to nod, grin, and say, "Sure, Mr. Camp. Where to now?")

The time I started to speak of was earlier, in the fall of that year, and now that I think of it, it seems almost too small a matter to be worth mentioning. Yet it impressed me at the time. Again, I was giving him a lift into town, and all that happened was that after the usual business of getting him settled in the car was done with, he turned to me with an odd little smile of apology. "I don't mean to be such a nuisance," he said. "I'm all right when I'm on my feet or when I'm off 'em. It's the gittin' from one to the other that's the trouble." But his smile and the tone of his voice were somehow curiously winning. They made him seem, suddenly, so defenseless.

"Oh, come now, Mr. Camp!" I said. "You're no trouble." And—the day being, for that time of year, unusually warm and sunny—we made the run into town in a state of benignancy of spirit that was, to say the least, unusual.

BUT childishness of any sort can become a nuisance in time, and it was seldom that the old man bothered to be so agreeable. It was an incident—again a small one but the last in an accumulation of them—that occurred at his fire that finally made me decide he was just too difficult for it to be worth my while trying to get along with him.

The fire, too, fortunately for all concerned was a small one, though there were moments when it looked as if it might get bigger. It began when the old man was burning some rubbish in the yard behind his house, and somehow—he was notoriously careless about such matters—a spark carried over into the field beyond; in a few minutes more, flames were snapping and crackling, and creeping, too, through the dry grass there.

Left alone he could never have handled it, for a grass fire can spread, once started, with truly alarming speed. Someone farther on down the valley saw the smoke, however, and someone passing in a car got out to help. By the time I arrived, there were a dozen men from the general neighborhood, armed with brooms, hoes, rakes, shovels, and anything else that had come handy, and all working their way methodically around the fire's circumference, beating out the last vestiges of the flames.

The wind had been blowing away from the old man's shack at the time, so there'd been no danger there. All there'd been, in the upshot, was a half hour or so of excitement, and all that was left was a raggedly circular scar of charred grass in the field and a strong smell of smoke in the air. But I'd learned that a grass fire is never really out till the last spark is extinguished, so I stayed on for a while, after the others had gone, walking back and forth over the burned area, and stamping out, here and there, a last wink of flame among the embers. Old man Camp had gone back to his yard by then, and stood watching, and when I neared him at last I looked up and grinned reassuringly. "Well, I guess it's out now," I said.

He didn't smile, and his gaze was stony. "Yes," he said. "And I guess maybe now ye'll be a little more careful where ye throw them damned cigarette butts of yours, for a while."

Later on, I began to wonder if the old man's mind was actually beginning to weaken a little. But at the time, his remark was so totally unexpected that for a moment I could only stand and stare at him. Then—I couldn't help it: it was so typical of the old man's contrariness, and his infantilism—I burst out laughing. "You old fool!" I said to him (I was angry, too, that, as his words showed, he still linked me with those cigarette-smoking city fellers that he despised), and without another word I went out to my car and drove away.

But I stood up for him when, at the next town meeting a few weeks later, a tricky new zoning law was proposed for the village, which, if put into effect, would have meant his eviction from his house, forthwith. He may have heard of that; and he may have heard, too—and been as surprised at it as I was—of the strength of the forces in favor of it. The fire, it seemed, had been a culminating factor. There'd been muttering then—"Too bad the wind wasn't in the other direction," I'd heard one of the volunteer firemen say, glancing back at the shack—and at the meeting, although the measure had been sponsored mainly by city people, it got a good deal of sup-

A MIND REBORN IN STREATHAM COMMON

I rode to Streatham Common on a tram,
When I was young—how long ago it seems!—
And told a stout psychiatrist called Sam
The sorry tale of my distressful dreams.

He with strong counsel straightened out my mind
And with shrewd blows unbent my twisted brain;
My eye grew placid and my brow unlined,
And in that happy state I still remain.

My mind, unblemished by the slightest kink,
Is like some plateau, featureless and bare;
I dream no more, I lie awake and think,
And what I think is neither here nor there.

—R. P. Lister

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port from the young local businessmen, too, and came in fact within an ace of passing.

The old man may have been frightened a little bit, too, for a week or so after the meeting he came down to his fence as I was passing one day on my way to the village and hailed me. No, he didn't want a lift in today, he said. (He said nothing about the incident after the fire, and neither did I, but he looked a little sheepish.) But he had a letter he'd written, and he wondered if I would mail it, and when I said sure, he handed it over to me carefully. "If there's an answer comes, now, you could git it for me, couldn't ye?" he asked. "You could tell Bud Harmon I'd given ye the permission, couldn't ye?"

I said sure to that, too, and went on, and as it was the first letter I had ever known him to write, I was curious enough to glance at it. It was addressed to a woman, somewhere in Vermont, and though the name wasn't Camp (it was a Mrs. Kendall, as I recall), it might, of course, have been a married sister or daughter—for there was a queer sort of urgency about the old man's manner that made me feel that the letter was an appeal of some sort, perhaps a last reaching-out to some relative, for support in what he felt was a time of crisis.

Whoever the letter was meant for, and whether it was mistakenly addressed or just simply ignored, no reply ever came to it, though I asked Bud Harmon, the postmaster, religiously every time I went in to the village. Old man Camp didn't show himself around his place much in the days after the town meeting. He never sat on his porch any more, but apparently he would be watching, and as I passed on my way back from the post office I would see his door open a little, and see him standing there, just inside, watching silently as I went by. I should have stopped, I suppose, at one time or another, if only to say hello. But I'm stubborn enough, too, in my way, and besides I wasn't sure but that if I did I mightn't just get another rebuke for my pains. So, instead, I'd just lean out and shake my head, or mouth something intended to convey "No message," and drive on down the road.

THEN, a week or so after that, I went away, on a trip that stretched out from the month I'd originally planned to closer to three. When I came back, old man Camp was dead. He had died, I was told, of pneumonia, caught no one quite knew how, for it was Mrs. Prescott, dropping in on one of her errands of mercy, who found him, and he was already pretty far gone with it—coughing badly, congested, and with a high fever. Though they'd taken him off to the hospital, and for a while he had seemed to improve there a little, he had a relapse shortly after, and died.

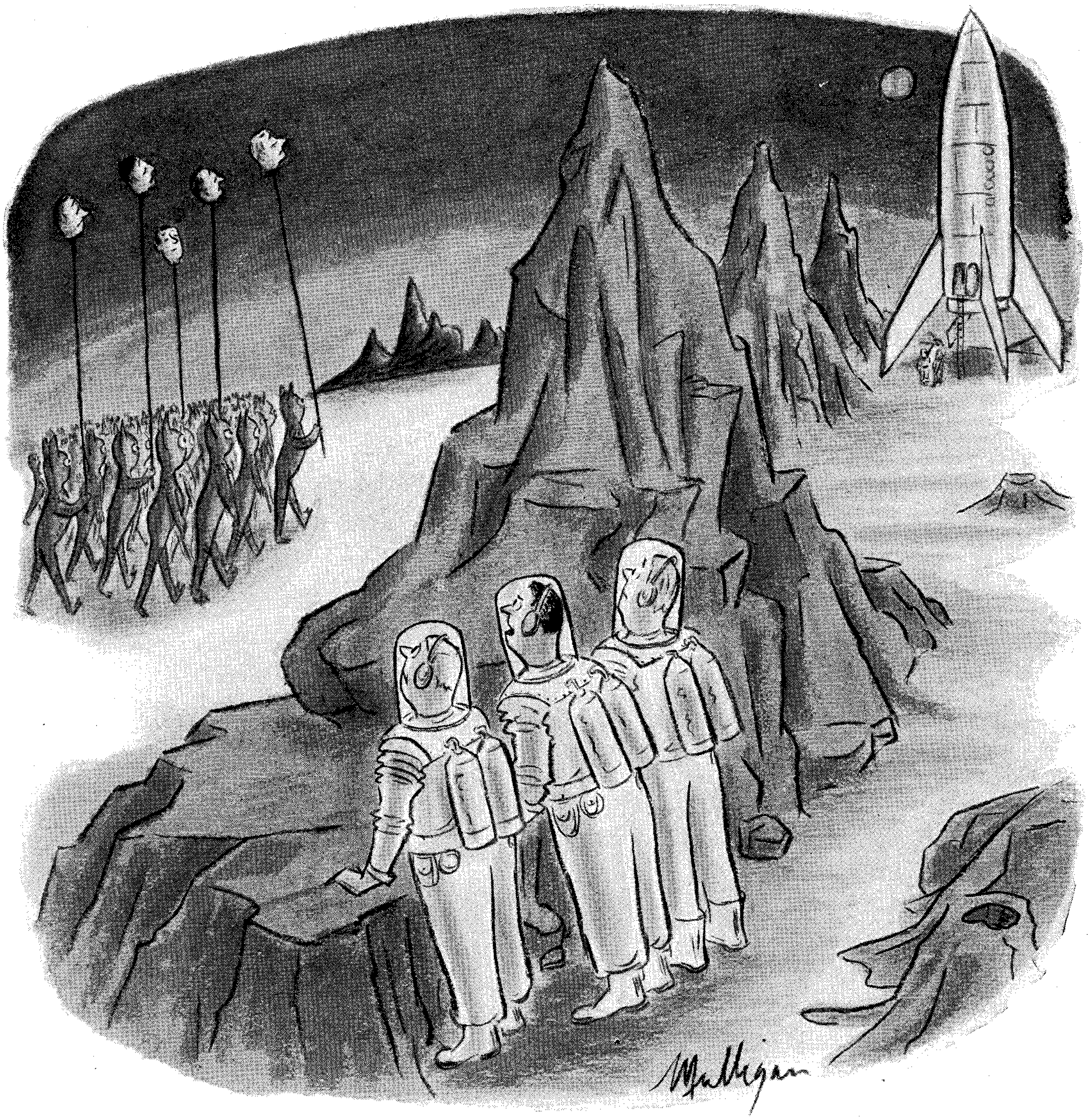
But I learned all these details later. My first intimation that anything was wrong came in rather more startling fashion, when I saw, as I drove up the road toward home, nothing but a few spikes of charred timber and a tumble of burned-out rubble on the spot where his shack had been. The shack had burned almost literally to the ground, and my first thought, of course, was that the old man had burned in it. I'd jumped out of the car and was poking, rather bewilderedly, in the ruins when a neighbor of mine up the road, Harry Monckton, came by in his station wagon and stopped to greet me. It was he who told me most of the details about Camp's death, but when he came to the fire I noticed he hesitated a little.

"How'd it happen?" I said. "It was after the old man had gone, I gather."

"Oh, yes. After he'd died, of course," Monckton said. He was a plump, red-faced, sportive sort of fellow, and for all his effusiveness not a man that I liked particularly. "Well, it had to be got rid of, you know," he said, almost defiantly. "It *was* an eyesore. And— I guess officially it's a secret, but the whole town knows about it; the fact is, some of the boys put a match to it. Anyway, it caught fire somehow, one night, and just burned down." He grinned. "I guess this time the wind was in the right direction."

I felt a flash of anger, and then I thought, perhaps it had been the best thing after all, and I nodded solemnly. Monckton meanwhile was looking at me curiously. "You know," he said, "it was a funny thing, but the old man fought tooth and nail when they tried to take him away from the old shack, too. They had to practically pry him away from it, can you imagine? He just didn't want to go at all. And all the while they were struggling with him, he kept yelling at them to go and get *you*. 'Get him!' he kept yelling. 'Get him! He won't let you take me! He'll take care of me himself! Go get him!'" He stopped again and looked at me with a kind of speculative amusement. "I didn't know you and he were such friends," he said.

To tell the truth, I hadn't known it either. But then old men, I've learned—and it was Mr. Camp, largely, who taught me—are curiously concerned about trifles. They expect less, and they accept less; little things make up much of their lives and they cling to them, and as the old man had clung to his meagre dwelling, so, too, I suppose, he had clung to my few contacts with him as evidences of a friendship greater than I had ever intended, a friendship even intensified by my appar-



"How do you like that! We're not first, after all!"

• •

ent acceptance of his crankiness and his vagaries—as a part of himself and so, inextricably, part of our whole relationship as well.

And as friendship, inexorably, imposes its obligations, I was glad, even as I stood there looking at Monckton and disliking both him and the news he gave me, that I hadn't been there at the time of the old man's crisis, for I should certainly have urged him along to the hospital, too, and so, in his own judgment, have failed him. Under the circumstances, I was more embarrassed than pleased when, a few days later, when I went into town to do my shopping, old man Pride himself came forward to wait on me. It was an honor that had never been accorded me before, and I noticed that a number of others in the store glanced at me curiously, for as I've said it was something Pride did only for a few favored customers; and though he said not a word about Camp, nor did I, I couldn't help but feel that it was in some way a recognition of the fact that, like him, I had been a friend of the old man. If so, it was my reward, I suppose, and I accepted it without comment. But it seemed to me then, as it does now, a singularly undeserved one.

—ROBERT M. COATES

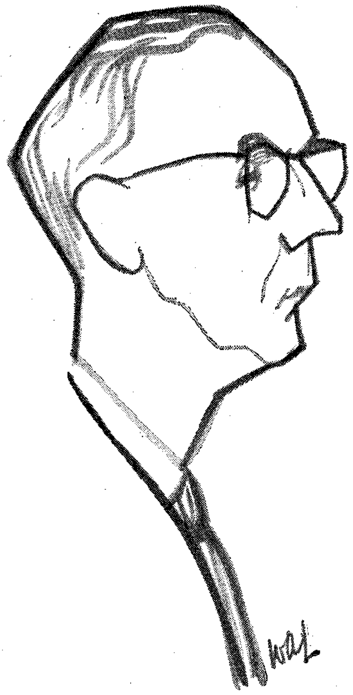
•

Six pairs of eyes set in three familiar faces looked me over.—*From "Express Delivery," by J. M. Walsh.*

And when *they* look you over, you *stay* looked over.

PROFILES

CIRCUIT RIDER—I



John Mason Brown

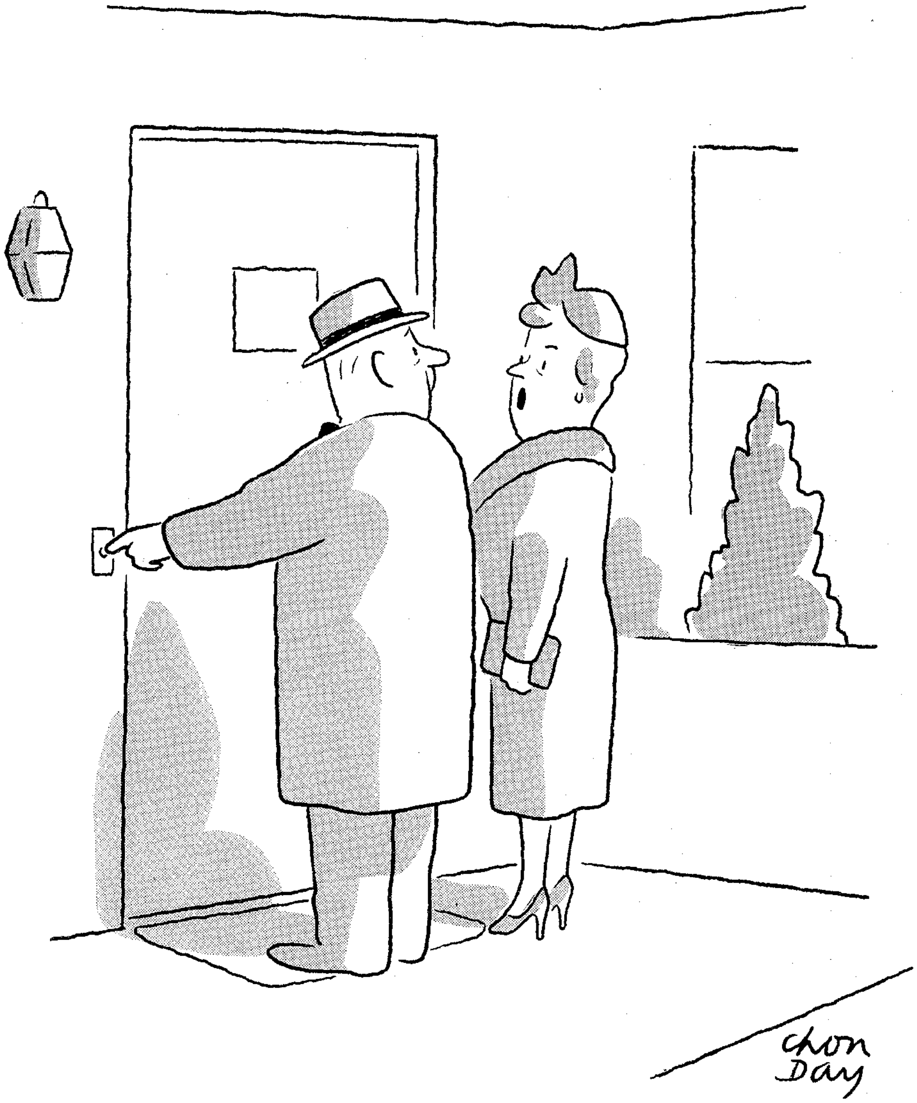
ONE of the few points on which practically all students of the American character are agreed is that never before in history has there been a people with a comparable passion for self-improvement, to be achieved, preferably, with a minimum of self-exertion. As a consequent phenomenon, the lecturer—the man who knows and can tell you—has flourished in the United States as he has nowhere else. From time to time in the past, the national propensity for listening to an authority in the flesh has been jarred by the rise of newer media of information and diversion—in particular, motion pictures and radio—but the lecture has always bounced back so vigorously that today there is little doubt in the minds of experts on manners and customs that it will survive television, its latest threat. This autumn, at any rate, as Americans are once again preparing to indulge their appetite for knowledge after their summer respites, some twenty-five hundred professional lecturers, notes in one hand and timetables in the other, are on their marks, poised for their annual nine months of sprinting around the country to deliver, at more than twenty thousand lecture outlets, the latest word on Russia, Broadway, happiness (and how to attain it), weight (and how to lose it), the atomic bomb, nature, modern art (with slides), sex (without slides), "Danger from the East," "The Old West," "Science and the Future," "Gourmet Cooking for the Amateur," "The Part Played by Faith in Our Behavior," "Majestic Norway," "The Quality of Greatness," "High Noon in Your Life," and "By the Shores of Gitchee Gumee."

In the opinion of audiences from coast to coast, the greatest lecturer of the present day is John Mason Brown, a graying, ebullient, high-strung Kentucky thoroughbred, out of Harvard by Broadway, whose specialty is literature and the theatre. A former drama critic for the *Evening Post* and the *World-Telegram*, Brown is at present a contributing editor of the *Saturday Review*, for which he writes a weekly column of criticism called "Seeing Things." This is also the title of his lecture, although the lecture itself changes from year to year. Now fifty-two and beginning his twenty-fifth season as a circuit rider, Brown limits himself to about seventy-five appearances a year, much to the chagrin of the lecture-going public and of his booking agent, the Lee Keedick Lecture Bureau. "It would be no trouble at all to line up John Mason Brown for a talk every day in the year," a spokesman for the bureau said recently. "We can't begin to fill the requests that pour in. John Mason Brown is no one-shot lecturer. Everyone wants him back. What he is, really, is the most popular repeat lecturer the business has ever known." Along with requests for future Brown dates, the Keedick Bureau regularly receives unsolicited testimonials from satisfied clients that stand out as exceptionally ardent even in the tropical climate of the lecture world—"Everyone enjoyed John Mason Brown so much. One member told me that if she heard nothing else this year, she had the worth of her year's dues;" "Brown can crowd more meaty material, dressed with humor and satire, into an hour's talk than most lecturers could give in several installments;" "It's a great thing for us to have such people in the world as John Mason Brown." Brown's fellow-lecturers, who might be expected to be more reserved in their appraisal of a competitor, seldom are. "In our game, speaking at Town Hall in New York is the equivalent of what playing the Palace was for the old vaudevillians," an ambulant authority on Central European affairs said a short time ago. "John has spoken at Town Hall fifty-two times, I believe. That's a lot more than any other lecturer—and that's as it should be." On March 29, 1950, on the occasion of Brown's fiftieth Town Hall lecture, a group of his friends gave a luncheon in the Town Hall Club immediately afterward, to celebrate that milestone. "We thought it wise to curtail the number of speakers to the four who would best reflect John's multifarious interests," Norman Cousins, the editor of the *Saturday Review*, who acted as master of ceremonies, has recalled. "Bennett Cerf spoke for the publishers, Alfred de Liagre for the theatrical producers, Robert Sherwood for the writers, and Richard Watts for the critics. John was visibly moved by it all. We really didn't know what to expect, but when he got up, he gave an absolutely magnificent talk. John was the ballplayer who hit a home run on the day they gave him the Oldsmobile."

Brown's special genius is his ability to establish and maintain intimate communication with his audience. In the process, he unquestionably pushes himself harder, emotionally and physically, than any of his colleagues, not excluding Dorothy Thompson ("These Crucial Days") and Quentin Reynolds ("The European Scene"). For example, Brown is probably the only circuit lecturer who has inadvertently interrupted himself in the midst of his talk by falling off the platform. This occurred early in his career, when he was slide-lecturing on "The New Movement in the Theatre" before a little-theatre group assembled in the Théâtre du Vieux Carré, in New Orleans. In his seething enthusiasm for his subject, Brown forgot about the narrowness of the platform, and, whirling away from the screen the better to extoll an especially noteworthy slide, spilled backward into the audience. Sprawled half on the floor, half over the laps of the startled first row, he had the presence of mind to deliver that rare old chestnut "I will now pick up the subject where I dropped it," and regained the stage amid applause. Brown has taken it easier in recent years and has been more surefooted. Today, he confines his platform promenades to the vicinity of the lectern, except when he is mimicking the mannerisms of stage personalities, such as Ethel Merman, and needs more room to move about in. The speed with which he spits out one idea after another has also diminished of late, but it still has a good deal in common with a Browning automatic. By the end of his hour or more of rat-tat-tat conversational oratory, Brown's listeners are raring to go out and build a theatre with their bare hands, and he is so wound up that it takes him a couple of hours, prefaced by two double bourbons, to subside. Like many men of poetic mien and sloping shoulders, Brown is actually about as frail as a jaguar. He mends quickly between lectures, and despite the wear and tear he inflicts on himself at each performance—and the attrition he incurs while travelling an average of sixty thousand miles on his annual tours—he has only once failed to fulfill a lecture commitment. That was in January, 1933, on the morning after his engagement to Catherine Screven Meredith was announced. Brown was still asleep in his New York apartment when the Keedick Bureau anxiously phoned to find out why he was not at East Douglaston, Long Island, where the local women's club was assembled in full force to hear him. He had clean forgot about it in his excitement over his engagement, Brown confessed contritely. The dereliction weighed heavily on his mind for some time, even after he had atoned by appearing at East Douglaston on the club's next open date. He instructed the Keedick people to send the Long Island ladies no bill that year.

EVER since William Lyon Phelps and women's clubs discovered each other, after the First World War, women's clubs have been collectively the nation's largest purchasers of lecture talent, and today they account for an estimated sixty-five per cent of a business that grosses more than ten million dollars a year. Since Phelps' death, his mantle has descended upon Brown. In many ways, Brown's popularity has surpassed the old master's, and the nirvana that envelops most clubwomen when they listen to him has become a legend. For a club to have Brown on its list of speakers is tantamount to its enjoying a successful season. Not to have him is to be a Hepzibah Pyncheon among women's clubs. In order to afford Brown's considerable fee, clubs shoestringing along on skimpy treasuries gladly put up with home-grown amateur talkers during most of the season, and comparatively well-heeled organizations, such as the Detroit Town Hall, balance their lecture budget by scheduling "How Rumania Lost Her Freedom," "Living with Latins," and other moderate-priced attractions so that they can insure their members an opportunity to hear Brown and maintain their self-respect. One of the most regular of the Brown regulars is the Bronxville Women's Club. On the morning of December 13, 1949, when he made his twentieth appearance there, the club presented him with a parchment scroll bearing the inscription "To John Mason Brown, whose gay wit and pungent humor has interpreted for us the romance of literature and the pageantry of the theatre during twenty sparkling hours, in as many years . . . and through whose incandescent, penetrating philosophy we look forward to Seeing Things."

The knowledge that many people think of him primarily in caricature, as the darling of the American clubwoman, is extremely distasteful to Brown. The insinuation, he feels, is that he woos this audience as unabashedly as Phelps did in his indiscriminate years, when every novel was splendid and every matron a rose. Brown has been known to go to exasperated lengths to point out that he considers himself a writer first, and that in his lecturing he addresses not only women's clubs but many university groups, drama workshops, conventions, businessmen's lunches, educational conferences, and smokers, and has also spoken in factories, on docks, in churches and synagogues, at the Rotary Club in Cardiff, Wales, and in the East Room of the White House. His position is complicated by the fact that he himself takes an unflattering view of most professional lecturers, regardless of whom they address, and by his awareness that this view is shared by several articulate segments of the American public. As a result, when he is questioned about his speaking activities by people who have the earmarks of anti-lecturer orientation, his instantaneous reflex is to cover up like an armadillo and ward off the expected derision by referring to himself as "this old wind instrument" and to lecturers in general as "the circulating bipeds who



"Now please, Edward—no arguments. Try to keep on subjects like the mess in Washington, and things like that."

increase the air currents throughout America," and to disparage his own trouping with some remark on the order of "Well, it keeps my children's teeth in braces." On rare occasions, if he senses that he is in fair and unprejudiced company, Brown will emerge from his shell and express his true feelings—that lecturing is an activity he enjoys tremendously, because he likes to observe the intake of an idea, and that a lecture, when properly approached by the lecturer, is a medium worthy of esteem. "The men, like Emerson, who spoke on the old lyceum circuit made a real contribution to our national intellectual growth, such as it is," Brown expounded, with characteristic intensity, one evening last spring upon finding himself in fair and unprejudiced company. "The thing that made the lecture cheap was the practitioners who thought it ridiculous. When you come right down to it, every lecturer establishes his own level. A great many take improper advantage of that privilege. But, really, you can't condescend to people you respect. An audience pays you the courtesy of coming, in addition to reimbursing you. You must be as good as possible. It's a moral obligation."

While hardly Emersonian, the present pitch of Brown's lectures is quite lofty, and reflects his graduation from what has been described as one of the most brilliant and lengthy childhoods on record. "Before the last war, John was interested solely in the conditions that made for a free theatre," an editor friend of his has said. "Now he sees the theatre as a part of life rather than the be-all and end-all. Today, he's concerned with the conditions that make for a free world, without which there can't be a free theatre or a free anything else." Brown underwent this delayed maturation during the war when, as a lieutenant in the Navy, he participated in both the Sicily and the Normandy invasions on the staff of Rear Admiral Alan G. Kirk. Brown's broadcasts to his shipmates on the U.S.S. Ancon during the Sicilian landings represent beyond a doubt his finest hours as a speaker. Late in May, 1943, when Brown reported aboard the Ancon, a luxury cruise ship that had been reëquipped to serve as Admiral Kirk's flagship and was then at anchor off Norfolk, he was assigned to the operations room, where, he was informed, his job would be to take charge of a complex apparatus that indicated true wind. At that time, Brown's naval experience amounted to four months of civilianesque duty in London as an aide to Admiral Kirk. After walking warily around the true-wind indicator for several days, Brown wrote a note of protest to the Admiral. "In the profession with which I was once faintly associated, the theatre, we used a phrase known as miscasting," Brown began, in the salty jargon of Shubert Alley. "This phrase was employed whenever, say, Mae West indicated a desire to play Ophelia. Unless you wish to give aid and comfort to the enemy, I beg of you to remove me from the realm of calculus." Admiral Kirk is an officer with a more generous vista than most Navy career men, as is attested by his postwar appointment as Ambassador to Russia. A few days before receiving Brown's SOS, he had attended a showing of "Desert Victory," a motion picture documenting the British Eighth Army's majestic feats in North Africa, and had been particularly impressed by the *esprit de corps* that Generals Montgomery and Alexander had succeeded in creating just before the battle of El Alamein by setting orthodoxy aside and briefing every soldier, right down the

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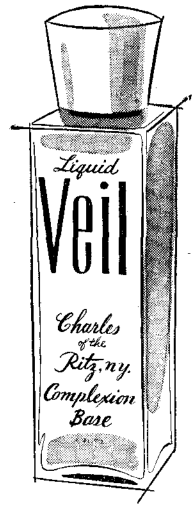
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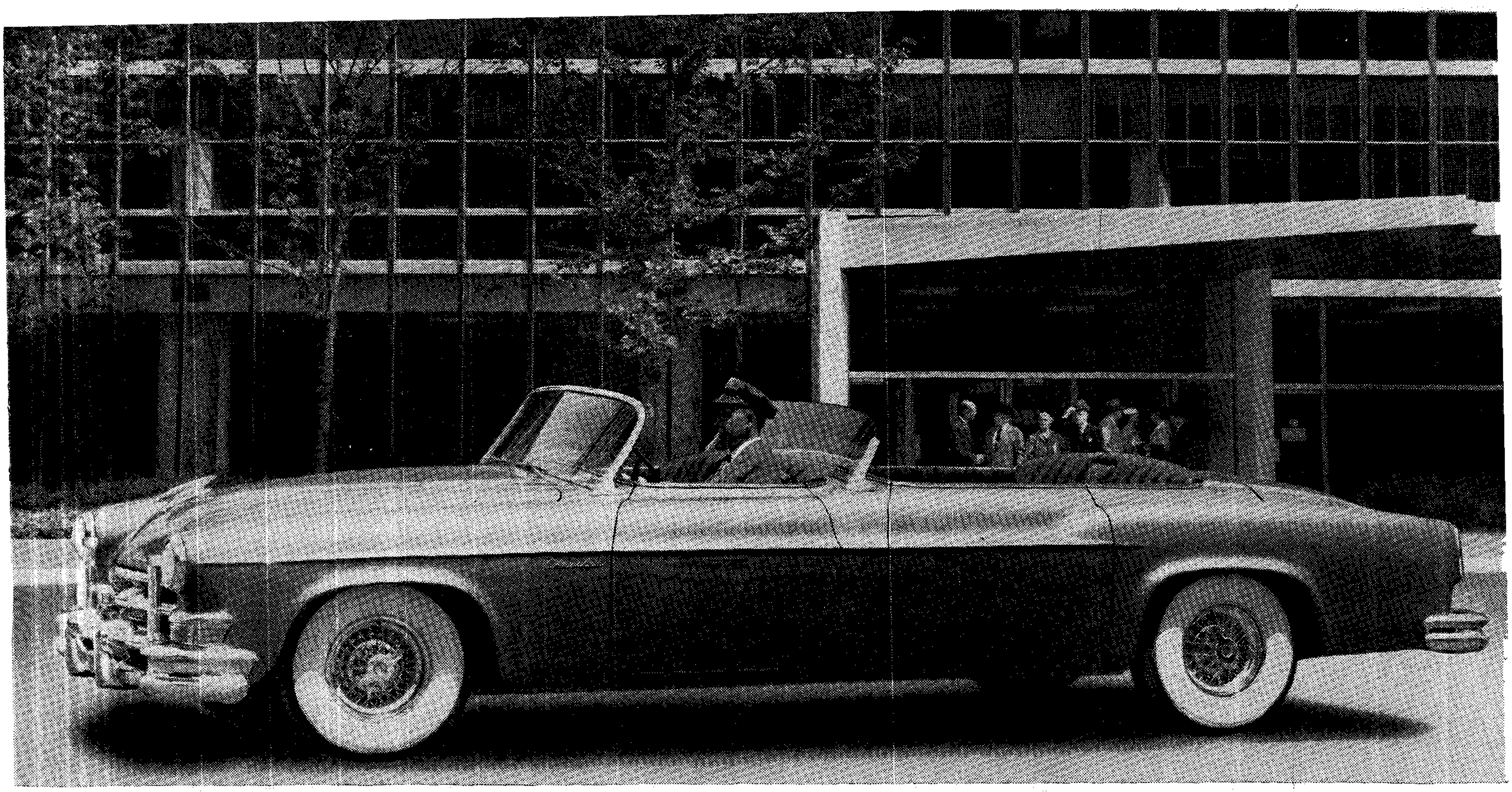
line, on the broad plan of battle. Summoning Brown to his quarters, Kirk relieved him of his duties in the operations room and designated him bridge announcer. "This means that I want you to be up there on the bridge during the action and report it play by play to the men below," the Admiral said, as Brown recalls it. "Only one man out of ten on a modern ship in combat can see what is going on. I want you to do the seeing for the other nine."

The second day out of Norfolk, Brown made his début as what he calls a "water-soaked Woollcott" by delivering over the ship's loudspeaker system a short talk on the makeup of the convoy in which the Ancon was travelling. At five o'clock every afternoon during the crossing, he lectured to the men on such timely topics as the German submarine, the ship's laundry, Gibraltar, the meaning of a "sealed ship," and Anglo-American relations. By the time the Ancon was ready to shove off from the North African port of Mers-el-Kebir for Sicily as the flagship of a task force, Brown had become confident enough of the communion he had established with his shipmates to quote a passage from Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach" ("And we are here as on a darkling plain . . .") and the stirring Saint Crispin's Day eve-of-battle speech by King Henry to his men, from "Henry V." Six nights later, on July 9, 1943, the task force put ashore the 45th Infantry Division, as the right flank of the American invasion troops, on the beaches near Scoglitti. Brown was on the air almost continuously from eleven-thirty in the evening until eight the next morning. "The landing at Scoglitti was regarded as a model amphibious landing," McGeorge Bundy, the young political historian who served as Admiral Kirk's military aide, observed a short time ago. "It was a contested landing, with fairly strong enemy opposition on land and plenty of Messerschmitts in the air. John had what amounted to a fatuous disregard for danger, and the job he turned in under battle conditions was incredibly good. He never pretended to be a Navy man. He always looked sloppy. His salute was so sloppy it was practically irrelevant."

In contrast to the majority of professional lecturers and career raconteurs, Brown does not insist on holding forth at social gatherings and has a genuine aptitude for listening. At the same time, he is rarely at a loss for words and has a strong desire to utter them. He comes by this loquaciousness naturally. In Kentucky, which has been called the Gascony of America, the Browns have been regarded for over a century and a half as the state's most eloquent family. The line of Kentucky Browns began with four brothers—John, James, Samuel, and Preston, the sons of a Virginia clergyman who crossed the Appalachians in the wake of Daniel Boone. The John Brown of this quartet, who was an aide to Lafayette during the Revolutionary War, was one of the two senators Kentucky sent to represent it in the federal government in Philadelphia in 1792, when the state was admitted to the union. Thomas Jefferson is believed to have drawn up for Senator Brown the plans for Liberty Hall, the family's ancestral seat in Frankfort. The Senator's son, Mason Brown, a lawyer who became a judge, restricted himself to state politics, and so did *his* son, John Mason Brown, the grandfather of the lecturer. The first John Mason Brown, a Yale man and a lawyer, was an amazing linguist. He picked up Arabic for fun; could talk in almost any language; and compiled English-Shawnee, English-Miami, and English-Potawatomi dictionaries. He excelled as a public speaker, rising to perhaps his peak in a two-hour oration he delivered in 1882 during the centennial commemoration of the Battle of the Blue Licks, a bloody engagement in which Boone's followers, though routed by a confederation of Indian tribes, insured the future of Kentucky as a stronghold of the pioneers. There were a few gaudy passages in the oration ("The sweeping river bends as of old, a silvery border around the battleground. The ford, the trace, the ravines, the fatal crest of yon stony slope, remain in vivid identity"), but by and large it was graphic historical reporting, and as such it stands up as impressively today as it did for Theodore Roosevelt, who in his youth relied on it heavily in writing "The Winning of the West."

As if blood relationship to the Kentucky Browns were not sufficient rhetorical endowment for one man, the present John Mason Brown is descended maternally from a strikingly articulate line that traces itself back to the family of Adam Ferguson, a Scottish philosopher who was a friend of Voltaire's. The more recent Browns have not been quiet folk, but in the judgment of Kentuckians the family's oral lustiness has suffered a definite decline. Brown's father, also John Mason Brown, was a skillful lawyer, but for the pure purple his two best-known addresses—one on the Law of Con-



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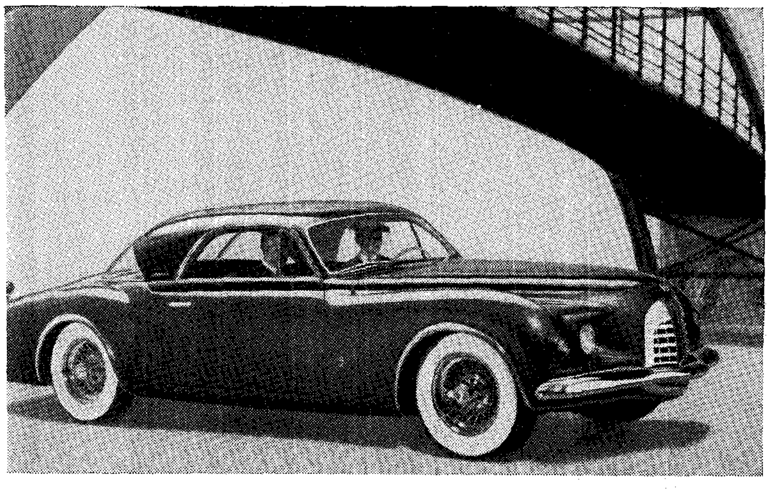

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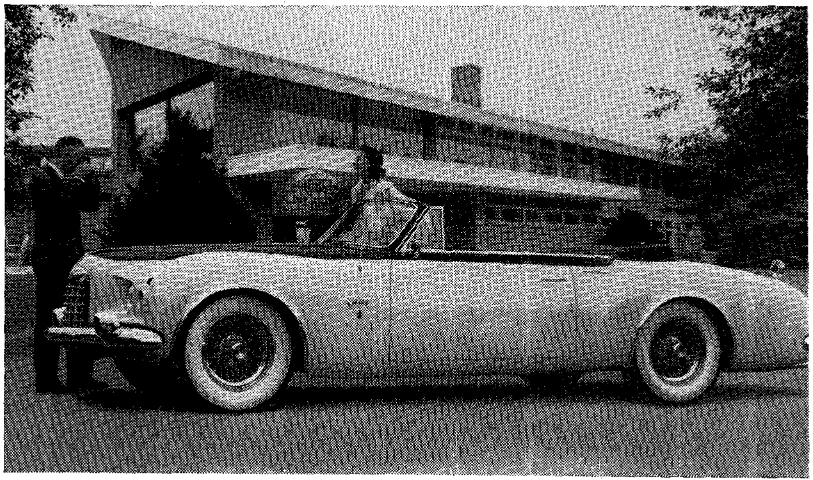

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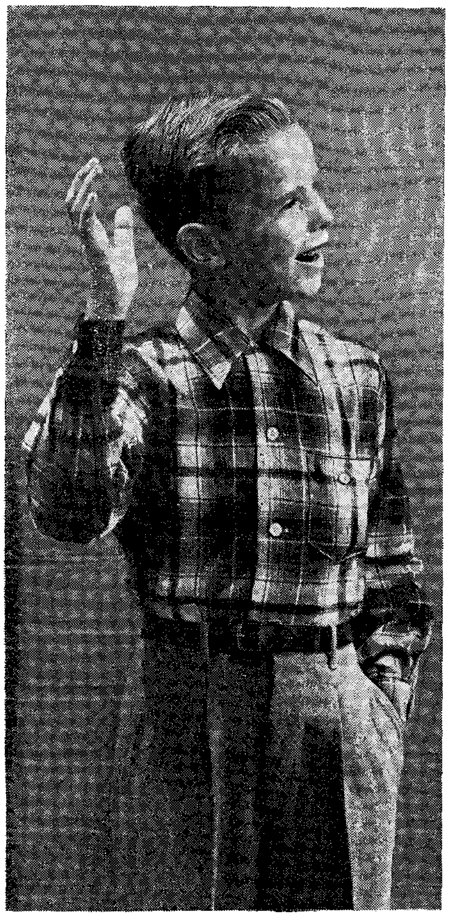

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tracts and the other on the Statutory Provisions Relating to Government Contracts—aren't a patch on the Battle of the Blue Licks oration. With the exception of the present John Mason Brown, there is only one other living adult Brown—his aunt, Mrs. H. M. Waite, of New York—who is a "real" Brown, as she made clear when, informed by her nephew that he was beginning to lecture professionally, she gasped, "Do you mean to tell me a Brown is being *paid* to talk?"

Brown was born in Louisville in 1900. When he was two and a half, his parents were divorced, and he and his sister Mary, two years his senior, went to stay with their maternal grandmother, Mrs. Mary Miller Ferguson. The attic of Mrs. Ferguson's house, on Park Avenue in Louisville, was turned over to the children for their play quarters, and John, a red-headed boy, lost little time in utilizing it as a safety valve for his intense temperament. At the age of five, on days when rain kept him indoors, he would coerce the household's five Negro servants into dropping their work and following him up to the attic, where he would mount an inverted coal scuttle and preach to them, loudly and with gestures, from the Bible. At nine, he saw his first play—"King Lear," with Robert Mantell—and became permanently stage-struck. For a while Brown satisfied his hunger for animated drama with the plays that touring companies brought to town and confined his attic energy to "skeltery," or the construction of miniature theatres, sets, and actors—a diversion that derived its name from the fact that in Great Britain, where it was a national pastime in the mid-nineteenth century, its devotees ordered their raw materials from the London firm of Skelt, Webb, Redington & Pollock. By the time he was eleven, however, Brown had converted the attic into a life-size theatre, complete with a pale-blue curtain initialled "J. M. B.," a personal touch that nicely pointed up his imitations of the productions that Bernhardt, Sothern and Marlowe, and the other lustrous actors of the period wheeled through Louisville. His favorite role was Lear, in which he was supported by a six-year-old cousin, as Cordelia. Again, by browbeating his grandmother's domestic staff, he usually managed to extract appreciative applause from three to five pairs of hands. In her autobiography, Alice Hegan Rice, another native of Louisville and the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," recorded a meet-

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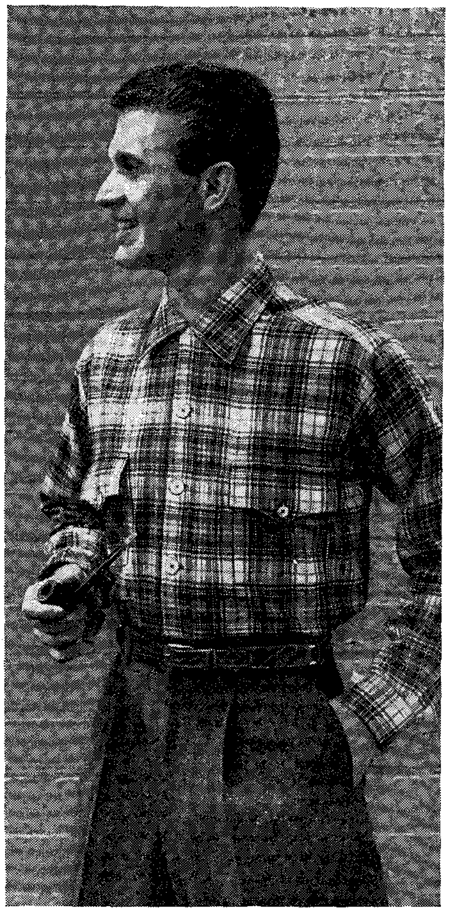

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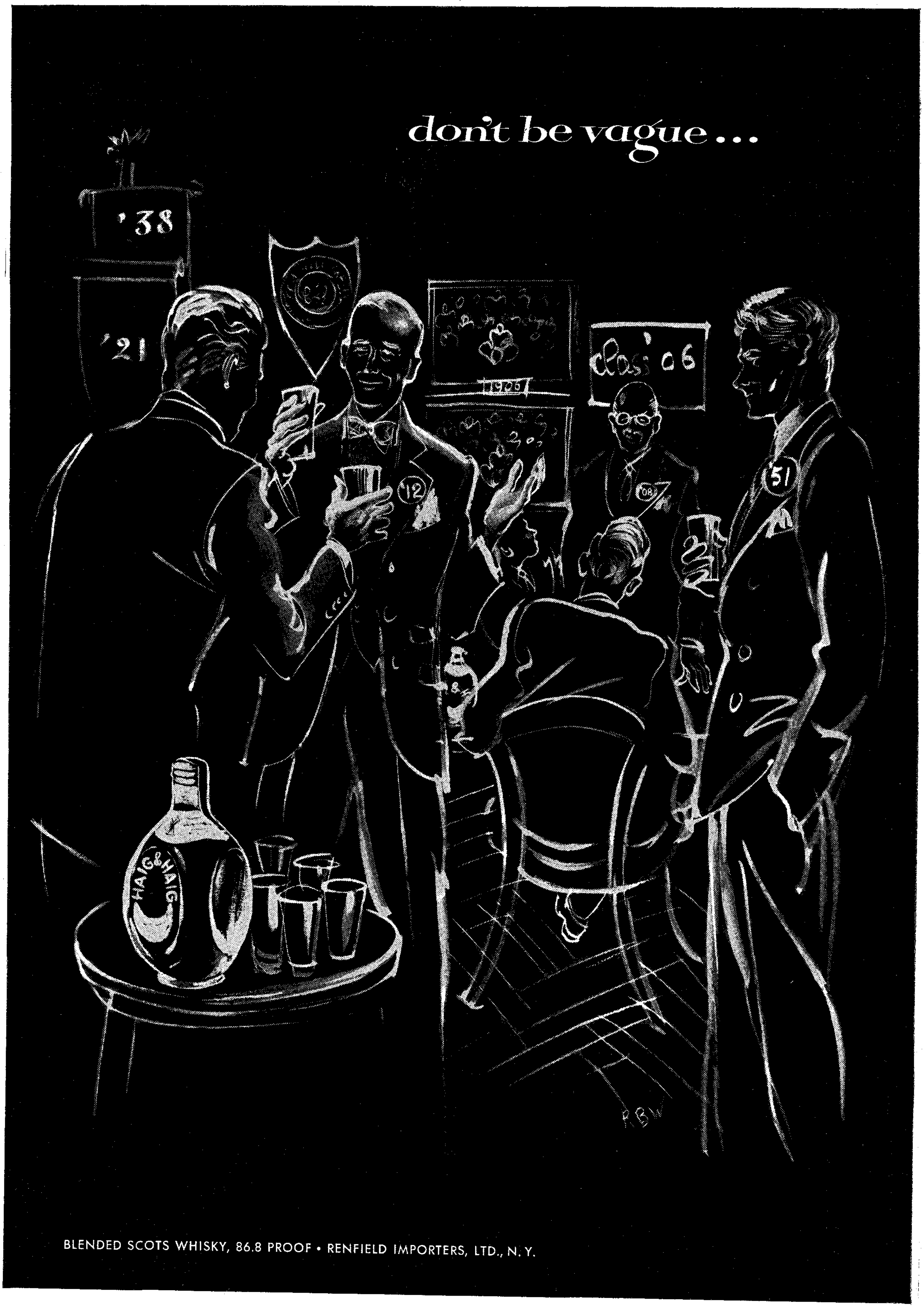
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ing with the pre-teen Brown. "I was downtown one day looking in a shop-window at some photographs of cathedrals when I was conscious of a shock-headed little boy standing beside me, absorbed in the same exhibit," Mrs. Rice wrote. "'Reims or Rouen?,' he asked casually, pointing to the largest picture. My curiosity was so aroused that I pursued the conversation, and such an immediate intimacy was established that he escorted me to the corner. At parting, he said importantly, 'I am John Mason Brown. Who are you?'"

When Brown was an eighth-grader, he wrote his first play, a sombre historical drama dealing with Benedict Arnold. That same year, he made his extra-attic début as an actor, appearing as Epimetheus in a school production of Longfellow's "The Masque of Pandora." In Brown's sophomore year at Louisville Boys' High School, he entered the field of literary controversy. He picked a worthy adversary—Henry Watterson, the distinguished editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, who, celebrating the three-hundredth anniversary of Shakespeare's death, came out, as befitted a professional dissenter, with an article saluting as undeniably great works the plays usually attributed to Shakespeare but stating flatly that Shakespeare did not write them. Irritated by this willful heresy, Brown wrote an angry letter to Watterson, pointing out that Ben Jonson, Robert Greene, and other contemporaries of Shakespeare's probably knew who wrote what better than Watterson did. Watterson replied in a letter to Brown with a characteristic rumble of disdain, "I have no real opinion as to who wrote them. I am sure of only one thing and that is that William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon did not write the plays that stand in his name." Brown thereupon let the matter drop, after consulting with two men who were directing the informal part of his education—Alec Barret, a cultivated lawyer who lived next door and was an earnest Shakespearean, and Brown's stepfather, James Clifton Stone, a tobacco man who had married Mrs. Brown in 1913 and who later served as chairman of the Federal Farm Board in the Hoover administration. Stone encouraged Brown to write a daily essay and faithfully listened to him read aloud his thoughts on subjects like "A Cigar," "A Balloon," and, when the essayist's nerves were frayed, "Pensées sur Ma Famille." Buoyed by the confidence of this private tutoring staff, Brown won the Nineteenth Exhibition Contest for Junior Speakers, sponsored by the Athenaeum Literary Society of his high school, edging out "The Passing of the Monarchies" and "The Great Magician" with a rousing declamation on "Hyphenated Americanism." He experienced his first moment of distress as a public speaker one evening in 1916, when he was invited to participate in a debate at a meeting of the Louisville Literary Society, a group of weekly thinkers. The subject of the discussion was H. G. Wells' "God, the Invisible King." "I got up and proved beyond a doubt, at least to myself, that God was finite, and not infinite," Brown recalls. "Then someone in the audience opposed my statements, and I suddenly realized that I didn't know the *meaning* of 'finite.' I've been a great user of the dictionary ever since."

After his second year of high school, Brown entered Morristown School, a preparatory school in Morristown, New Jersey, to which a number of Louisville families sent their sons. Brown spent two years there, graduating in 1919. He did fairly well at Morristown. He played guard on the football team and was voted the Best All-Round Man in his class, as well as the Most Popular, the Wittiest, the Most Obliging, the Most Original, and the Best Dancer. Traditionally, the next step for a Kentucky Brown was Yale. Brown's paternal grandfather and an uncle, Preston Brown, who later became a major general, were Yale men, and his father not only had been a member of Phelps' first class and captain of the freshman crew but had flunked out at the end of his freshman year—an accomplishment that often creates a stronger bond with the old school than does mere graduation. Brown, however, chose to go to Harvard. "Everyone who was interested in making the theatre his career in those days headed for Harvard and Professor Baker's 47 Workshop," he has said of his bolt from the Blue. "Any indecision I might have had vanished when I talked the matter over with Cleves Kinkead. He was a man from Louisville who had studied with Baker and then had written 'Common Clay,' in which Jane Cowl scored an immense success. Baker—that was the polarizing thing."

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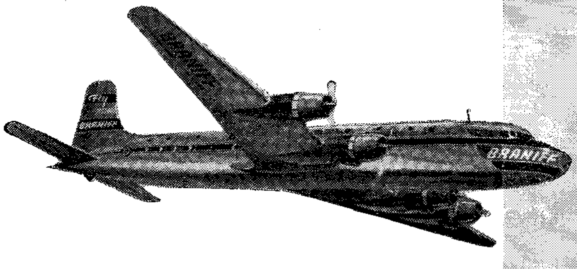

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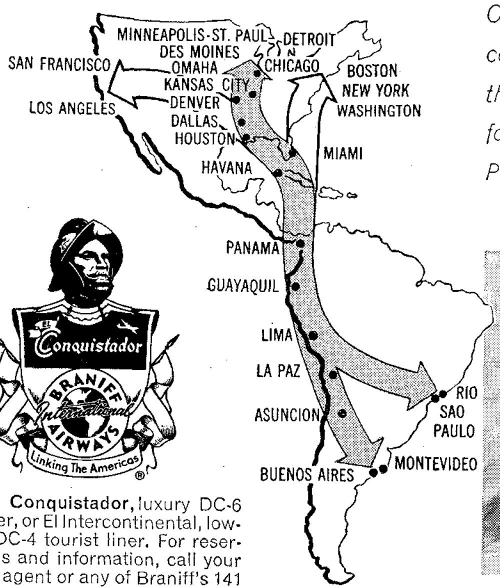
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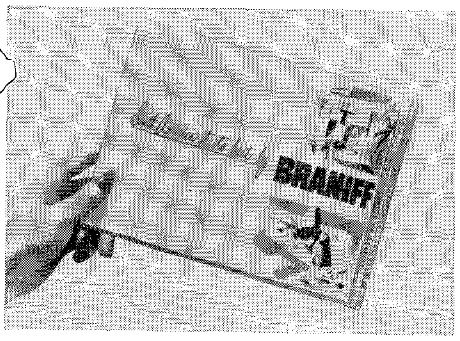
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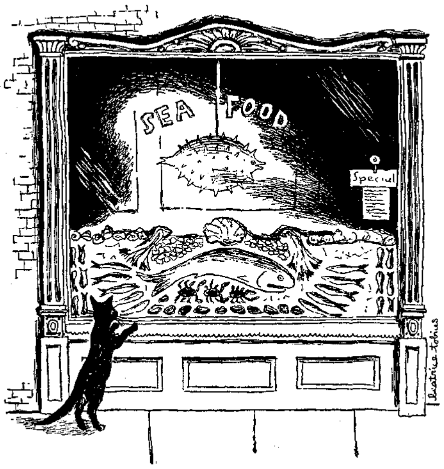
pursuit for serious young men, began his career at Harvard as an instructor of English and forensics. In Brown's day, Baker was giving undergraduate courses in dramatic literature, and, in addition, English 47, a course in playwriting that was theoretically open only to graduate students but to which an exceptionally promising undergraduate might be admitted in his senior year. English 47 had gradually evolved from a lecture class into a discussion class, with an experimental laboratory where plays written by students were produced. Eugene O'Neill, Edward Sheldon, Rachel Field, S. N. Behrman, Sidney Howard, Thomas Wolfe, and Philip Barry were a few of the young people who at one time or another were active in the 47 Workshop, as the laboratory came to be known. At the end of Brown's freshman year, he became a member of the Harvard Dramatic Club, and the following fall joined a company that performed the Workshop's plays. He made his début as an actor in the Club's presentation of a Spanish drama, Benavente's "The Governor's Lady." One of the scenes was a Madrid café populated by hearty young matadors, among them a matador with a thatch of red hair—Brown. A waiter circulated among the customers. "Don Salvador, what will you have?" he asked as he approached the red-headed matador. "Waituh, bring me a glass o' rose watuh," Brown replied in his knee-deep Kentucky accent, and broke up the play there and then. Profiting by the Club's experience, Baker, who wanted *his* productions marred by no such unintentional comedy, made a point of never casting Brown in roles in which he could perpetrate similar damage.

Brown's accent has eroded over the years, and today, except when he purposely revives it, there are few traces of the bourbon belt in his speech. The



regional courtliness of his manners has resisted the passage of time more stubbornly. In a Brown lecture, for example, it is never Henrik Ibsen or Shelley Winters but *Mr.* Henrik Ibsen or *Miss* Shelley Winters. On the other hand, Brown no longer kneels on the ground when taking leave of a lady, a Thomas Nelson Page gesture in which he occasionally indulged in his youth. "John took a lot of understanding and handling in those days," Cornelia Otis Skinner, who has long been a friend of his, has recalled. "You never knew when that Southern chivalry was going to crop up in earnest. I remember one afternoon when John and I were coming from a matinée at the Palace. He invited me to have a soda with him at Hicks, and on the walk over to Fifth Avenue he discovered he didn't have any money left. I had just two dollar bills in my purse. John wouldn't allow me to treat him, I knew, so I offered to lend him the money. He brushed my hand back and explained with a grimace of injured gallantry that a Kentucky gentleman couldn't take money from ladies. It would be all right, though, he decided, if he found it. So, while John watched me, I crumpled up the bills and placed them on the window sill of the next house up the street. John then walked up and plucked the money off the sill, and we went and had our sodas."

Brown became a member of the 47 Workshop in his senior year. The first play he turned out, a one-acter called "The Getaway," concerned two convicts who, attempting to dig their way to freedom, discover that their tunnel leads to the electric-chair room. Brown improved on this morbidity in his next play—a study of two brothers, one healthy, the other lame. As its climax, the healthy brother is run over by the interurban. Brown also wrote a comedy called "The First Day," the story of a charming young man from a fine old talkative Southern family who wants to go into the theatre and meets with blind, reactionary opposition from his elders. The Workshop gave "The First Day" a full production. Donald Oenslager, then a fledgling scenic designer, provided a set that caught the flavor and the details of the living room of an old Kentucky home. The playwright himself tirelessly coached the actors in the temperamental idiosyncrasies of the relatives of his whom they were supposed to be portraying. "The First Day" failed to impress Brown's classmates. (In English 47, the students were required to turn in reviews

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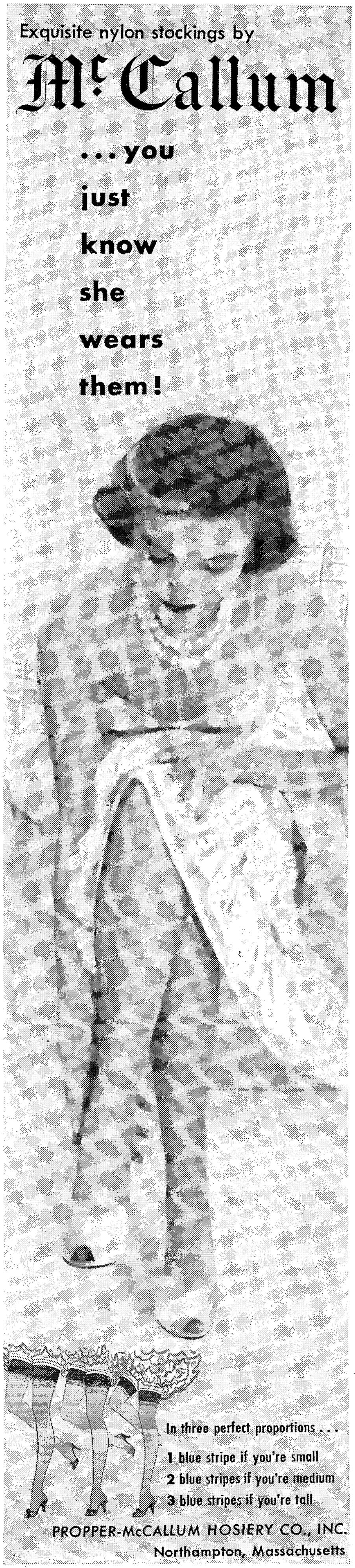
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of each other's plays.) Always a zealous collector of written material pertaining to himself, Brown has preserved his classmates' reviews in a scrapbook and especially delights in rereading the less gentle comments, such as "The best thing about the play is Mr. Oenslager's set" and "This is a rollicking comedy which didn't rollick." "I had learned earlier that I wasn't cut out to be an actor," Brown says. "After seeing 'The First Day,' I discarded any ambitions of becoming a playwright. Sophocles and Shakespeare were safe."

Along with his Workshop activities, Brown managed not only to lead a spirited social life but to appear in the Hasty Pudding Institute's production of "Take a Brace" (a musical comedy about a suspender king) and to serve as president of the Harvard Dramatic Club in his junior and senior years. Under his leadership, the club chucked its customary conservatism and pitched into Leonid Andreyev's "The Life of Man," an Everyman type of drama in the Russian Expressionist style. Boston critics were generous in their praise, and the *Crimson* called the production "the best of all answers to the spectre of overemphasis on athletics which haunts our American colleges." Professor Baker thought it was "fine"—florid praise, considering its source, for Baker was a reserved man who rarely displayed affection or admiration. If, however, he admired a person's talent and the person himself, he did things about it. Toward the end of Brown's senior year, when the young man had decided that his career lay not in acting, playwriting, directing, or producing but in writing about the theatre, Baker arranged for him to give courses in Shakespeare and Play Presentation at the summer session of the University of Montana, in Missoula. Further, Baker recommended him as superlative staff material to the editor of *Theatre Arts Monthly*, Mrs. Edith J. R. Isaacs, a warmhearted patrician who Baker thought would be an excellent anchor in New York for a person of Brown's volatile temperament.

THE sequence of events that led to Brown's being hired by *Theatre Arts Monthly* constitutes one of the most blissful idylls in the age-old romance of job hunting. In an interview with Mrs. Isaacs following his graduation (*cum laude*) in 1923 and his stint at Missoula, Brown explained that he had set his heart on travelling in Europe for a year to study the Continental theatre. Mrs. Isaacs thought this a laudable desire and suggested that he pay a visit to Drottningholm, outside Stockholm, and write an article on the old court theatre there; if *Theatre Arts Monthly* liked the article, he would be taken on. Accompanied by Oenslager, Brown went to Europe, and in due course dispatched the test article and received a cable from Mrs. Isaacs offering him an associate editorship at what she describes as "a bread but not a butter salary." Brown's cable of acceptance carried on for so many ecstatic words that Mrs. Isaacs instantly dropped plans she had been nurturing for turning over to her new associate editor some of the responsibilities of the business department.

The *Wanderjahr* enjoyed by Brown and Oenslager was more of a pilgrimage than a tour. Its temper was set the noon before the young men departed on the Olympic, when they were taken to lunch by Kenneth MacGowan and Robert Edmond Jones, the high priests of "Continental stagecraft"—a name the priests themselves had given to the revolutionary postwar theatre techniques they had found in full ferment in Europe and had introduced into the United States. In Continental stagecraft, the director was the keyman in a production, not the actors or the playwright or the producer; Continental stagecraft also embodied a dynamic new philosophy of anti-escapism in the theatre, which, as it turned out, supplied perhaps the major impetus in the coming of age of the American theatre in the nineteen-twenties. "That was quite a lunch," Oenslager remarked not long ago. "John and I were pretty dedicated spirits before we sat down, but by the time it was over, MacGowan and Jones had made us feel like the heroic bearers of the torch of civilization. Just before we broke up, Jones wrote out something for us on a piece of paper and instructed us not to read it until our ship was out at sea. We opened it that night in the bar when we were having some Martinis before dinner. What Jones had written amounted to his artistic credo, and it was very impassioned, very. I read it aloud to John, John read it to me, and then we joined in silent meditation. We repeated this ritual every night over cocktails until we had the credo memorized. After that, we simply recited it to each other over cocktails faithfully each evening."

Good old pedestrian connections also helped make the tour what Brown later called "the basis of a fund of special knowledge on which I leaned heavily for the next ten years." In

Nat (McCue) Finney disinfects John (Bensinger) Sherman in pre-curtain horseplay at a performance of "The Front Page."

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The aroma of ham seeped gently across the footlights. Messrs. Garrick, Kean and Drew spun quietly in their respective tombs. Another Minneapolis audience chortled in anticipation, then sat enchanted as the curtain rose in the Old Log Repertory Theatre. For the third time in Upper Midwest drama history Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's "The Front Page" came to life with an amateur cast of genuine professional newspaper people recruited from the staffs of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune.

There were Nat Finney, Pulitzer Prize-winning editorial editor of the Star, barking staccato commands with side-of-the-mouth proficiency in the part of the veteran city hall reporter . . . John Sherman, drama critic of the Star, employing the built-in wince common to his calling in the role of Bensinger, the neurotic newsman . . . Virginia Safford, Star and Tribune society columnist, reveling in the suds-slopped character of a mop-toting scrubwoman. In all, fifteen Star and Tribune staffers strode the boards, swapping some of the stage's fastest and funniest dialogue. The audience loved it. It was the greatest triumph of type casting since Mergenthaler.

This year's Old Log production of "The Front Page" is the third since 1948, when John Sherman persuaded a little group of stage-struck reporters to sign on for the original busman's holiday. Rehearsals were conducted in the Star and Tribune's newsrooms where the actors brushed up on cues and threw lines to each other between stories. Graduates of the MS and T School of the Drama are now numerous enough to populate a stage for "South Pacific" (and probably would at the drop of a fedora).

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Stockholm, one of their first ports of call, the young men wangled an interview with Robert Woods Bliss, the American Ambassador, who had known Baker at Harvard. Bliss saw to it that Brown and Oenslager were given the red-carpet treatment by the director of the Swedish Royal Opera and wrote them a letter of introduction to Alanson B. Houghton, the American Ambassador to Germany. Houghton, in turn, passed the pair along to the *Oberintendant* of the German state theatres, who received them in Berlin and passed them along to his *Intendanten* and *Unterintendanten* in Wiesbaden, Stuttgart, Munich, Mannheim, and the other towns on the Boche Circuit. Parlaying one entrée into another, Brown and Oenslager found backstages, theatre museums, and private homes open to them as they travelled on, through Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania, to Constantinople and Smyrna, and then back, by way of Greece and Italy, to France. Only Russia proved uncrackable. The young men did not feel like joining the Red Cross for a six-month tour of duty—the only ticket of admission to Russia that they could discover. Five years later, while travelling with the late Eliot Cabot, the actor, in the summer of 1928, Brown succeeded in visiting Russia through the intercession of Vsevolod Meyerhold, a citizen-hero in good standing whom he and Cabot met in Paris, where Meyerhold was recuperating from the rigors of running one of the first Communist theatres in Moscow. The two Americans were flown into Russia, spent two weeks attending the theatre in Moscow and Leningrad under the surveillance of a woman interpreter, and were then flown out of Russia.

HIS year in Europe behind him, Brown reported for work at *Theatre Arts Monthly* in September, 1924. Twelve months later, he succeeded MacGowan as the magazine's drama critic. "I got the job because I was in the office and therefore cheaper than the other candidates, who weren't," Brown says of his first big step upward. In the autumn of 1929, when he was twenty-nine, he became the drama critic of the *Evening Post*—one of the youngest men ever to hold that position on a New York daily newspaper. He remained with the *Post* through the 1940-41 season, then changed over to be drama editor of the *World-Telegram*, where he stayed until he entered the Navy, late in

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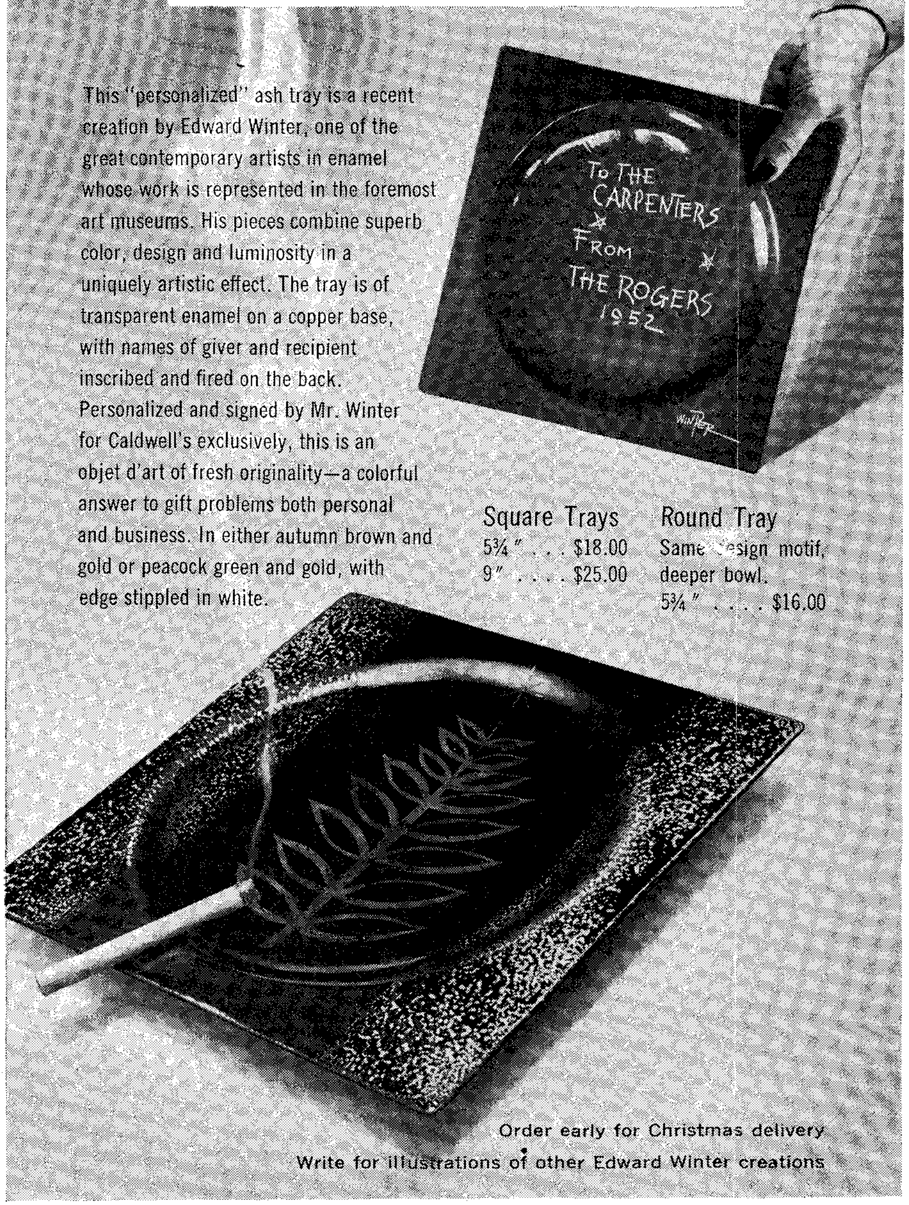

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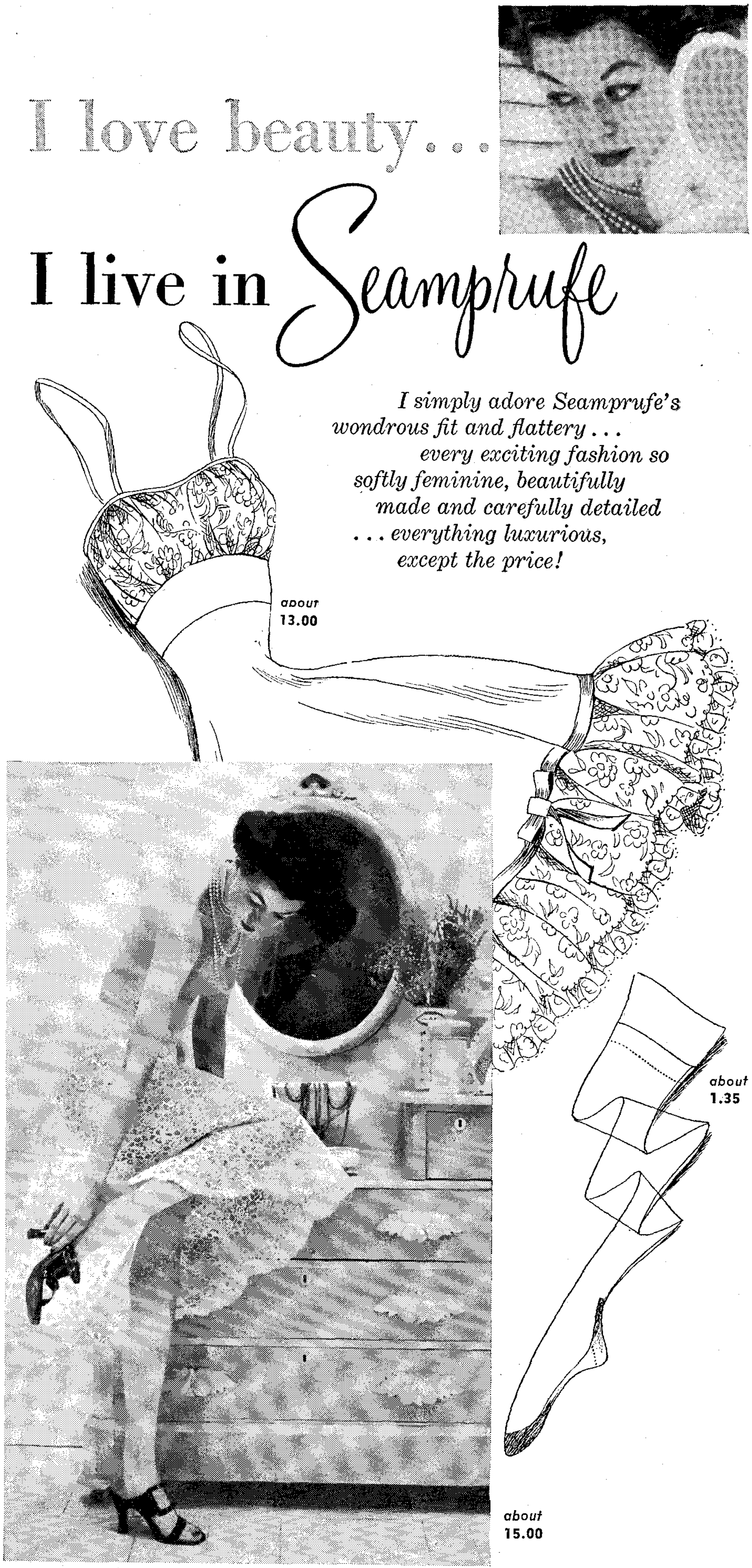
1942. After two years of service, Brown, a civilian again, began writing his column of criticism, dramatic and otherwise, for the *Saturday Review.*

As far back as his *Theatre Arts Monthly* days, the rangy erudition of Brown's writing had created a favorable stir among the devout students of the stage, but it was not until he took over the *Post's* drama column, "Two on the Aisle," and thereby reached a somewhat more secular audience, that he began establishing his present reputation as a critic who wears his opinions at a decidedly jaunty angle. Brown's penchant for the striking phrase led him into several minor skirmishes during his *Post* period but only one real Battle of the Blue Licks. This was with the Shakespearean actor Tyrone Power, the father of the motion-picture actor. On November 18, 1931, in reviewing the Chicago Civic Shakespeare Society's presentation of "Julius Caesar," in which the elder Power appeared with William Faversham and Pedro de Cordoba, Brown called it "as ham a production of 'Julius Caesar' as you are likely to see" and described Power, who played the part of Brutus, as "no more than a resounding set of vocal cords wrapped up in a toga." Power, Faversham, and de Cordoba joined forces in an irate letter to the editor (which the *Post* printed), railing against Brown's unfitness for his job. Power also wrote to Brown personally to tell him what he thought of him. "It is most apparent, sir, that you are not capable of insulting by your feeble pen men and women who have devoted far more brains than you possess to a dangerous and difficult profession," Power's letter read, in part. Then, displaying no feebleness whatsoever in *his* pen, the actor continued, "I resent with all the fervor of my soul the imputation you so vulgarly ex-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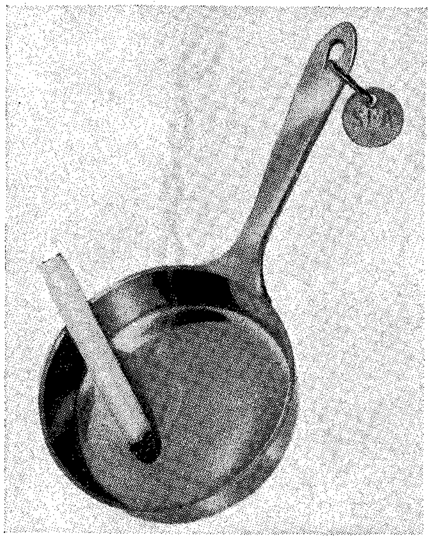

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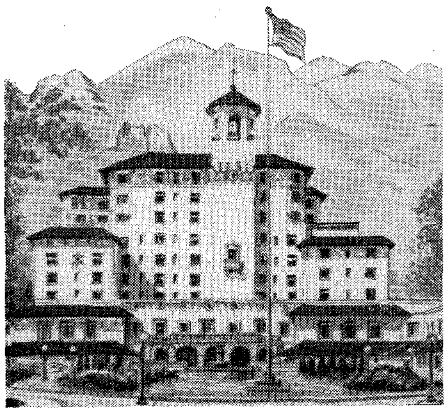

press of my endeavor in the performance of Brutus. I am not a HAM. . . . I know more about the art of acting than you will, in the narrow limit of your vituperous comprehension, ever understand. I am an actor." Brown ran the letter in his column. Power interpreted this as a gesture of apology, and his actor's soul responded warmly. "You rob me of words to express my appreciation of your generous spirit," he wrote to Brown. "I hope one day to meet you and grasp your hand." Brown graciously accepted the hand by printing this communication, too.

IN the early twenties, when Brown was still several years away from the celebrity and salary that go with being the drama critic for a New York newspaper, he turned to lecturing to enable himself to live in a style befitting a Harvard man with a blue-grass background. He did not bother to look into the possibilities of allying himself with a lecture bureau, for he had no intention at that time of making lecturing anything more than an adjunct to his work on *Theatre Arts Monthly*. His first clients were little-theatre groups, in and around New York, that were happy to pay thirty or forty dollars for the privilege of listening to a member of the staff of *Theatre Arts Monthly*, their bible. Brown, for his part, was inclined to view himself as a missionary carrying the Gospel into the cultural wilderness. Despite the congenial atmosphere in which he found himself, lecturing, at the outset, was a trial for him. "Garrulity is a life habit of mine, but public speaking is something I forced myself to do," he told a friend recently. "I found out I'd lost my boyhood fearlessness about confronting strange audiences. Before each talk I was assaulted by that cold feeling in the pit of the stomach. What made it really terrifying was that most of the time I spoke in darkened rooms—the bane of the slide lecturer, which I was at the time. When you're in the dark and can't read the expressions on the faces of your audience, you haven't the remotest notion of how you're getting across. Sometimes when they turned the lights on at the end, I'd look out and find that half my audience had fallen asleep on me." Once, in those shaky days, when Brown was giving a slide lecture at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, his first prestige client, he mistook his shadow on the wall for the shadow of some member of the audience who, he surmised in panic, was expressing his contempt for the lecture by imitating the lecturer—starfish gesture for starfish gesture. Brown finally figured out whose shadow it was ten minutes after he had interrupted his talk to inform the audience, with colossal dignity, that if anyone was not enjoying the lecture, he was, of course, free to leave.

As Brown became more experienced and age began to mellow him, he conquered his jitters and set himself to work improving both the content of his lectures and his method of getting his points across. The style that he evolved, and that, with mild modifications, he adheres to today, was a compound of many styles. Into it, for instance, went the galvanic surges of Grandfather Brown, the mimicry with which Professor Baker spiced his lectures, and certain elements of the techniques of the "Big Four" of the Harvard English Department, whom Brown had studied under—Charles Townsend Copeland's concern for the well-groomed adjective and the dapper appositive; something of the compassion of Bliss Perry, "the great Emerson man;" physical gyrations as unconventional as those of John Livingston Lowes, who, when totally absorbed, grabbed hold of the lectern and practically swung himself on a thought; and the straight downstage pyrotechnics of George Lyman Kittredge. For all his borrowing, Brown's was an original style. Perhaps more successfully than any other lecturer, he managed to create the cozy atmosphere of the living room, if not the breakfast nook. In a field where humor, assuming the speaker made provision for any, had not advanced much beyond the punch lines of Cotton Mather's set, Brown's conversational type of wit was unprecedented. (For example, Brown on Philip Merivale's production of "Othello," in which the proscenium was draped with heavy dark-green curtains: "By the fourth act, I felt like asking, 'George, when does this train get into Cleveland?' ") Brown was not, and is not, possessed of an exceptional voice—it is treble and reedy—but he played it like a musical instrument, and its range of emphasis proved exceedingly effective. At the height of his serious passages, his tall, spare figure coiled tensely, his neck craned toward the ceiling, his hands describing rapid arabesques, and his voice hoarse and astammer with feeling, Brown transmitted a throbbing concern for the spiritual and cultural welfare of his audience that was unmatched by any of his colleagues. Alice Dixon Bond, of the Boston *Herald*, echoed the sentiments of his most fervent admirers when she wrote that his personality was

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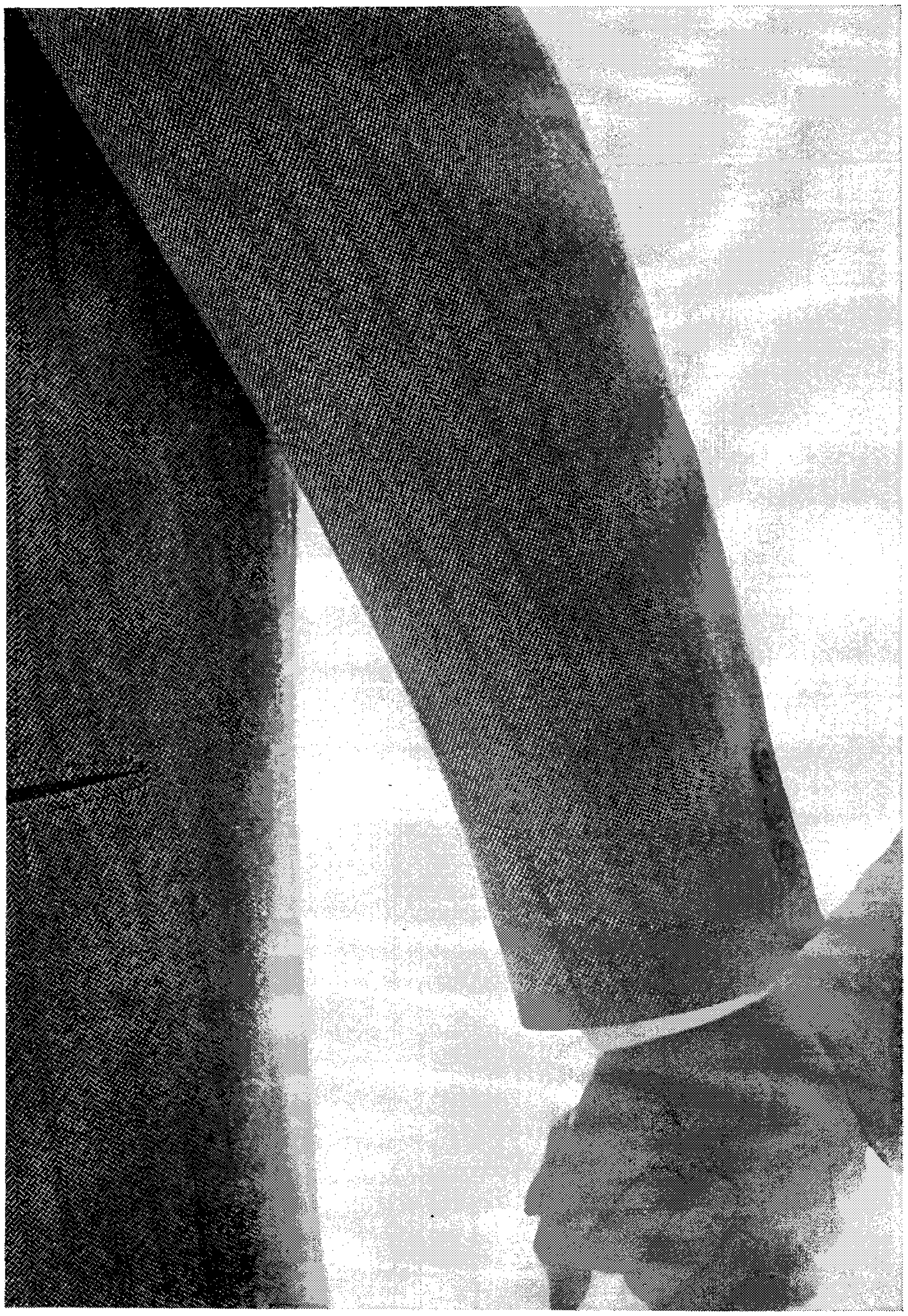
In the winter of 1928, four years after he had made his first faltering steps as a lecturer, Brown signed up with the James B. Pond booking bureau and entered the realm of big-time lecturing. A year later, upon the completion of his first coast-to-coast tour, every organization in America that engaged lecturers had heard of John Mason Brown and was clamoring to hear him.

Brown's success as a lecturer has made it possible for him, in a world that was never meant for belletrists, to clothe and feed his family and maintain two fine roofs over their heads, and still do a kind of writing that, all in all, considering its quantity, is about as close to belles-lettres as any American journalist, confronted with deadlines, comes these days. Over the last twenty-five years, he has produced sixteen books. Six of these are entirely about the theatre—"The Modern Theatre in Revolt" (1929), "Upstage" (1930), "Letters from Greenroom Ghosts" (1934), "The Art of Playgoing" (1936), "Two on the Aisle" (1938), and "Broadway in Review" (1940). Then, there have been "Accustomed As I Am" (1942), reflections on his experiences as a lecturer; "Insides Out" (1942), an intimate and autobiographical account of a surgical operation, coyly subtitled "The Saga of a Dramatic Critic Who Attended His Own Opening;" "To All Hands" (1943), a best-selling compilation of the talks he delivered to the crew of the Ancon before and during the Sicilian invasion; "Many a Watchful Night" (1944), which many people consider a better book, about the invasion of Normandy; "Seeing Things" (1946), "Seeing More Things" (1948), "Still Seeing Things" (1950), and "As They Appear" (1952), collections of his critical essays on the theatre, movies, books, personalities, and ideas, which were first printed in his column in the *Saturday Review;* "Morning Faces" (1949), a collection of essays, also written for his *Saturday Review* column, in which he muses on the growing pains he himself underwent while watching his two sons grow up; and "Daniel Boone: The Opening of the Wilderness" (1952), a book for boys. Brown has also edited "The Portable Charles Lamb" and has written introductions for Margaret Webster's "Shakespeare Without Tears," Hiram

Moderwell's "The Theatre of Today," the Modern Library's "Sixteen Famous British Plays," the Limited Editions Club's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "The Portable Woollcott."

For all Brown's protestations that writing is his chief concern, however, the fact is that his lecturing shapes the pattern of his life. His season, like that of most professional lecturers, begins in October and ends in late May. As soon as he has wrapped up the last lecture on his schedule, he closes his New York apartment and moves his family to the seashore. The Browns formerly rented a cottage on Martha's Vineyard, near the house of Brown's uncle and idol, Major General Brown. The General died in 1948, and since then the Browns, while they may return to the Vineyard for occasional long weekends, have spent their summers in an ancient yellow frame house in Stonington, Connecticut, an old fishing town on Long Island Sound. Among their neighbors there are Mrs. Stephen Vincent Benét, Grace Zaring Stone, and Francis Henry Taylor, the director of the Metropolitan Museum, but Stonington is not predominantly an artists' colony. That is what Brown likes about it. At Stonington, Brown pumps out a few "Seeing Things" columns but generally compensates for his hectic cold-weather pace by playing tennis, by "reading through" some favorite author, like Stevenson (to "read through" means to read everything the man ever wrote), and, most important, by fishing daily from a rowboat in the Sound. Over the years, Brown has developed the knack of working himself up to a high pitch of composure for any occasion; on his rowboat expeditions he comes as close as he ever does to really relaxing. Most of the time he fishes with his sons—Preston, aged sixteen, a quiet, sports-minded fifth-former at Groton, and Meredith, twelve, a seventh-grader at the Buckley School, who, in the best Brown tradition, is a talker, and who at the age of nine wrote "The History of the World from the Creation to Inflation." Periodically, however, Brown takes the boat out alone and, line in hand, sits under a wide straw hat and meditates. It is on these excursions that, as the summer progresses, he begins to ponder the coming season's lecture. During his preliminary casting about for ideas, his main objective is to develop a theme around which he can build the new lecture—some blue-water-deep expression of contemporary problems, along the lines of the address on the true function of the writ-



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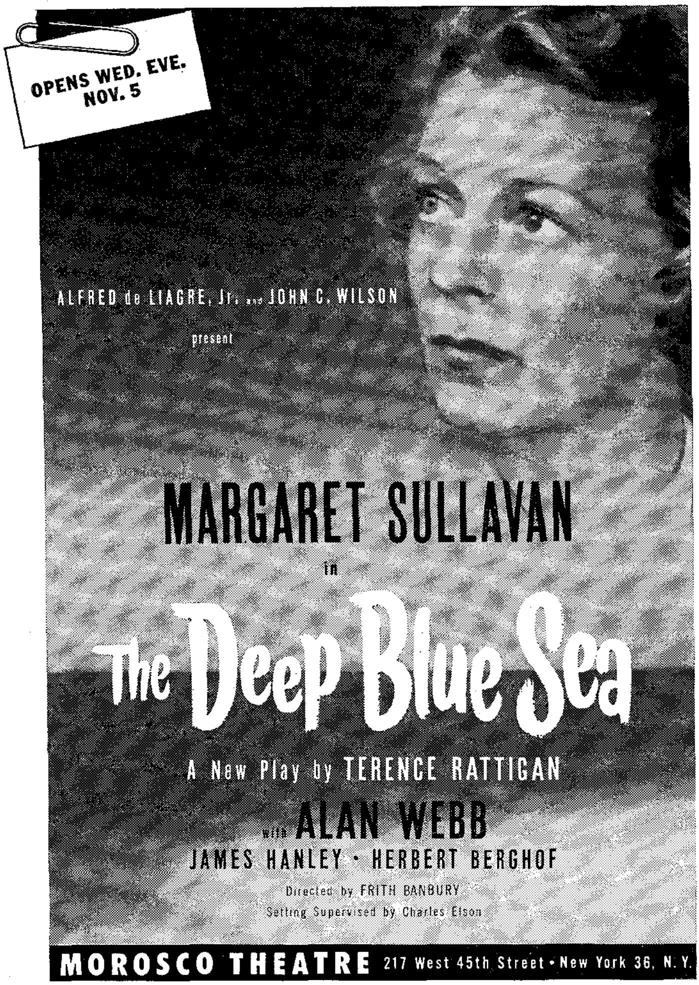
er which William Faulkner delivered at Stockholm in 1950 when he accepted the Nobel Prize for literature. (Faulkner's address served as the theme of the lecture Brown delivered during the 1951-52 season.) He also casts about lazily for other elements he knows his lecture will need—substantiating quotations, documentation from literature and life, and humor. Brown's trademark is the witty phrase, such as his likening of Lynn Fontanne's appearance as she first sauntered out onstage in "Idiot's Delight" to "an itinerant pagoda." Such phrases come easily to him, but since they can also slip away easily, he takes pains to memorize his bonniest mots.

The annual signal to Brown that he must soon get down to work in earnest on his new lecture is the arrival in late August of a large envelope from Miss Elizabeth Schenk, of the Keedick Bureau, containing a schedule of the lecture dates thus far accepted for him. Miss Schenk, a bouncy, chirruping woman who has been with Keedick's for thirty years and is the firm's assistant manager, starts compiling these bookings in January, when requests for the next season begin to arrive. Unless Brown has informed her of some change in his plans, Miss Schenk can assume that he is prepared to undertake six junkets out of New York—a two-week tour through the South; two weeks in the Southwest and two in the Northwest; two ten-day assaults upon the Midwest, the touring lecturer's breadbasket; and another ten days invading the lush Chicago-Detroit axis. The remainder of Brown's engagements are spot appearances in and around New York and Boston. Miss Schenk begins her scheduling by marking in suitable dates for such local hotbeds of Brownism as the Bronxville Women's Club, along with dates for groups like the Colony Club and the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, two organizations that, should a year pass without an appearance by Brown, would feel that something had gone as radically awry as if a week were to come and go without a Sunday. Mapping out the details of Brown's tours is a more complicated operation. "The key cities have to be set up first," Miss Schenk explains. "For example, we know that Mr. Brown will want to address the St. Paul Women's Institute, since that is one of the country's outstanding audiences. After we have worked out a date for a city like St. Paul, *then* we know where we are, *then* we can go about fitting other requests from that geographical area into our schedule." By late August, Miss Schenk has whipped everything pretty much into shape.

The actual preparation of a lecture takes Brown from two to three weeks. When he is ready to get down to business, he returns to New York and calls in his secretary, Miss Elisabeth Sill. A shy, orderly minded, middle-aged lady who for many years was secretary to a vice-president of the Irving Trust Company, Miss Sill has worked with Brown for eight years, but she is still unable to decipher his handwriting. Brown generously overlooks this failing, for he scrawls a species of hieroglyphic that he himself finds illegible five minutes after he has written it. Brown does not write out or dictate a lecture in full and then memorize it, as do a considerable number of his colleagues. Once he has decided on the material he will present and the order in which he will present it, he jots down, and then dictates to Miss Sill, only the cue lines he thinks he will need to keep him on course. Miss Sill transfers these route markers and the quotations Brown plans to use (he prefers to quote correctly, and not almost correctly) onto four-by-seven-inch cards, typing everything in capital letters. Brown's notes for a new lecture are usually spread over seventy to eighty cards, some of them bearing only a line or two, a few covered solidly with quotations and cue lines. "The only way for me to get the bugs out of a talk is to keep giving that talk," he told a friend not long ago. "After a while, you find that the lecture jells, in the best form you're capable of. At the same time, you've got to keep flexible. The fun of lecturing is the way you discover, each time you talk, how you change the expression—the elaboration—of the same ideas."

To use Brown's 1951-52 lecture as an illustration of his system, the first card gave him his jump-off: "A politician was once defined as a man who approached every problem with an open mouth." (Brown rarely jumped off

in exactly those words; by midwinter he was saying, "Unquestionably most of you remember that not unseasonable definition of a politician, that definition which insists that a politician is a person who approaches everything with an open mouth.") Card No. 4, following Brown's progression from the need for an open *mind* to the responsibility of writers in these parlous days, read, "Need not for writers with large talents and small spirits but for writers with large talents and great spirits," and added, "No McGuffey Reader stuff," which was the cue for a "traffic island." (A "traffic island" is Brown's term for a humorous remark or anecdote that he can be reasonably sure will be enjoyed by an audience just subjected to some weighty subject matter. He enters on his cards only a small percentage of the numerous traffic islands he has charted in his mind.) By card No. 5, Brown's lecture had arrived at Faulkner's Nobel address, and that card carried the cue for Brown's prefatory appreciation: "It was a kind of Gettysburg Address of Literature—brief, eloquent, and one of the finest statements of affirmation to have been made by any author in this age which so frequently is filled with only the sadness of fright, of surrender." The next three cards contained excerpts from Faulkner's address, the gist of which was that mankind, to survive in this world, must create out of the materials of the human spirit something that does not already exist. Card No. 16—Brown had meanwhile discussed the proposition that nature is as different as the men who see it, and had moved on through a dissertation on art vs. reality—quoted Edmund Burke to the effect that if a majestic stage tragedy were interrupted at its climax by the announcement that a state criminal of high rank was to be hanged in the nearest square, the majority of the audience would rush out to see real bloodshed. Card No. 17 carried a quotation from Brooks Atkinson's "The Cingalese Prince," setting forth Atkinson's thesis that things happen to books as well as to people and that literature is put to a new test whenever the reader changes his environment and his values. On the same card was a traffic-island cue, based on the Caronia's world cruise, which prompted Brown to remark that the literature carried aboard for *that* cruise would probably read the same to the passengers at sea as it would to them on shore. On card No. 19 was a quotation from Ernest Hemingway's introduction to "Men at War," detailing Hemingway's ideas on the writer's



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position in wartime, and on card No. 21, Shaw on the writer's position in wartime, from his preface to "Heartbreak House." ("During one period of Shaw's life," Brown customarily interpolated in a traffic island not noted on the card, "when Shaw was attacked for his political ideas and the truth of his writing, the actors who had become famous in his plays refused to be photographed with him, and when an actor refuses to be photographed with *anybody*, that's history.") Brown's lecture moved along through merry observations on television, comic books, the movies, and the stage, then wheeled into a reprise of its earlier themes, and the final card, No. 77, contained several repeat excerpts from Faulkner's speech.

Once Brown begins a season of lecturing, he constantly revises his deck of cards. Last year, for example, after seeing and reading Christopher Fry's poetic drama "A Sleep of Prisoners," he changed his windup, supplementing the Faulkner quotation with this one from the Fry play:

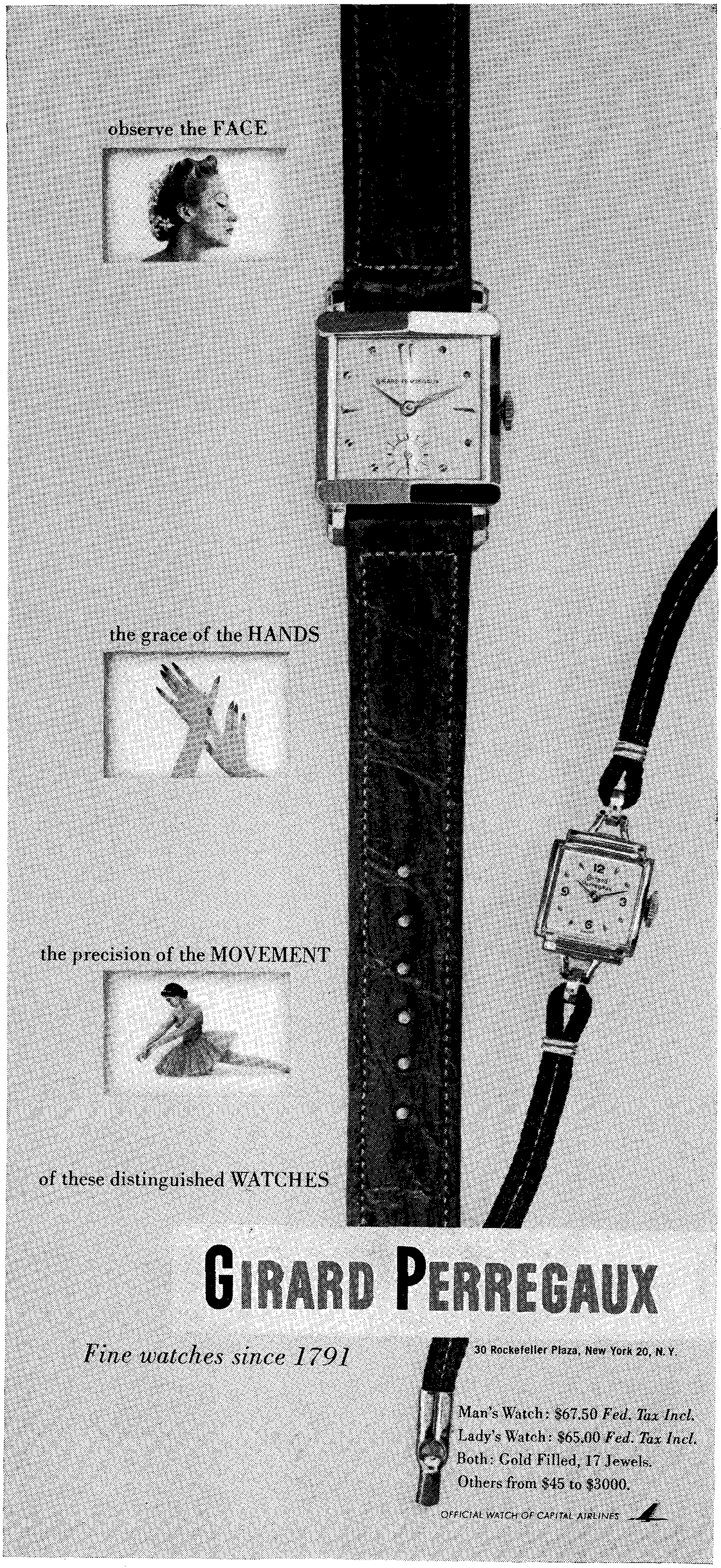
> Thank God our time is now when wrong
> Comes up to face us everywhere,
> Never to leave us till we take
> The longest stride of soul men ever took.
> Affairs are now soul size.

Throughout the autumn and winter, as the Broadway season takes shape, or doesn't, Brown adds cues, and sometimes cards, to keep his coverage of the plays and musicals up to date. On the other hand, the better Brown gets to know his lecture, the more cards he throws away. By January, he is down to about forty—and rarely refers to them. By March, he has whittled the deck to fewer than twenty—only the ones on which the significant quotations are transcribed. Long before March, too, Brown has got these quotations under control, but the cards are comforting to have within glancing distance when his mind carries him too far afield.

IN New York, the Browns live in a seven-room apartment on East Eighty-ninth Street. Brown works at home. Since he prefers to have his reference books under the same roof with him, the apartment has something of the air of a library that has been incidentally equipped with domestic comforts. The floor-to-ceiling shelves in the foyer are set aside for "American Literature," while "Greek Literature," "Russian Literature," "French Literature," and "English Literature" are to be found in the living room, "Poetry" and "World War II, Fiction and Non-Fiction" in Preston's room, "Miscellaneous" in Meredith's room, and "Criticism" and "Dramatic Literature" in Brown's study. The study, which also serves as Brown's office, contains a small flat-top desk, an easy chair, and a day bed, and is decorated with a print of Shakespeare's London; a lithograph by Grant Wood; an 1832 playbill of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane; a copy of the Karsh photograph of George Bernard Shaw; a pencil sketch of Charles Lamb; a Hirschfeld caricature of the New York Drama Critics Circle (of which Brown has been president five times); a ticket admitting the bearer to the Senate Gallery for the impeachment proceedings against President Johnson; photographs of Eleonora Duse, Major General Brown (as a Yale undergraduate and in uniform), Grandfather Brown (as a Yale undergraduate), Admiral Alan G. Kirk, the U.S.S. Augusta, and the U.S.S. Ancon; a wash drawing by Max Beerbohm; caricatures from the old English *Vanity Fair* of Beerbohm, Anthony Trollope, Matthew Arnold, Arthur Wing Pinero, Thomas Carlyle, and Henry Irving; a lithograph depicting the meeting of Burns and Scott in the Edinburgh home of Professor Adam Ferguson (the philosophical ancestor claimed by Brown's mother's family); a Currier & Ives colored lithograph of the race down the Mississippi between the Eclipse and the Natchez; the originals of letters by William Archer, the English theatre critic, and by James Monroe, Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, General Albert Sidney Johnston, and General Jeb Stuart; a plaster bust of Edwin Booth, a gift from Cornelia Otis Skinner; a six-inch metal model of the Augusta; a Toby jug of Winston Churchill; ceramic busts of Shaw, Ellen Terry, and the Chinese Goddess of Contentment; and an occasional patch of purple-brown wall. Rising untidily in the center of the room, and diminishing the floor space of the study, which is oblong and about half the size of a squash court, is a bulky tower, built of the new books Brown is perpetually receiving for review. Whenever he takes off on a lecture tour, Miss Sill razes this phoenixlike structure and, after removing the books Brown has signified he wishes to add to his permanent library, telephones the Seamen's Institute to send a van for the others.

An early riser, Brown is the sort of man his wife describes as "that household burden, a person who is inhumanly talkative and cheerful at breakfast," Brown enters his study, ready for the new day's work, at nine o'clock. Ordinarily, his first move after reading the papers is to telephone J. R. Cominsky, the publisher of the *Saturday Review*. "We don't talk about anything much," Cominsky says. "The way I figure it, John is never sure the world is still functioning as it was the day before, and that he's functioning, too, until he's tossed a few warm-up pitches at me." Cominsky's is one of the three telephone numbers tacked to the wall above Brown's desk. The others are Miss Schenk's and William Larned's. Larned, an old friend, is the editor Brown deals with at McGraw-Hill, his publishers. For his literary output, Brown acts as his own agent. "Writers are commonly supposed to have no business sense, but if the rest of them are like John Brown, none of them really needs an agent," Larned said recently. "John's got one of the best contracts in the business, and he keeps you on the ball, especially during the first six months of a new book. That man's right on the necks of the advertising and production departments. If he discovers that a book of his happens to be out of stock somewhere for two days, he'll ride the hell out of them and you. He knows his sales figures right up to the day. John Brown may look like an ivory-tower guy to some people but, believe me, he's not." Before Brown goes out on a lecture tour, he gives Larned a list of the cities in which he will be appearing, so that McGraw-Hill can advise bookstores there to have a supply of his books in stock—or, better yet, in a show window, along with a poster advertising his lecture.

On the days when Brown's calendar calls for no lectures, no appearances as master of ceremonies at literary or theatrical functions, no appearances on literary radio shows, no guest shots on television, no quick trips to Boston for a meeting of the board of overseers of Harvard University (of which he is a member), no meetings of the board of trustees of the Metropolitan Museum (of which, he says, he is "the one subway member"), and no research, Brown writes both morning and afternoon. The "Seeing Things" column, his primary writing concern, takes him from two to four days a week. When the column is out of the way, he turns to whatever long article or book he is writing on the side; last winter there were two of these—the boys' life of Daniel Boone and a paper entitled "Language, Legal and Literary," which he delivered at the annual meeting last May of the American Law In-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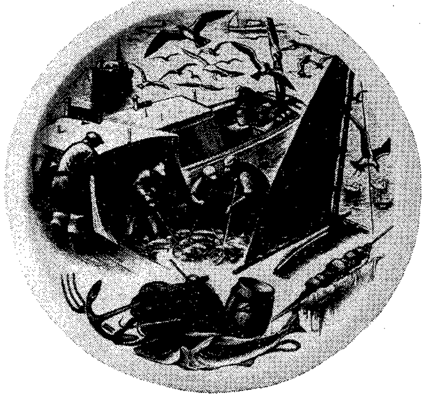

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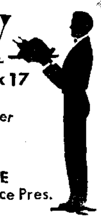

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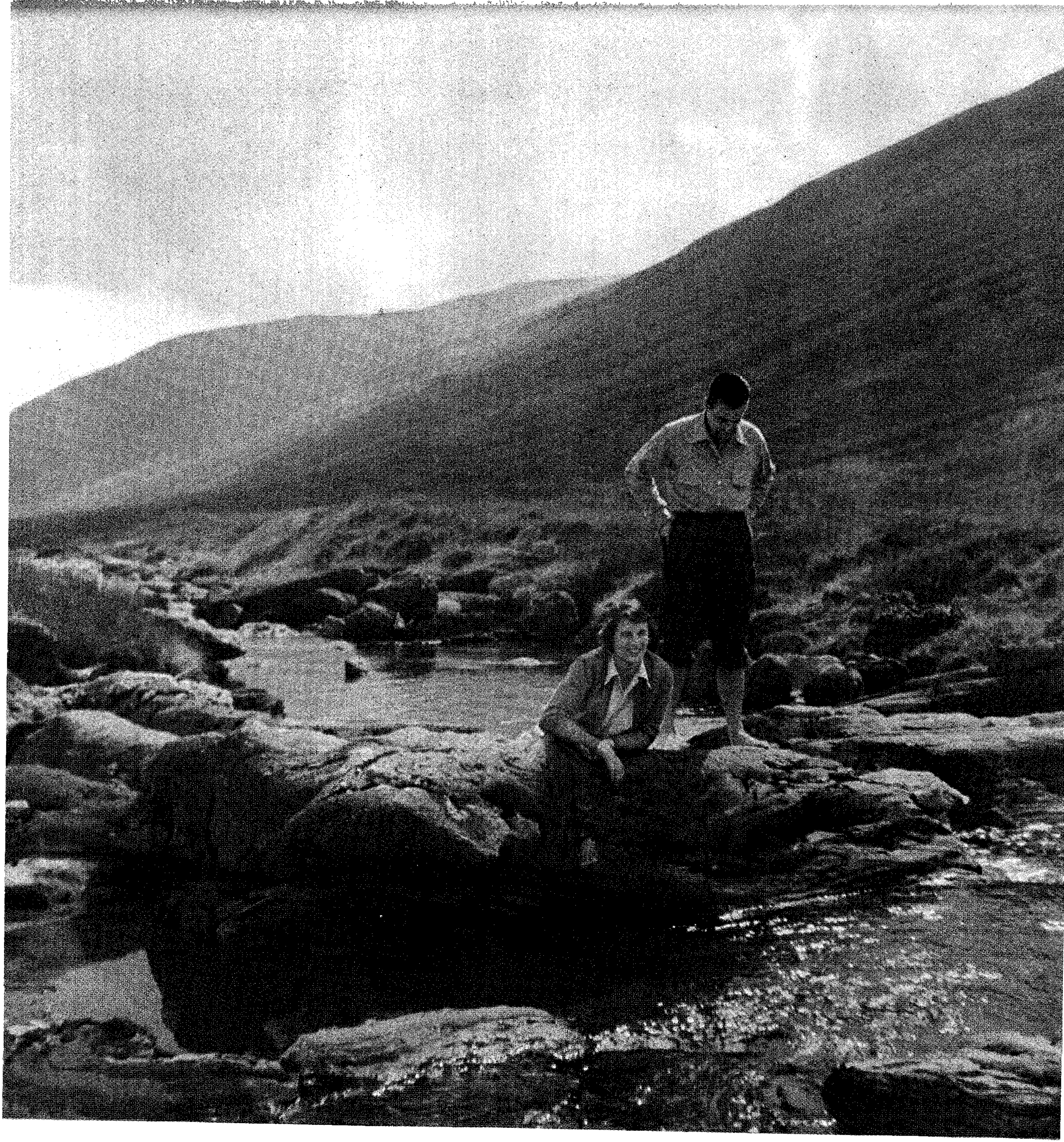
stitute, in Washington. Writing is an ordeal for Brown, mentally and physically. To reduce the tension that accumulates as he scrawls a passage, dictates it, and checks it while Miss Sill reads it back, then rescrawls it, redictates it, and polishes it, he sprawls on the floor, pretzeling himself into head-clearing knots until, exhausted but lucid, he is stretched out flat on his stomach, his chin burrowing into the carpet. Some time ago, after wearing out several expensive suits in this way, he adopted a writing uniform of blue jeans and sweatshirt. He finds the savings considerable.

Brown breaks up his writing days by leaving his apartment to lunch with such friends of long standing as Brooks Atkinson, Richard Watts, Ward Morehouse, Norman Cousins, Amy Loveman (of the *Saturday Review* and the Book-of-the-Month Club), and George Stevens (of Lippincott). "John doesn't relax much at lunch," Stevens, a Harvard classmate, has said. "He's apt to be finished with his whole lunch before I finish my consommé. Then he gives me an impatient 'C'mon, pal, get on with it.' " Back in his study, Brown catches a nap on the day bed and then, prodding himself into action again, works until five-thirty, or sometimes until seven. By dinnertime, he is revived and ready for an evening of stalwart conversation. When the Browns entertain at home, they prefer a party of no more than six or eight. "John prides himself on the range of people he knows," an old friend of his said the other day. "People from all walks of life, people of all ages, people just off a boat or plane, people passing through town in a hurry—you find them all at John's. Remember when the Yale authorities were trying to locate Whit Griswold so that they could inform him he'd been chosen the university's next president? They finally found him at John's. They should have called there first." Absent from the Browns' dinner parties as a rule are actors and actresses. Except for the Lunts, whom Brown got to know well in London during the war, and Cornelia Otis Skinner and Katharine Cornell, with whom he has been friends since the early twenties, he rarely mingles with actors, on the principle that if he did he could not then properly perform the duties of a critic.

His evenings in New York are sweet to Brown, but for all his energy, the effort of writing wears him down, and where other lecturers cringe at the prospect of Pullman jumps, cramped hotel rooms, and the other discomforts of the road, Brown finds his lecture tours



TONI FRISSELL

We'll be in Scotland afore ye!

To paraphrase Caesar (who *was* in Britain afore ye) all Scotland is divided in three parts. Just beyond the old Roman wall that stretches across the top of England lies PART ONE: The Lowlands. Here is Robert Burns' birthplace "on the banks and braes o' bonnie Doon." Here are ruined abbeys dating back to the 13th century, and storied villages made famous by Robert Louis Stevenson. Here is Gretna Green, where eloping lovers were married by the village blacksmith; and Netherby Hall near Canobie whence young Lochinvar carried his bride. PART TWO! Central Scotland, the true heart of Scottish history—offering you Edinburgh, Athens of the North, and famous palace-towns like Linlithgow, home to Scottish kings and birthplace of Mary, Queen of Scots. In central Scotland, too, there's the most celebrated loch in Europe . . . Loch Lomond. PART THREE? Shouldn't we say ACT THREE, for this is The Highlands—most *dramatic* part of the most dramatic of countries. Endless scenes of grandeur, of rugged heights and wonderful wilderness, of green islands set in silver! This Spring let nobody be in Scotland afore ye. See your Travel Agent now and Come to Britain.

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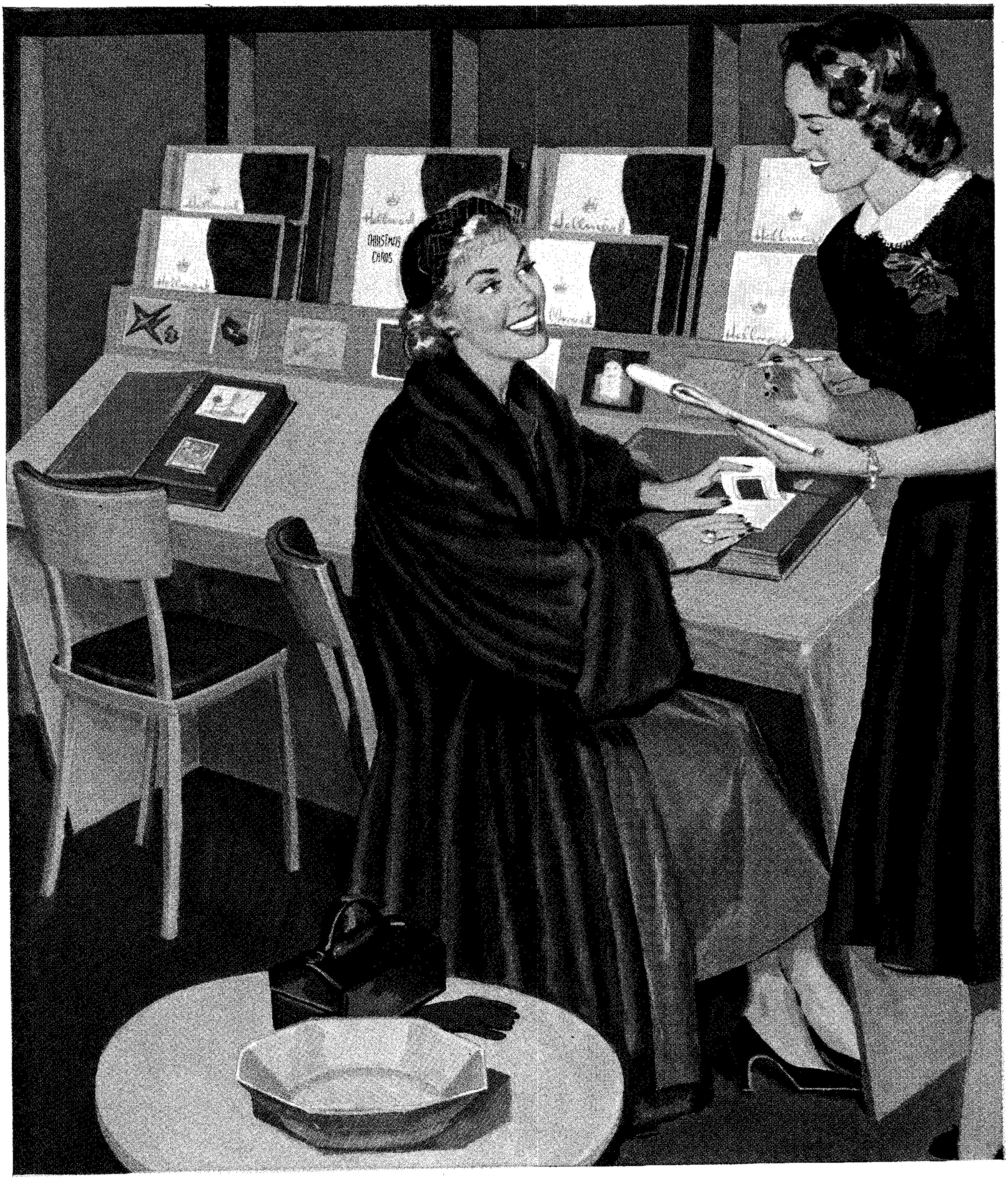

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wonderfully restful. "Travelling from the depths of the inkwell to the dry land of the platform—that's what I like about it, I guess," he once said. "A tour gives me a chance to collect myself, to get the thinking done that eludes me in New York because of one pressure or another. I love a train. On a train you can pursue your own pleasures unobstructed. You read or you eat or you drink or you sleep to your heart's content. I love a hotel room for the same reasons. Unless the walls are made of Nabiscos, you're sealed off from the din and the intrusions of this rampant world for as long as you like. I mend on a tour." —HERBERT WARREN WIND

(*This is the first of two articles on Mr. Brown.*)

●

DEPT. OF HIGHER EDUCATION

[*From the Brown University Daily Herald*]

Freshmen and sophomores at Princeton disagreed last week over which class won the interclass "rioting" as Dean of the College Francis Godolphin called the skirmishes to a halt following the shaving of approximately 150 freshman heads, the treating of six men for burns and lacerations, and the complaining of several residents of the Princeton neighborhood.

Princeton is virtually the only Ivy College, other than Brown, which still retains a strong tradition of freshman-sophomore rivalry. The Princeton program is not one of organized freshman orientation though, and consists mainly of attacking the other classes' living quarters, battling in the courtyards, throwing furniture about and defacing the buildings.

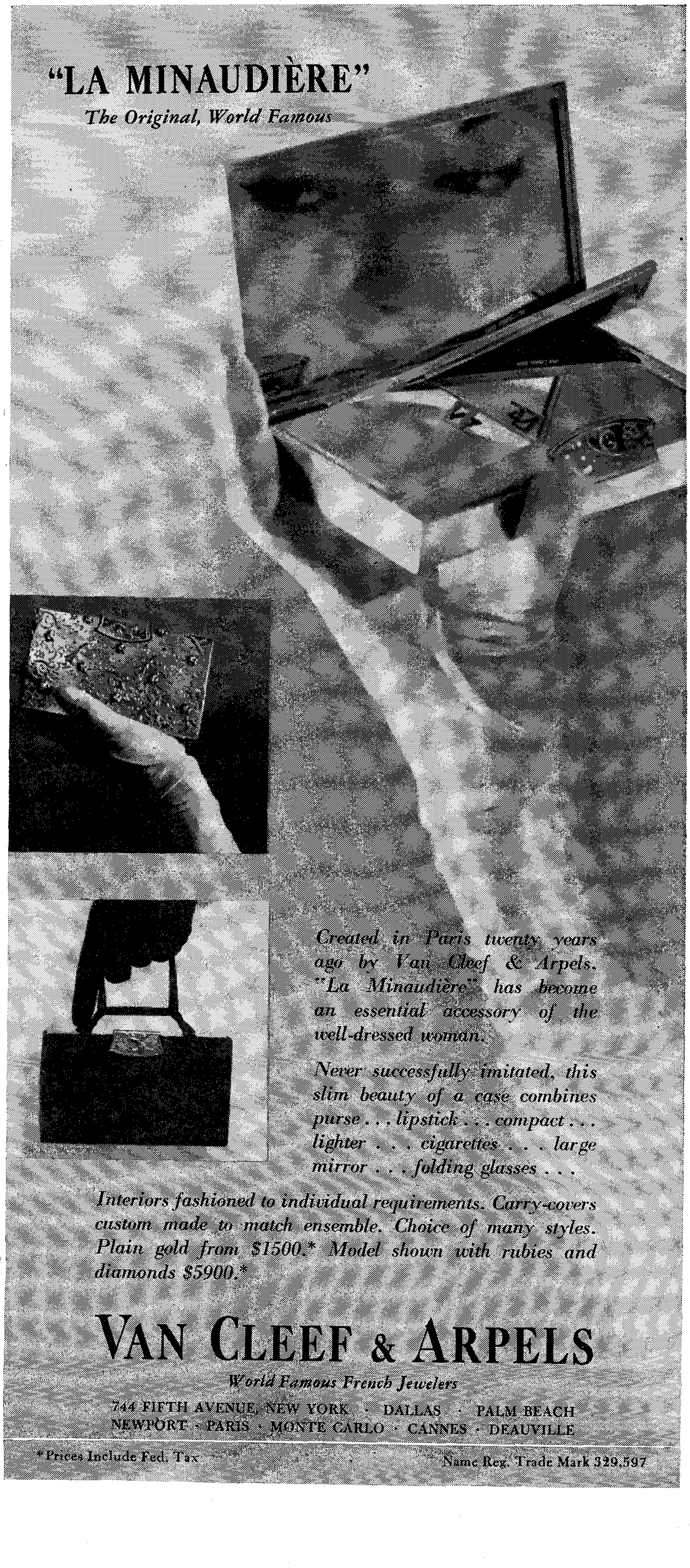
According to *The Daily Princetonian*, Robert B. Russell, the sophomore class president, stated that "there was no doubt that the whole thing had been an overwhelming victory for the second year men." Russell went on to express his feeling that the riots had gotten out of hand and were becoming too dangerous.

Freshman Class Council Chairman Russell C. Whitney disagreed with the sophomore. "There is not a single freshman who will say we didn't win." He agreed that the fracas went too far, but felt that the riots were basically a good thing for class spirit. "I felt the rioting was very beneficial to the class," he said, "until the fighting got out of hand. It helped members of the class to meet each other and to meet members of the sophomore class as well."

●

Until 1 November 1952, personnel who now have two pair of field shoes in their possession will be required to wear out one pair prior to issue of the field boot. Effective 1 November 1952 all personnel will be equipped with one pair of field boots. —*From a memo issued by Headquarters, 1st Marine Division.*

Get scuffing, soldier!



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THE THEATRE

ANESTHESIA AND EUTHANASIA

"In Any Language," by Edmund Beloin and Henry Garson, a pair of writers whose previous exploits, if any, are unknown to me, is concerned with a Hollywood actress, momentarily without American commitments, who gets mixed up with a temperamental Italian director in the manufacture of an art film called "The Chestnut Vender," the action of which takes place mainly in the sewers of Rome. This may easily be an acceptable theme for a farce, but the authors are not long on invention or gifted with any real sense of satire, and the proceedings at the Cort are only intermittently entertaining, and then on a fairly primitive level. The fact that the evening is not an unqualified disaster can be laid largely to the direction provided by George Abbott, whose well-known talent for digging up bizarre-looking actors, for inserting more or less irrelevant but wholly fascinating props and bits of business, and above all for keeping everything moving at a pace too dizzy for the mortal eye often succeeds in disguising the essential poverty of the script. I remember laughing at isolated fragments of "In Any Language"—at, for instance, the heroine's desperate grapplings with the Italian tongue and, during a rehearsal for the film, her uncertainty as to whether she is supposed to be addressing a priest or a patron of the bordello where she happens to be employed; at her indignant cancelling of an order of bread crumbs because the pigeons for whom they are intended fail to show up when she calls them; at the wan distaste expressed by a man with a bad hangover when confronted with a breakfast of bread sticks dipped in Chianti; at the smoldering behavior of a Roman maiden, clearly one of the seven anatomical wonders of the world, who, if I heard her correctly, first caught the great director's eye while stealing charcoal; and at a screening of the film, the sound track of which alone is enough to convince everybody that a terrible mistake has been made. All these items struck me as pretty funny, but I'm afraid they are not enough to counteract the heavy-handed and endlessly reiterated scenes burlesquing the methods of Signor Rossellini and the uninhibited temper of Italians in general, or the monotonous flow of special little jokes about Hollywood that somehow all seem to have been made before. There is also a species of love story, taking the form of a protracted wrangle between the American star and an aviator to whom she is still legally attached, and that isn't much help, either.

DRAMA
SUSAN

As the refugee from M-G-M, Uta Hagen gives a suitably brassy and raucous performance, though she is considerably handicapped by the flatness of her lines and by the fact that physically she is not precisely suited to the role, which would seem to call for a chubbier girl with a far less intelligent set of features. She is supported chiefly by Joe De Santis, who, as the director, delivers the alternately fiery and brooding caricature of Latin genius that I'm sure the authors had in mind, and by Walter Matthau, who manages to bring both wit and a sort of sullen charm to the rather thankless part of the husband. Among the others are Gloria Marlowe, as the supernaturally gifted charcoal thief mentioned above; Eileen Heckart, as one of those wry and sardonic secretaries who are seldom absent from works of this nature; Nita Naldi, as a predatory *marchesa* who has no discernible connection with the plot; and Louis Hawkins, a prominent restaurateur in private life, as a piano-playing gigolo, who talks her into buying him an elevator. They are all very commendable, as is the hotel suite, designed by Raoul Pène duBois, which is a fine piece of grandiose absurdity.

Somerset Maugham's "The Sacred Flame," which was regarded as a pretty daring article when it made its first appearance here in 1928, turned up again last week at the President, where its effect on most of the audience was, I'm sorry to say, rather more soporific than alarming. The story, as you're probably aware, has to do with euthanasia, adultery, implacable hatred, and a great, self-sacrificing love in the upper reaches of English society. These are strong materials, but the plotting is so conventional, though meticulous, and the language employed, though not without traces of its author's celebrated eloquence and urbanity, so peppered with high-class British clichés of the "she's-such-a-thoroughbred" variety that the whole exercise seems curiously lacking in everything but form. It has, in fact, very much the air of being a painstakingly executed literary shocker, designed to upend the credulous matrons in Larchmont and points west. At best, it is certainly no more than second- or even third-rate Maugham.

The acting, on the whole, is at least all the work deserves. Frances Starr, as the mother who feels obliged to administer a lethal dose of sleeping pills to her hopelessly crippled son ("I gave him life and now I've taken it away") in order to spare him the ultimate humiliation of knowing that his wife has committed adultery with his brother, is gently and quietly moving, especially in her closing scenes. The others include Nancy Coleman, as the nurse hysterically determined to avenge her patient's murder; Patricia Wheel, as the young widow; Mark Roberts, as the seductive brother; and Noel Leslie and John D. Seymour, as a couple of standard British antiques. With the possible exception of young Miss Wheel, I couldn't feel that any of them offered Miss Starr any notable competition, but I guess they served their various purposes adequately. The word for John Reich's direction may well be "static." —Wolcott Gibbs

•

MOST FASCINATING BADGER GAME OF THE CENTURY

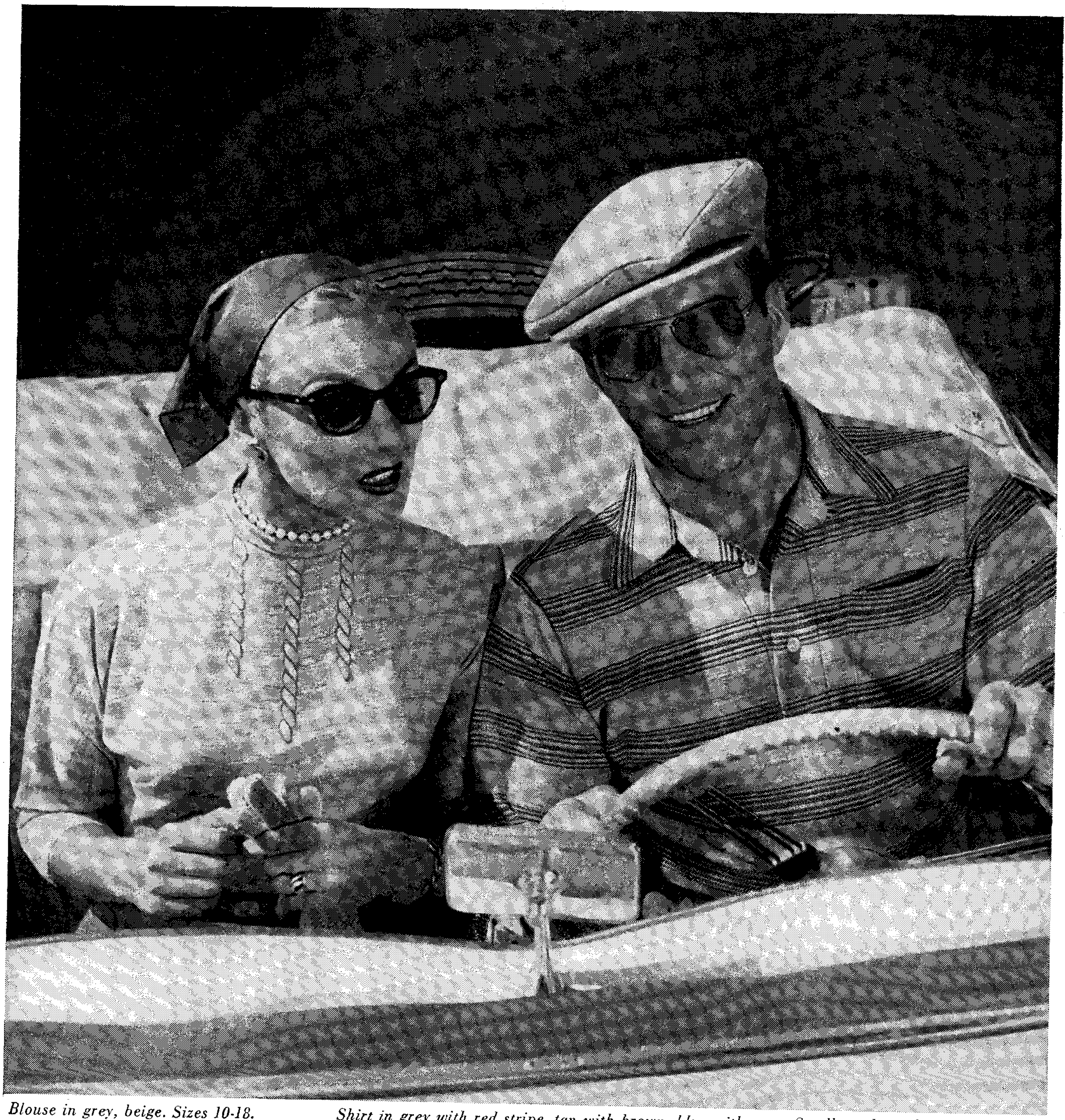
[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Ottawa Citizen*]

Harold Sharpe, 24-year-old transient from Nova Scotia, was sentenced to two years less one day definite and 12 months indefinite in the Ontario Reformatory today for his part in one of the most amazing "badger games" ever heard in an Ottawa court.

In passing sentence, Deputy Magistrate Joachim Sauve, QC, said it was "one of the best detective stories" he had come upon in his experience.

According to the testimony of Detective Leo Seguin, the game worked like this:

Sharpe met a prominent Ottawa man in the lounge at the Chateau Laurier. They struck up a conversation, and Sharpe suggested they go to his room at the YMCA for a while. The man agreed.



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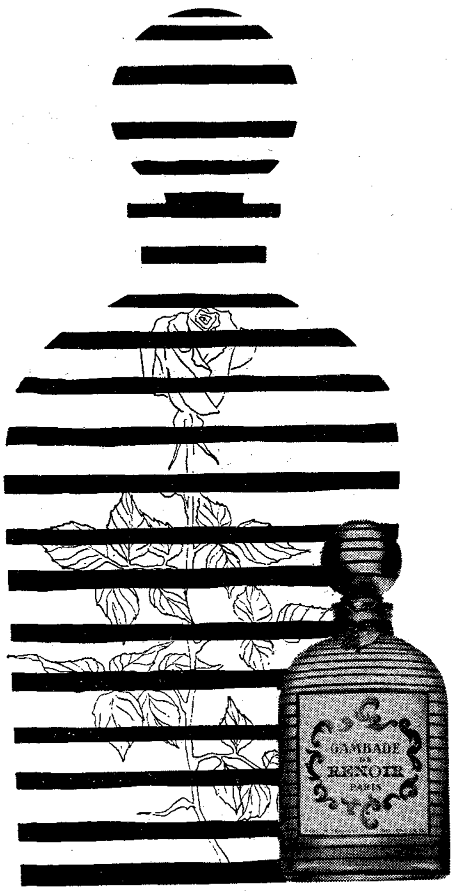

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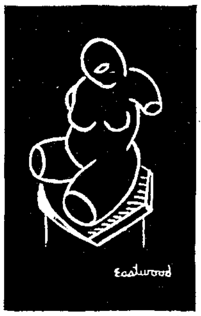
THE ART GALLERIES

The Fauves



LOOKING back on it now, from our own peculiar vantage point of apprehension and uncertainty, the turn of the century and the years immediately following it seem to have been an especially happy time in man's history. There was peace on the Continent and although there were occasional strikes and fierce royalist demonstrations in France, mutterings in her colonies, and anarchist bombings in Spain and Russia, no one thought of these incidents as being related. It was, too, in our modern view, an exceedingly innocent time. Politics was left largely to the professionals, and the "world of ideas"—of art, literature, music, and indeed of most aspects of everyday intellectual life—existed on levels quite different from those of diplomacy and finance. It was a time, perhaps, of ivory towers, but in those days these fragile structures were pleasant places to live in, and in France particularly the arts were in the midst of such a flowering as had not been matched anywhere since the Renaissance. The country literally swarmed with artists, and one has only to run through the lists of exhibitors at the various Paris Salons—Monet, Renoir, van Gogh, Degas, Bonnard, Vuillard, Pissarro, among the older men; Braque, Gris, Vlaminck, Dufy, Derain, Rouault, Matisse, and so on, among the new—to be struck to the point of awe by the concentration of high talents that were in evidence then.

It was an exciting time and a crowded time, and it is against this background that one must see the short-lived but enormously influential Fauve movement, which is now being celebrated in a big, sumptuous, and remarkably comprehensive exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. It was a movement that flared into and out of existence so swiftly that it might almost be said to have exploded. But it was to have, as it turned out, recurrent repercussions (some of them, moving on through Expressionism into abstract Expressionism, continue to this day), and while it lasted, it represented a prodigious outpouring of fresh and vigorous inventiveness. It had its profounder aspects, to be sure, and its basic concept of color as an emotional factor, to be used completely without reference to reality—itself a revolution in aesthetics—paved the way for the even more startling Cubist revolution, in which form was demolished. Its real essence, however, was gaiety. It was carefree, flamboyant, and cheerfully iconoclastic, and in this sense it was a perfect expression of the period that gave it birth. It acted, moreover, as a powerful stimulus upon its members, for, as the show reveals, there were a number of men in the movement—Vlaminck, Dufy, and Derain among them—who rose under its spell to artistic heights that they never quite equalled afterward.

From 1902 or 1903, when the group, first a loose, youthful coterie formed around the central figure of Matisse, began to function consciously as an entity, to 1907 or 1908, or shortly after Picasso's pre-Cubist "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon" appeared, are the years usually accepted as defining the movement, and the majority of the hundred and fifty-odd oils, water colors, and other works in the Modern Museum's collection fall within this span. Wisely, though, a sort of prelude to the main body of the exhibition has been included, and this section, ranging from a fine Cézanne "Standing Nude" through a couple of Redon flower studies to the excellent, and rarely shown, "The Tarascon Coach," by van Gogh, indicates most, if not quite all, of the influences that had a part in shaping the movement. From then on, the arrangement is, so to speak, strictly categorical, with a room, more or less, devoted to each of the thirteen men who formed the nucleus of the school; and if this rather formal arrangement takes away all chance of dramatics in the way of juxtapositions, cumulative effects, and so on, it makes up for that loss in its admirable clarity and order.

Even as it is, the paintings have drama enough, with their bold design and unorthodox color, to satisfy anyone. Matisse, the leader of the school, comes first, with two full rooms of paintings and drawings to his credit. Among these is a study of a village street called "Arcueil," which, though done as early as 1899, before the Fauvist movement was officially under way, shows tentative leanings in its direction, in such matters as the loose drawing and the deliberately unrealistic red shadows and green roofs. There's a pointillist "Still Life with Napkin," too—an instance of his early experiments—and it's not till one comes to such pieces as "Margot," "Landscape, Collioure," and "Still Life with Tulips and Marguerites" that the true Fauve feeling appears, clear and unmistakable. This last picture, incidentally, deserves study, for despite the apparent carelessness of the drawing, it's worth noting how firmly the design is held in place, almost as if nailed there, by the two strong diagonals of the table and the wall behind it in the background. "Margot," too, for all its wholly improbable yet persistent suggestion of a Picasso influence (Picasso at the time was pretty much unknown, and he never was drawn into the Fauvist school), is a charming picture, and "Open Window, Collioure," looking out on a bright garland of boats in harbor, is as sunny and charming and colorful as anything in the collection.

Braque, later in the procession, also has a fairly large group, but apart from "The Harbor of La Ciotat," "Harbor of Antwerp" (with the railed esplanade in the foreground), and the practically abstract "House Behind Trees" it isn't an especially remarkable one. In between these two major figures there are smaller sections devoted to such now nearly forgotten figures as Charles Camoin, Albert Marquet, Jean Puy, and Louis Valtat. Marquet, while he never abandoned himself fully to the coloristic enticements of the school, was perhaps the most talented of these, and his work—particularly "Fourteenth of July in Le Havre," the big, animated "The Fair," and the somewhat stiffly van Goghish "Sergeant of the Colonial Regiment"—has a basic solidity that some of the others lack. But there's a cool grace about Jean Puy's "Two Young Girls in a Garden," and I also liked Valtat's lively "Red Trees" and "Seine Boat," as well as Camoin's pleasantly handled "Portrait of Albert Marquet." Rouault, though he also remained on the fringe of the movement, is represented by a large, rather sombre "Group of Nudes" and a few other pieces, notably the rosy little "Family of Clowns;" and Dufy, who was for a time in the thick of it, has a group which, if fairly small, is brilliant—headed, I should say, by the powerful and dramatic "Le Havre, Sunset," "Beach at Ste. Addresse," and the unconventionally designed "Boardwalk of the Casino Marie-Christine at Ste. Addresse."

The real cream of the collection, however, comes at the end, in the sections devoted to Vlaminck and Derain. Vlaminck, the big, rawboned bicycle racer turned painter, was, in much the

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same way that Dali now typifies Surrealism, in his own day the embodiment of the Fauve. He was careless, happy-go-lucky; with his rough-and-tumble sporting background he had a tendency to decry anything that smacked of the "artistic;" he looked down on formal instruction and—greatly influenced by van Gogh—believed that painting should be purely intuitive, an act of total improvisation rather than deliberate development. Derain, on the other hand, though he also was one of the earliest admirers of van Gogh, was more meditative, and, as a comparison of the two men's paintings will reveal, more deeply concerned with the over-all structure of a picture. Both men surpassed themselves, and while neither of them produced anything afterward as fresh and vigorous and instantly evocative as they did in that youthful period, there are no other groups in the show to match theirs in ebullience and daring. On the whole, Derain comes off the best. Vlaminck's swirly "Gardens in Chatou" and the Soutinelike (but before Soutine) "Man with a Pipe," for instance, have a reckless verve that is at first overpowering. But there's a looseness, too, that in the end tends to dissipate their impact, while Derain, by the very fact that he built his pictures on a sounder foundation, is enabled, finally (see such pieces as his "Charing Cross Bridge, London," "Turning Road, L'Estaque," and the scintillating "View of Collioure"), to go on more convincingly to even greater feats of coloristic and formal distortion than the other.

All in all, it's a charming show, handsomely selected and arranged. There were flaws in the Fauvist movement, of course. It was a youthful affair, first and last (Matisse was in his thirties at the time, and the rest were considerably younger), and for every artist concerned it was mainly a springboard for the future. The fact that in their leaps so many of them took such unexpected—and in some cases disastrous—directions seems to argue a certain unsteadiness in the board's underpinning. While the movement lasted, however, it gave rise to some truly delightful paintings, and the show does full justice to the air of spontaneous, joyful expression that characterized the period.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Eisenhower junked most of his prepared talk and spoke extraneously from notes.
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Just give the news, please.

THE RACE TRACK

Back to the Mines

THE more I see of Jamaica, which opened last week, the more I wish we could have had a fortnight longer at Belmont Park. After all, Jamaica is such a drab treadmill of a place. Even winning a bet there isn't as much fun as it is elsewhere. And while I think of it, during the first six days of the meeting only eighteen per cent of the favorites won—a rather disheartening circumstance for a lot of horseplayers.

A year from now, I'll probably worry and fuss for a quarter of an hour trying to recollect who won the Roamer Handicap in 1952. I'll remember perfectly who was second (Tom Fool, of course), and some incidents of no consequence whatever, but I'll finally have to reach for the past-performance records. I daresay this isn't quite fair to Quiet Step, who led most of the way in the Roamer last Saturday. He's an honest, hard-working animal but compared with a personable fellow like Tom Fool, he is easy to forget. Second-guessers are making much of the fact that he had a fifteen-pound advantage over Tom Fool. Too bad they didn't notice that earlier; they could have won themselves a nice bet. More than once I've suggested that Tom Fool is a miler—possibly our best, but still a miler. I see no reason for dwelling on the point beyond mentioning that the Roamer was at a mile and three-sixteenths, and even the best horses have their limitations. Atkinson, who rode Tom Fool, made a good try. Earlier in the afternoon, he had four winners in a row, but I venture to say that he would have swapped them all for a victory on Tom Fool.

Not many other races at Jamaica last week were worth remembering. Rae's Reward, Thymus, and Nullify brought off an exciting finish in a minor race on Saturday, and Rae's Reward, ridden by Atkinson, paid a $29.20 mutuel. Squared Away beat game old Tea-Maker in the Interborough Handicap on the opening day of the meeting, and later in the week Sweet Patootie took the Frizette Stakes from seven other two-year-old fillies. It's my guess that Sweet Patootie is about the smallest racer in training; at any rate, she's less than fifteen hands high. Her size seems to be no handicap, though, for she's won seven of her eleven starts, and finished second in the others. She's done a bit of travelling, too, having run at Gulfstream, Churchill Downs, Detroit, Chicago, Atlantic City, Narragansett, and, as I was saying, Jamaica. Saturday, she'll run at Keeneland. She generally goes by air, and loves it.

WELL, that Washington, D. C., International Race comes off at Laurel this weekend, and I hope we have fair weather and a fast track for it. As this is written, not all the runners are on the grounds, but the management expects at least half a dozen foreign horses to go to the post for the mile and a half over the turf course against three or four runners from this country. Four are coming from England, one from France, one from Germany, and possibly one each from Italy and South America. E. P. Taylor's Castleton and Max Bell's Indian Hemp, who came over from England recently and have been getting rid of their sea legs at Belmont Park, look all right, and horsemen who've seen Baron Fritz von Thyssen's Niederlaender in Maryland tell me that he's a big, old-fashioned type of animal with a powerful way of going. As for our side, the Brookmeade Stable's Greek Ship is the best of the lot; for one thing, he has run well on turf, and for another, Preston Burch, who handles him, has trained horses abroad and knows what he's up against. In all candor, I do not know what this race is going to prove. But I'm sure that every racing man hopes it will be a good show.

AND now let me pass along an exchange between a couple of daily-doubles players. One of them was overheard saying, "I feel lucky today. Also, I got a couple of tips."

"No, thanks," said the other, unfolding the *Morning Telegraph, William Armstrong's Scratch Sheet, Jack's Green Card, Lawton's Ratings, Jack Rowe's Red Card, Clocker Burns*, and *Keats' Kriss Kross*. "Today I'm playing my own opinion." —AUDAX MINOR

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Film Daily*]

A distinguished audience, including the Italian visitors, packed the Little Carnegie Theater last night for the presentation of the first of seven outstanding Italian pictures to be exhibited there nightly during the week. It was "The Overcoat," a screen adaptation of Nicolai Gogol's short story directed by Alberto Lattuda and starring Renato Rascel. Gogol and Lattuda attended the American premiere.

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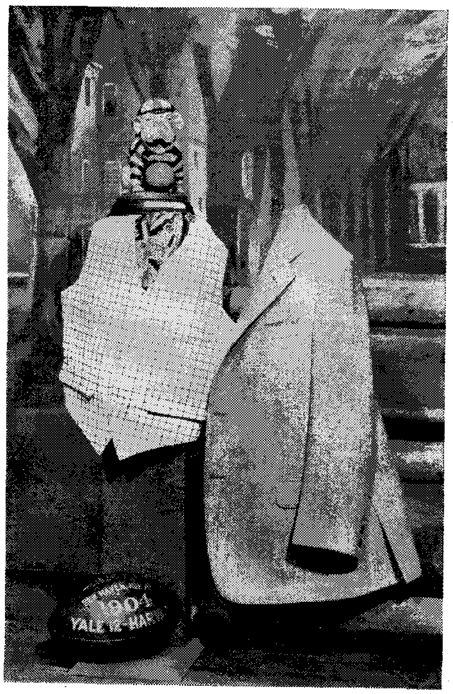

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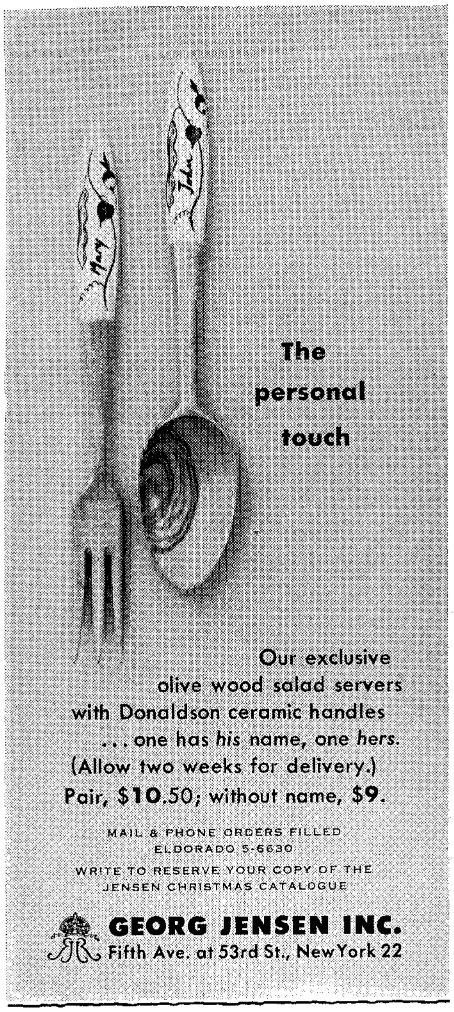

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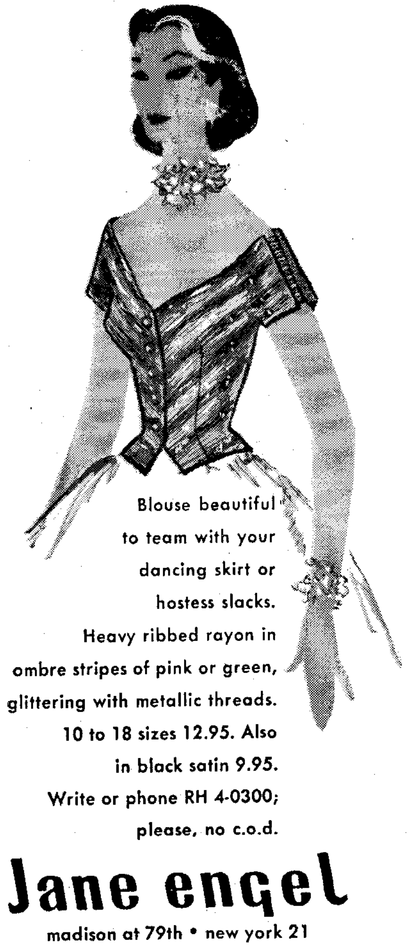

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FOOTBALL

Try Again

THERE'S really no living with a long winning streak. After it has hung around the house for two or three years, the owner's nerves begin to fray and his taste for deeds of daring is apt to dull a trifle. Princeton, the owner of the longest recent winning streak in major-league football (it came to twenty-four games), finally managed to get rid of it in the second quarter of the match with Pennsylvania in Palmer Stadium last Saturday, and the catharsis had an electric effect on the team. It got rid of the streak when Joe Varaitis, a Penn back with the ability to butt his way through the smallest of keyholes, and Walter Hynoski, who now and then throws a long pass with fearsome accuracy, rang up a touchdown apiece, in rapid succession, with what looked suspiciously like the greatest of ease. Four minutes and thirty-two seconds before the end of the first half, Princeton was behind 13–0, and since it had been playing the sort of conservative, let's-not-get-wet brand of football so frequently played by teams with winning streaks, a thumping defeat seemed just around the corner. Instead, except for one long Penn pass that nearly scored another touchdown, the rest of the game was all Princeton. Pouncing on a Penn fumble in midfield, Princeton worked out a touchdown for itself in just five wild, swooping plays, and Penn spent almost all the second half on the defense, an occupation at which it happens to be particularly adept. Half a dozen times, Princeton made determinedly for the Penn goal, only to be turned back by a last-gasp interception of a pass or by the infliction of a penalty. Penn held on desperately to its 13–7 lead, the way Princeton had held on desperately to *its* 13–7 lead in the 1951 game with Penn. It was probably as stirring an afternoon of football as we'll see this season. On the strength of it, Penn and Princeton should go the rest of the way this fall without defeat.

Come to think of it, Penn sometimes gets into spells of conservative football, too, and what happened in the fourth quarter at Princeton on Saturday will only confirm its belief in the practice. Penn, which had been taking no chances for some time, was holding the ball on its own thirty-one-yard line, second down and seven yards to go, when Adams, a smart boy with a pass, let fly a short one at a teammate. Up from a mass of Penn players rose Henn, a Princeton lineman, to gather in the ball. Needless to say, that pass was Penn's final carefree gesture of the day.

IT may be that Army, which on Saturday mowed down Dartmouth as mercilessly as Penn had been expected to mow it down the weekend before, will now begin to look rather bigger than it actually is. Penn beat Dartmouth 7–0; Army beat Dartmouth 37–7. It would be more reasonable to assume, though, that Army scouts returning from the Penn-Dartmouth game reported back to headquarters, tersely and factually, the cracks in the Dartmouth backfield, and that Army merely decided to lead to Dartmouth's weaknesses. It is this department's belief that Penn has been underrated this season. Penn has made a practice, through the years, of faltering in the "money" games. This fall's Penn team doesn't appear inclined to nervous breakdown under pressure. It came from behind to tie Notre Dame in its first money game, and it stood up for thirty-five minutes of the wiliest and most diversified kind of assault to beat Princeton in its second money game.

IN between the championship grade of football on exhibition at Princeton and the tomahawking of Dartmouth up at West Point, there was other football on Saturday. No titles or trophies depended on the outcome of any of it; it was just pretty good football, played by teams that were on approximately even terms. To reach for two apt examples, Cornell and Syracuse, two ancient rivals, were playing upstate, and Yale and Columbia, two other ancient rivals, over in New Haven. Syracuse won 26–6, and Yale won 35–28, but the scores don't really matter; what matters is that the games were played. To the sporting element that has become accustomed to take its football vicariously and electronically, and that is beginning to suffer what could be called the-game-of-the-week psychosis, the fact that such football is still going on is undoubtedly a surprise. It is nice to know that there continue to be players and customers who can enjoy a non-significant afternoon in the open air.

—J. W. L.

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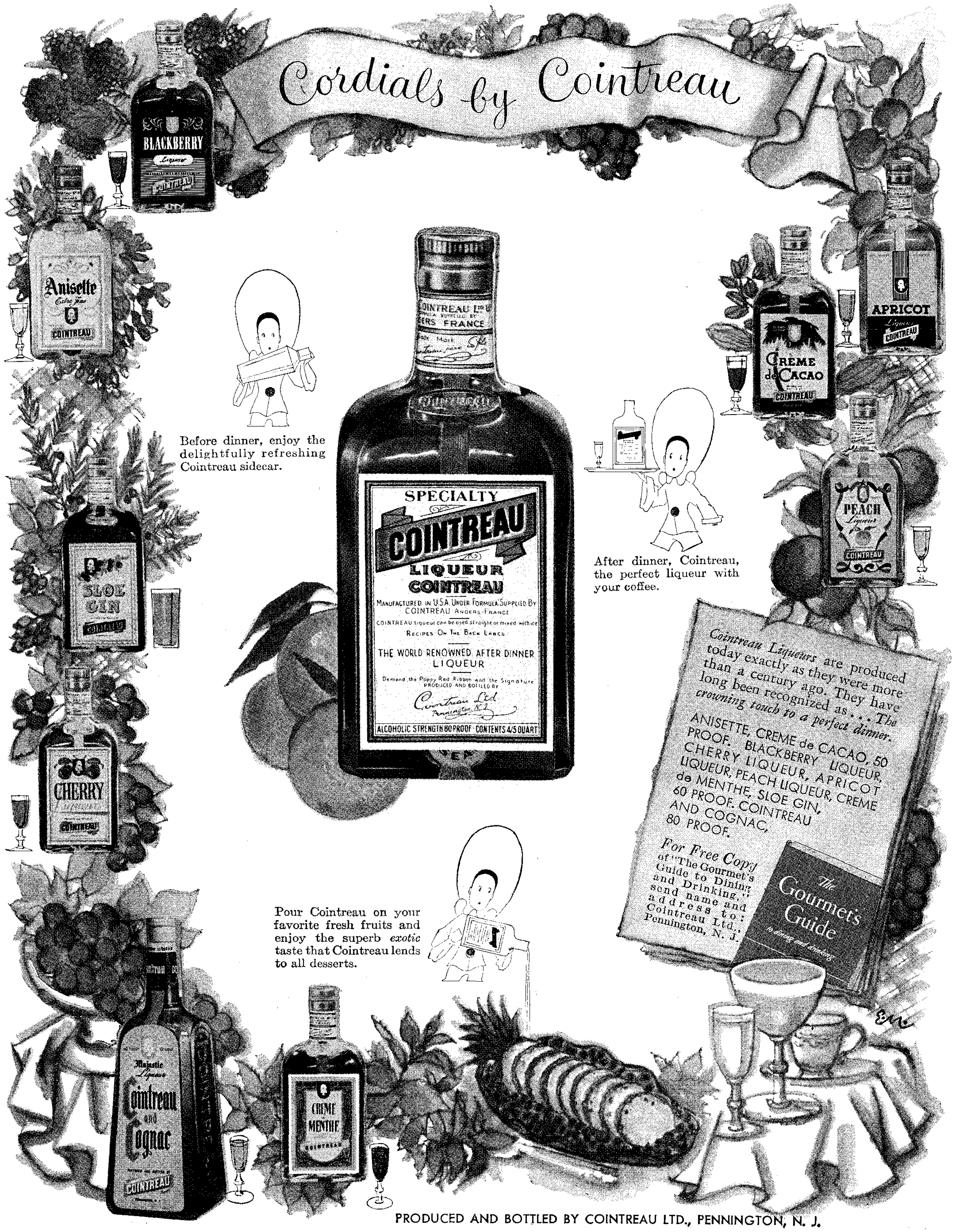
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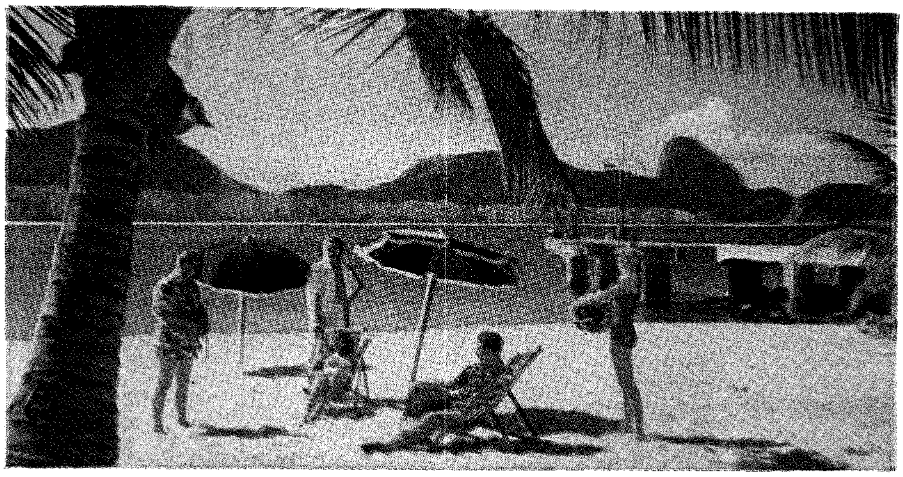

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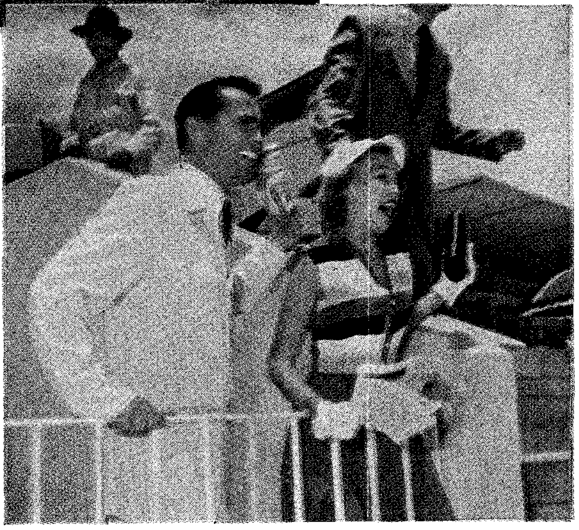

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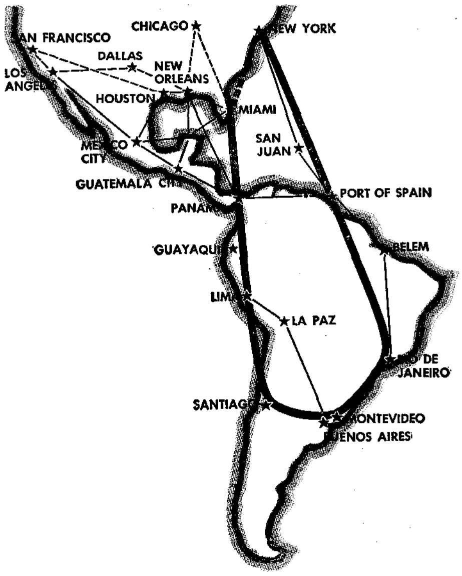
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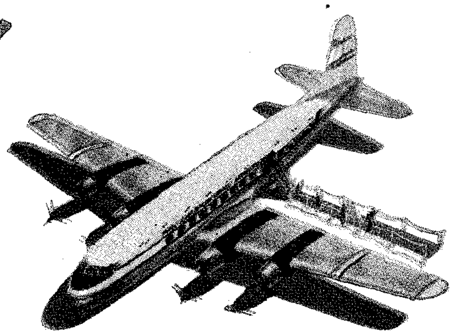

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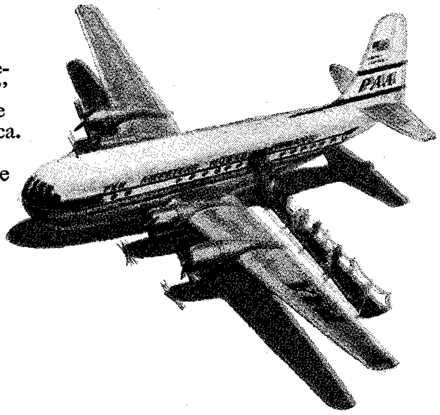

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DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

Auburn, N. Y.,
October 9, 1952

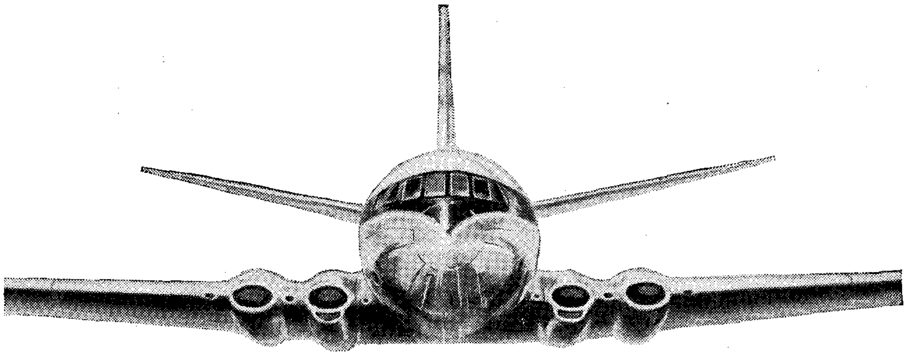
The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Sirs:

THE second installment of A. J. Liebling's recent Profile of Colonel Stingo, in which he—or, rather, the Colonel—told about the rain-making and rain-preventing feats of Professor George Ambrosius Immanuel Morrison Sykes back in the early thirties, brings to mind the fact that forty years before Sykes' day the United States government had an official weather manipulator of its own. He was General (self-styled) Robert St. George Dyrenforth, who in his earlier days had been the United States Commissioner of Patents. He quit a fifty-thousand-dollar-a-year law practice in Washington to tilt with the weather, and for two years during the early eighteen-nineties succeeded in persuading Congress and a large portion of the nation that he could actually bring on rain.

Dyrenforth's argument was basically this: Everybody knows that rain follows great battles. Why? Because the action of artillery so disturbs the atmosphere that "air-quakes" (his word) result, causing precipitation. The General proposed to disturb the atmosphere as it had never been disturbed before, by a series of "explodents" (also his word), and thereby bring down rain upon desert regions of the nation. He approached Congress with learned citations, which so impressed the legislators that they appropriated nine thousand dollars to enable him to put his theories to a test, and he was appointed a special agent of the Department of Agriculture.

Thus backed, Dyrenforth began right in the capital by sending up a balloon filled with oxygen and hydrogen and electrically detonating it over Washington. "The report was terrific and was heard all over the District of Columbia," he informed Congress, presumably for the benefit of those of its members who had been out of town. The effect wasn't rain but a stampede of herds of cattle on the farms in the nearby countryside. William J. Rhees, chief clerk of the Smithsonian Institution, who owned a farm near Washington, voiced the protests of his fellow gentlemen-farmers in an indignant letter to the Secretary of Agriculture. "Your bomb was worse than any thunder," he wrote. "Please, Mr. Secretary, move your dynamiters away."

Dyrenforth obligingly moved to arid



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Texas, accompanied by a retinue of chemists, weather observers, balloon operators, electricians, kitefliers, gunners, mine layers, sappers, engineers, and laborers to a total number of eighty, together with some supposedly disinterested scientists, who were to serve as reporters. The expedition's equipment was impressive. There were sixty-eight balloons of from ten to twelve feet in diameter, and one of twenty feet—all to be filled with an explosive mixture of hydrogen and oxygen. There were also sixty six-inch mortars, made of pipe, and several tons of rackarock (a terrifying blend of potassium chlorate and nitrobenzol that was the General's favorite "explodent"), dynamite, and blasting powder. Finally, there were the makings of a hundred kites, to be assembled on the scene, and sent up with sticks of dynamite lashed to them. The Congressional nine thousand dollars fell considerably short of sufficing for so elaborate an outfit, but expectant Texans chipped in with liberal contributions and the railroads helped out by supplying free transportation.

The "C" Ranch, in the Llano Estacado, near the New Mexico border, had been offered by its owners, and accepted, as the site for the tests. The region had been short on rain for many years and there had been complete drought there for the previous eighteen months. Upon learning of these abnormally dry conditions, the General complained that the cards were stacked against him and said that he would have preferred a locality with a reasonable expectation of moisture. However, he agreed to do the best he could.

THE expedition arrived at the "C" Ranch in the smoldering heat of early August, 1891. After a preliminary survey, the armament was set out in three parallel lines of approximately two miles in length. The first line consisted of the mortars, set about fifty yards apart. Half a mile behind these were aligned the kites, and the exploding balloons were tethered another half mile back. The party had planned to excavate in order to plant charges of blasting powder, like mines, at frequent intervals, but the ranch hands pointed out that needless labor could be saved by using the holes already dug by gophers and badgers. This was done. At the appointed time, the mortars were to open up, the dwellings of the evicted rodents were to contribute their fire, and the kites and balloons were to soar into the upper air, where, exploded by electric detonators, they would rend the

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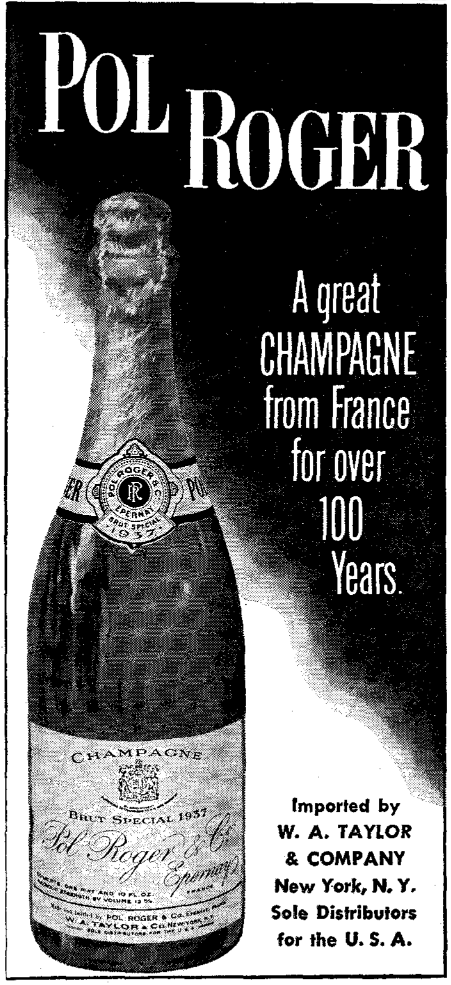

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firmament. "*Ruat caelum*," a young engineer wrote home. "Rain or no rain, we are going to tear the lining out of the vault of heaven."

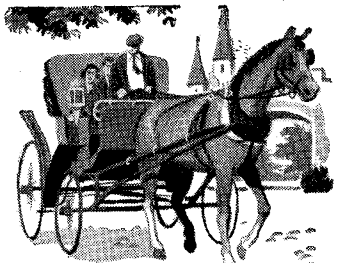
Trouble with the aerial equipment caused delay. In the strong winds that prevailed, both balloons and kites proved unruly. One half-filled balloon escaped and was wrassled down by delighted cowboys with lassos. Another caught fire. Some of the kites were dashed to bits. There was a loss of several days, which was more fortunate for the leader than he seems to have appreciated, because during that time the wind shifted from the dry southwest to the damp southeast—a fact he barely mentioned in his reports.

The Texans became impatient, and to appease them the General announced that he would run off a few test shots. Nothing was to be expected of them in the way of rain, he warned the local folk. He then discharged several rounds of rackarock. As predicted, there were no immediate results, but the next day the unexpected happened. Clouds piled up, and about an inch of rain fell. Dyrenforth made no exact measurements, because he did not claim this as his rain. Nevertheless, he was immensely encouraged by the quantities of congratulatory messages he received. "One more shower like that," a local politician told him, "and you could be elected governor of Texas by acclaim."

The General did not want to be governor of Texas; he wanted earnestly to bring the full power of his batteries into play. But the kites were still bucking, and the balloons were still getting out of control. Dyrenforth wanted to hold off until the wind moderated sufficiently to give his air squadron a fair chance. Meantime, he issued orders for his mortars and gopher holes "to keep the weather in an unsettled state" by daily volleys. It was an example of the old military principle of harassing the enemy in advance of a major operation.

A period of inaction followed. All hands were depressed by the withering heat, unmitigated even at night. Alkaline water wrung their innards. Their leader dispensed medicines and words of cheer, but morale continued to deteriorate. Grumblers in the party demanded to know the reason for the delay. Some muttered that their chief was waiting for nature to come to his aid. It was time to do something.

Early on the morning of August 16th, the commander gave the order to open up with mortar and mine. At ten o'clock, clouds appeared. Spirits rose as the barometer sank. For a few min-



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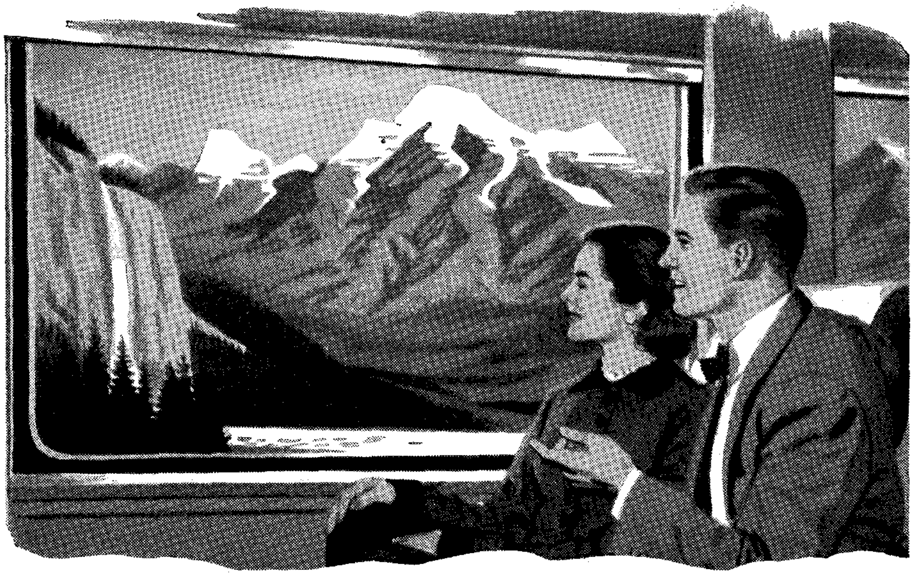

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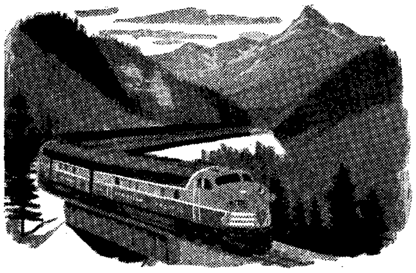

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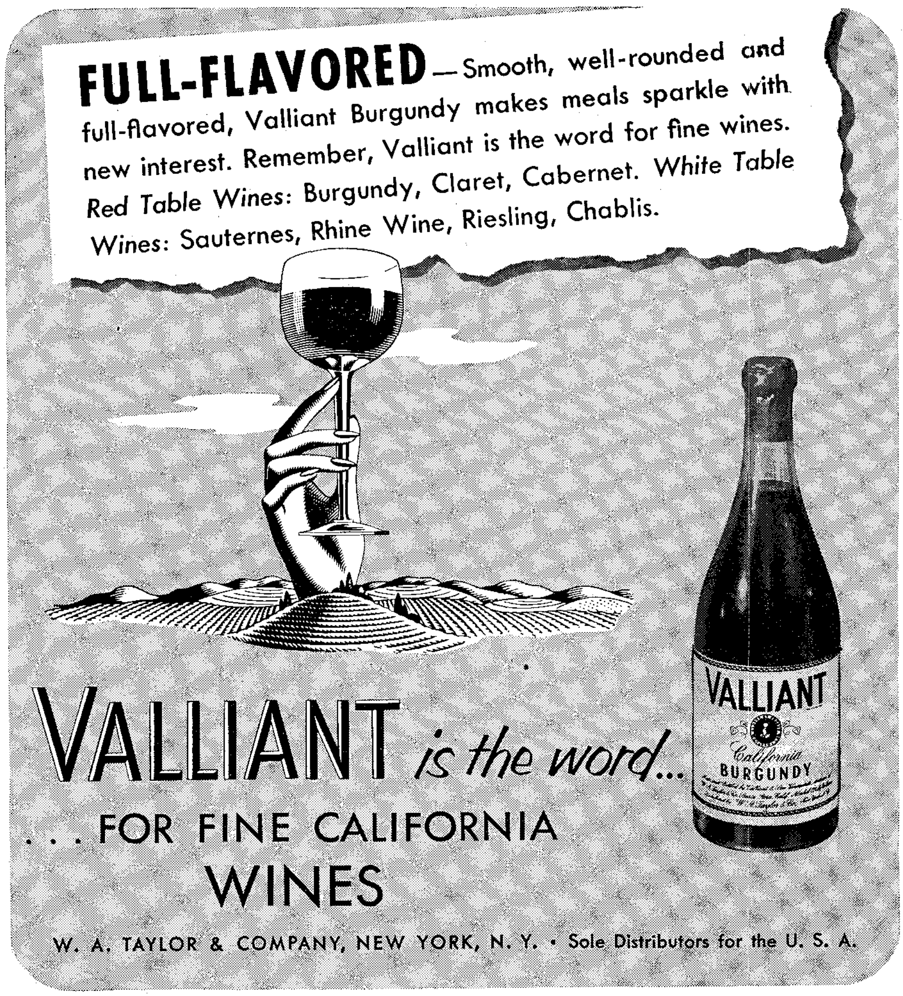
utes that afternoon, a light rain fell. But that was all.

"Keep it up!" the General ordered. For the next three hours, there was almost continuous cannonading, without result. Then a balloon was sent up and its charge detonated at a height of a little over a mile. Still nothing happened. But at eight o'clock, lightning was seen flickering in the southwest. The General entered this on the credit side of his ledger. A further encouraging sign was observed on the following morning, in the form of dew on the grass—"for the first time," the General noted. He prescribed a redoubled effort.

Throughout August 17th and 18th, earth and sky shook to the artificial thunders of rackarock, dynamite, and blasting powder, while balloons and kites blew up in terrifying succession. The onslaught finally brought what the General interpreted as results. Clouds formed, thickened, and discharged a torrential two-and-a-half-hour downpour. "A most extraordinary occurrence in this locality and especially at this time of year," the General exulted, and as more rain followed, he itemized his gains as three heavy storms and nine scattering precipitations.

Texas went wild. The expedition's mailbag bulged with testimonials: "A decided success," "Congratulations. All attribute rain to explosions," "Thoroughly convincing," "Heartfelt thanks and gratitude," "You got a cinch on Old Pluvius." The mayor of El Paso invited the whole Dyrenforth outfit to come and make rain for his city. The dignified *North American Review* offered its pages to the General so that he might tell the world how he did it.

One dissident Texan raised his voice. He was an obscure clergyman in Abilene who pointed out that for six consecutive weeks prior to the Dyrenforth campaign his congregation had joined in weekly appeals to Heaven for rain. Was it fair, he asked, that all the credit should go to the General and his dynamite and none to the Lord and His answer to prayer? Nobody paid him any heed. Nor did the still, small voice of science get much more of a hearing, though demurrers began to pile up from this source. Dr. Simon Newcomb, professor of mathematics and astronomy at Johns Hopkins, was one of the scientists who called it all nonsense. Writing in rebuttal to an article Dyrenforth had contributed to the *North American Review*, Dr. Newcomb declared, "A thousand detonations can produce no more effect upon the air, or upon the watery vapor in it, than a thousand rebounds of a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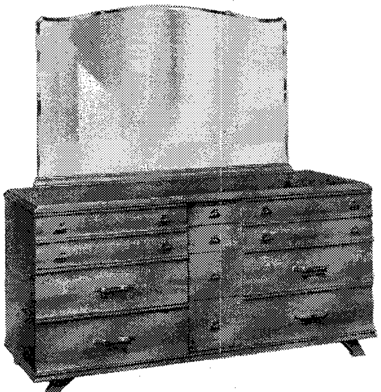

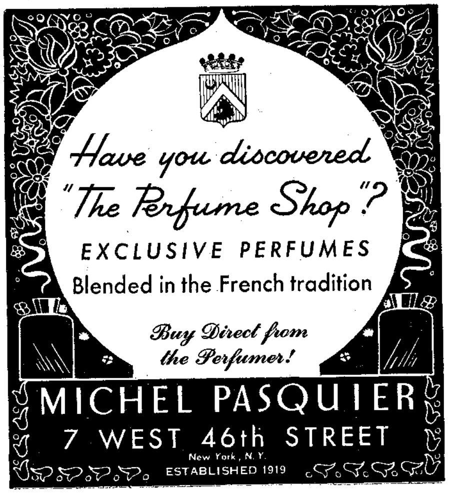
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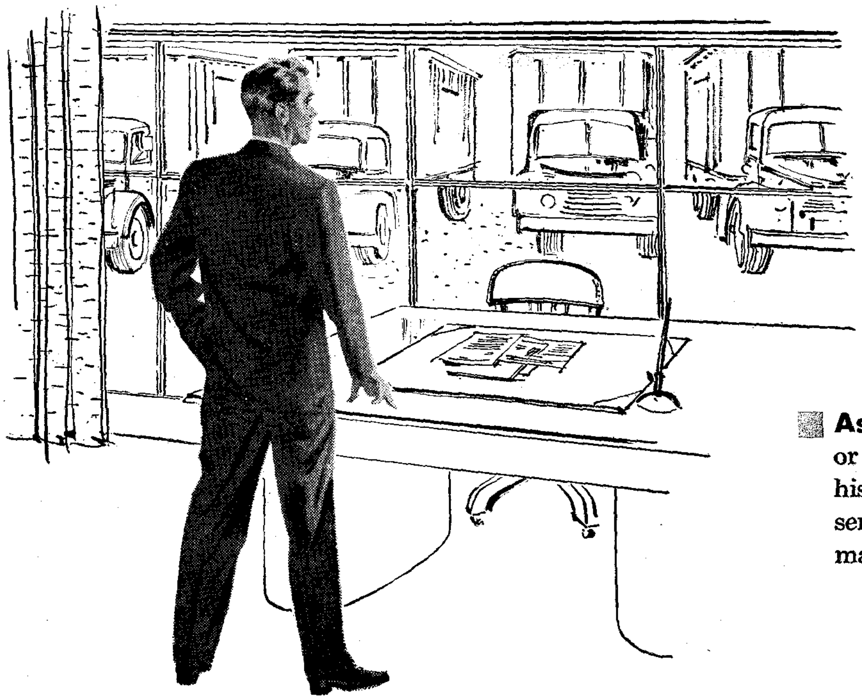

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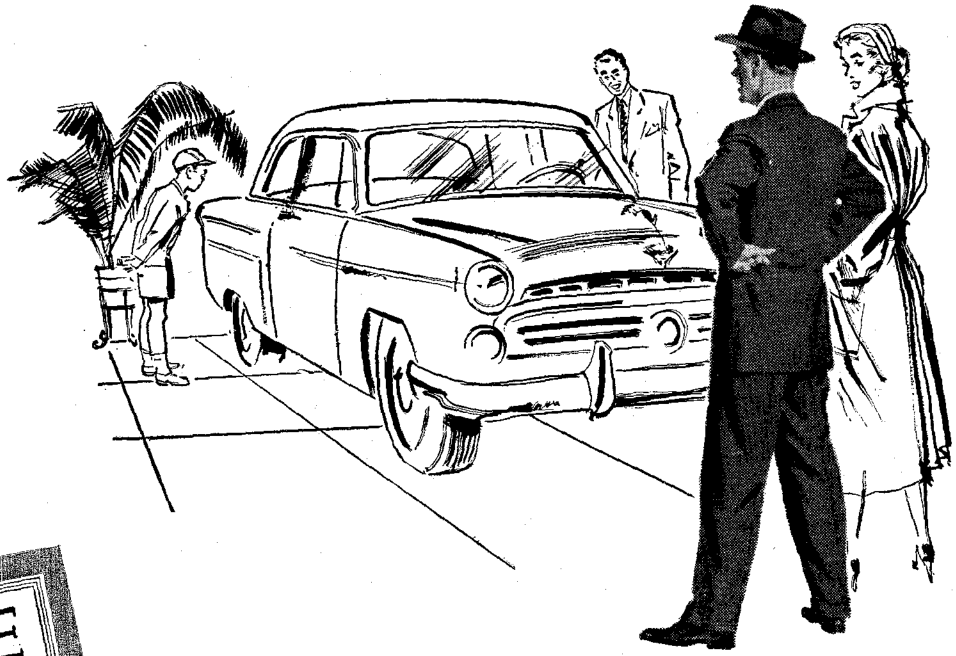

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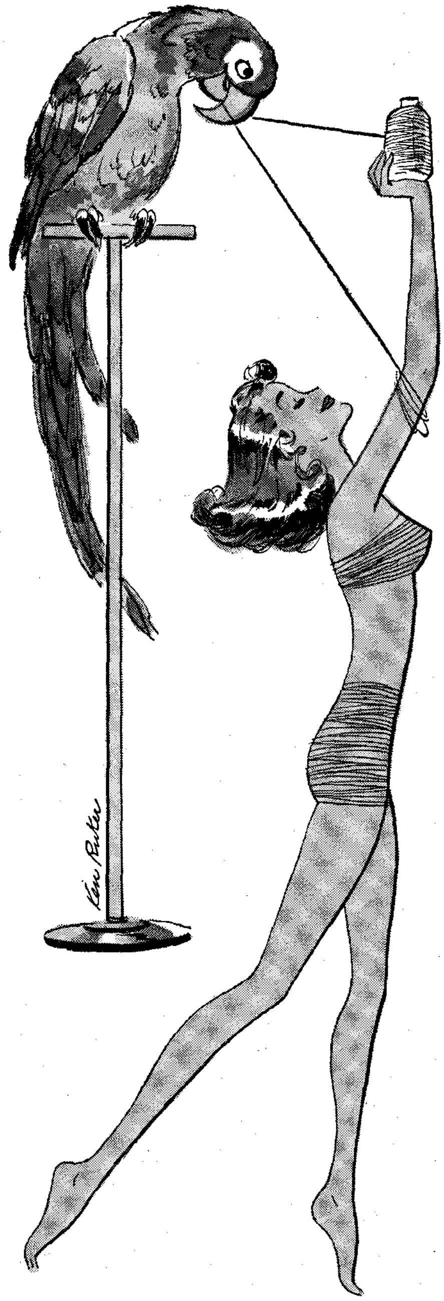

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small boy's rubber ball would produce upon a stone wall."

Weather Bureau officials added their objections. It was true, they said, that rain had fallen in the vicinity of the Dyrenforth bombardments, but it also had fallen at the same time on many other parts of Texas, and the precipitation had actually been less over the General's camp than elsewhere in the near vicinity. What about that? The General had an answer; the smoke of his explosions, drifting to leeward, had formed the nuclei of beneficent clouds, he said, thereby bringing rain where it otherwise would not have fallen. The General ignored the fact that the Weather Bureau, although it had taken no cognizance of his efforts at the time, had predicted some of the storms he claimed as his.

Enter now the physicists. Noise and shock, they asserted, were of ephemeral duration, and their effects were dissipated in a few seconds. Why, then, had the Dyrenforth downpours delayed for several hours before manifesting themselves? The General did not answer that one. The unkindest blow, though, came from his own camp. One of the scientific observers accompanying the expedition declared flatly that what rain had fallen was nature's, not Dyrenforth's, and followed up his charge with these injurious words: "General Dyrenforth has proved himself an inexcusable bungler and his botchwork is a burlesque on science and common sense."

BY and large, the public disregarded these attacks. General Dyrenforth was its hero. The feeling was that his case was proved and that the objecting scientists were a lot of cranks and soreheads. The newspapers, too, almost unanimously backed the General. Headlines referred to him as Weather Wizard, Storm King, and Rain Maker. The last name stuck.

Invitations poured in on Dyrenforth from other dry parts. New Mexico, Arizona, and California inquired about his terms. San Antonio offered to underwrite his expenses liberally in return for a visit. So did southern Kansas, but presently switched to a rival genius named Melbourne, who charged a dollar an acre, payable when, as, and if the rain was delivered, and who operated without noise or disturbance of any kind. Melbourne's equipment consisted of a smoke pipe rigged on a railroad flatcar. His was a safe system in that, while he might not win, he could not lose.

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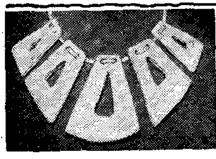

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a demonstration on September 17th at El Paso, whose mayor had backed up his invitation with the promise to pay all expenses, including the cost of the oxygen used. When the time came for this crucial test, however, the General was detained in Washington by urgent official business. Accordingly, a trusted lieutenant and fanatical adherent named John T. Ellis was put in charge of the El Paso show. Under his command, on the appointed day, three hundred and seventy heavy discharges churned up the atmosphere and may or may not have produced the clouds that presently formed. Whatever their genesis, they brought forth no rain. That night, though, there was a heavy dew, to which Ellis unhesitatingly laid claim in his report to his chief. He also assumed credit for a heavy rainstorm that hit several miles down the Rio Grande Valley.

The El Paso authorities were ill-content with the results. The city had put up its good money not for the fall of the gentle dew from heaven nor yet for the benefit of alien valleys. Ellis and his cohorts, pretty well discredited, left the town and moved westward to San Diego to try again. There, in October, while their chief still toiled in Washington, they assailed the heavens with "explodents" for two solid days, ending up with a three-hour bombardment of a thousand blasts. Ellis claimed a forty-minute downpour, but neutral scientists on the scene reported to the New York *Times* that "not enough rain fell to lay the dust." The *Times* thereupon denounced the whole performance as a failure. The Secretary of Agriculture discreetly reported, "I have every reason to believe that, so far as the production of explosions is concerned, these experiments were eminently successful." Dyrenforth stood by his aide, wheedled seven thousand dollars more out of Congress, and himself took the field for what turned out to be the final test.

SAN ANTONIO still believed in the General. Thither he went in November, 1892, with his full entourage, kites, balloons, and mortars. Camp was pitched in the desert a few miles from the city. An important visitor appeared, in the person of Alexander MacFarlane, professor of physics at the University of Texas.

Operations on the grand scale were opened on the evening of November 25th, the air being faintly hazy at the time. At ten-fifteen, after the conventional ground fire of rackarock and

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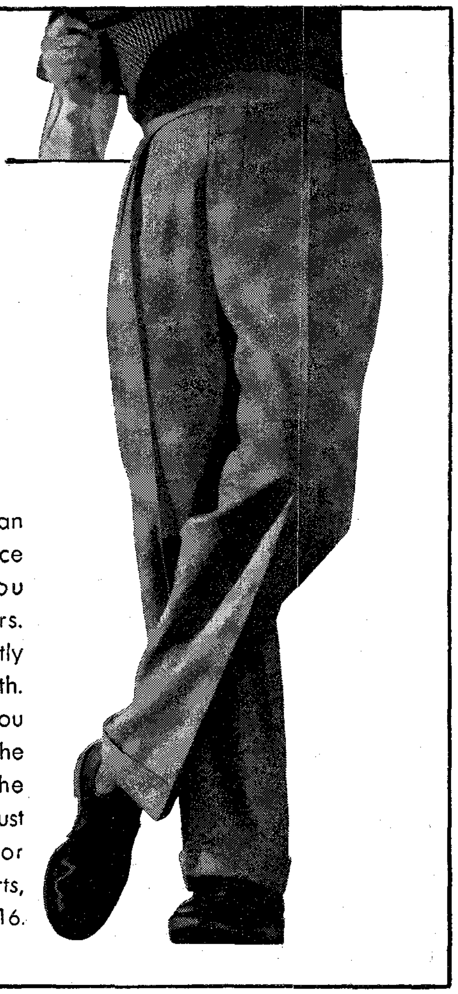

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blasting powder, a balloon was sent up. The detonation of it was satisfactorily loud. Half an hour later, a mist formed overhead. The word went around: "Here she comes, boys. Ready up the rain gauge." Everything was in readiness to measure the expected precipitation. But there was none to measure. A second balloon added its airquake. This time there was a definite effect: The mist disintegrated and the stars shone forth in a radiantly clear sky.

The General went to bed. So did Professor MacFarlane, but not to sleep. He sat at his window with pencil and paper, and duly noted what followed. "At 1:30 A.M., I heard a slight shout from the balloon boys, and I could hear rain pattering on the roof," he wrote. "The General threw open the window and called out, 'Hurry up, boys!' "

Dyrenforth was not going to let a promising storm get away from him. Up went a balloon. Bang went the "explodents." The rain diminished to a drizzle at once and by two o'clock had ceased to fall. The undaunted General was heard by MacFarlane to say to his men, in a proprietary tone, "There is a beautiful rain to the north of us and to the west of us."

From the General's point of view, the MacFarlane report, which was published in the New York *World*, put the affair in an unfortunate light. It looked much like an attempted misappropriation of a rainstorm on the General's part. In desperation, Dyrenforth used up all his remaining "explodents" in one prolonged, sonorous, and last-ditch bombardment. The sun continued to shine by day and the stars by night. San Antonio remained dry.

It was the end of Dyrenforth as a rain maker. Cities that had eagerly competed for his services withdrew their bids. The once worshipful newspapers that had glorified him as a Cloud Compeller and Rain Maker now derided him as a Cloud Dispeller and Rain Faker. Vainly did Senator Charles Farwell, of Illinois, who had been Dyrenforth's original backer in Congress, bring his eloquence to the support of another trial for the Department of Agriculture's special agent. Someone pointed out that the supposedly public-spirited Senator owned a large share in a three-million-acre tract in driest Texas. No further appropriation was made, the anti-Dyrenforth scientists were vindicated, and the unhappy would-be rain maker vanished from the public view.

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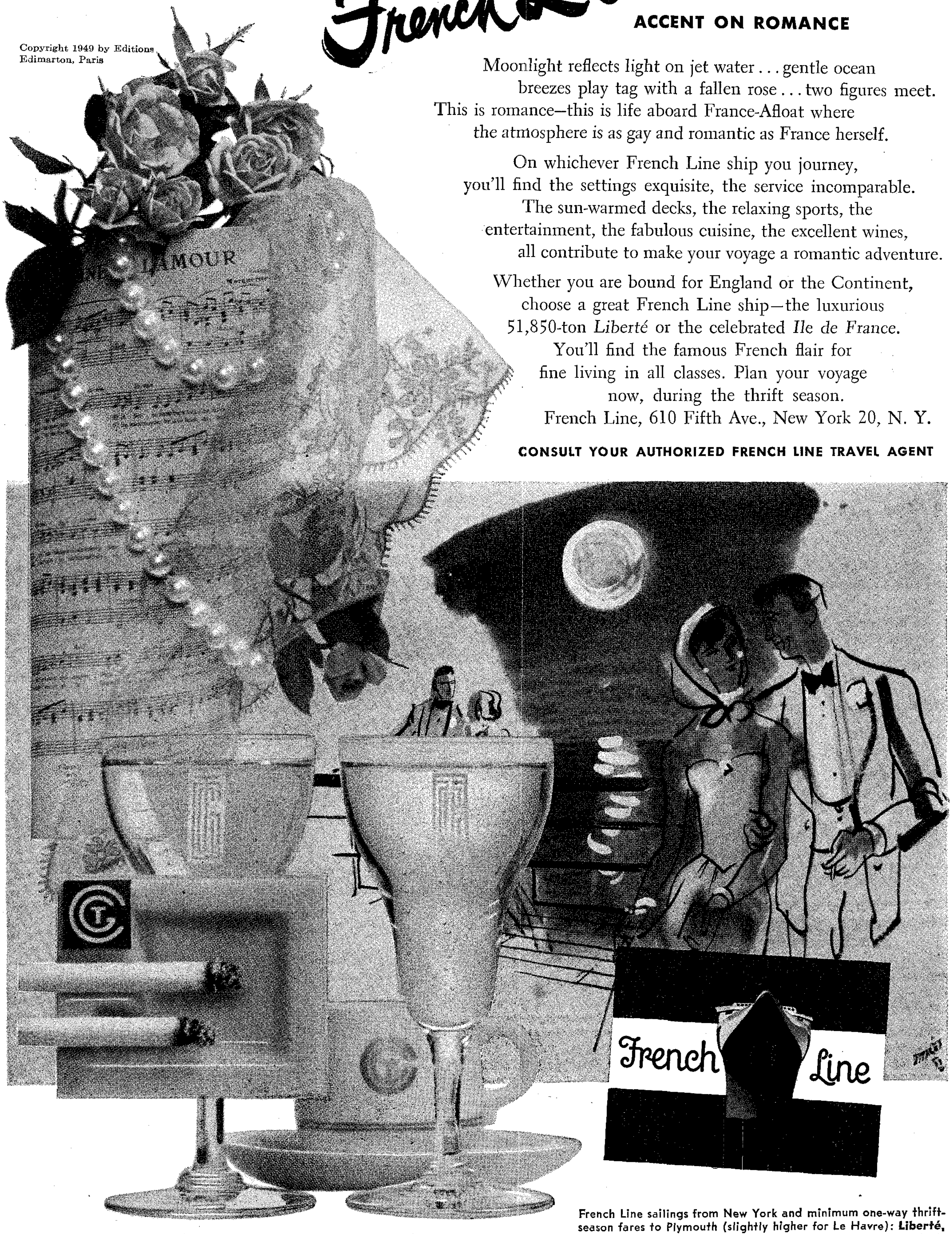

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE OUTSIDE

EARLY in the afternoon of Thursday, December 22, 1949, in Clinton Prison, at Dannemora, New York, John Resko, Serial No. 22818, a murderer serving his nineteenth year of a lifetime sentence, decided to take a nap. Good behavior and high intelligence had provided him with more liberty than most prisoners; not only was he free to make this decision during the usual prison work hours but he had a little room of his own in which to retire, in the X-ray section of the prison hospital, where, as a trusty, he was employed in mixing chemicals. Resko had just dozed off, shortly after three o'clock, when he was awakened by another prisoner, a male nurse, who told him a guard was looking for him. Resko sleepily remarked that it probably had something to do with a Christmas package he was expecting from his mother and two sisters in the Bronx. Outside in the hall, Resko found the guard, who said that he was wanted in the Deputy Warden's office; he didn't know why, but he did know it wasn't anything to do with a package. Resko said he thought he could guess. In a letter he had received a few days before from one of his sisters, she mentioned that his mother had had a slight stroke. Resko guessed that his mother had died and that the Deputy Warden was going to tell him he was about to go home on a death visit.

Resko went to the office of the Deputy Warden, Floyd La Rock, who greeted him in a manner that was both quiet and genial and that led the prisoner to suspect that his mother was not dead, after all. La Rock, Resko has since recalled, was in a rather playful mood.

"How do you like your job in the X-ray lab, John?" the Deputy Warden asked.

"I like it fine, Mr. La Rock," Resko replied. "Why? Is anything the matter?"

"I'm sorry you like it so much, John, because we won't be able to keep you on it any longer," the Deputy Warden said.

"But why, Mr. La Rock?" Resko said. "Haven't I been doing a good job? Have I done anything I shouldn't?"

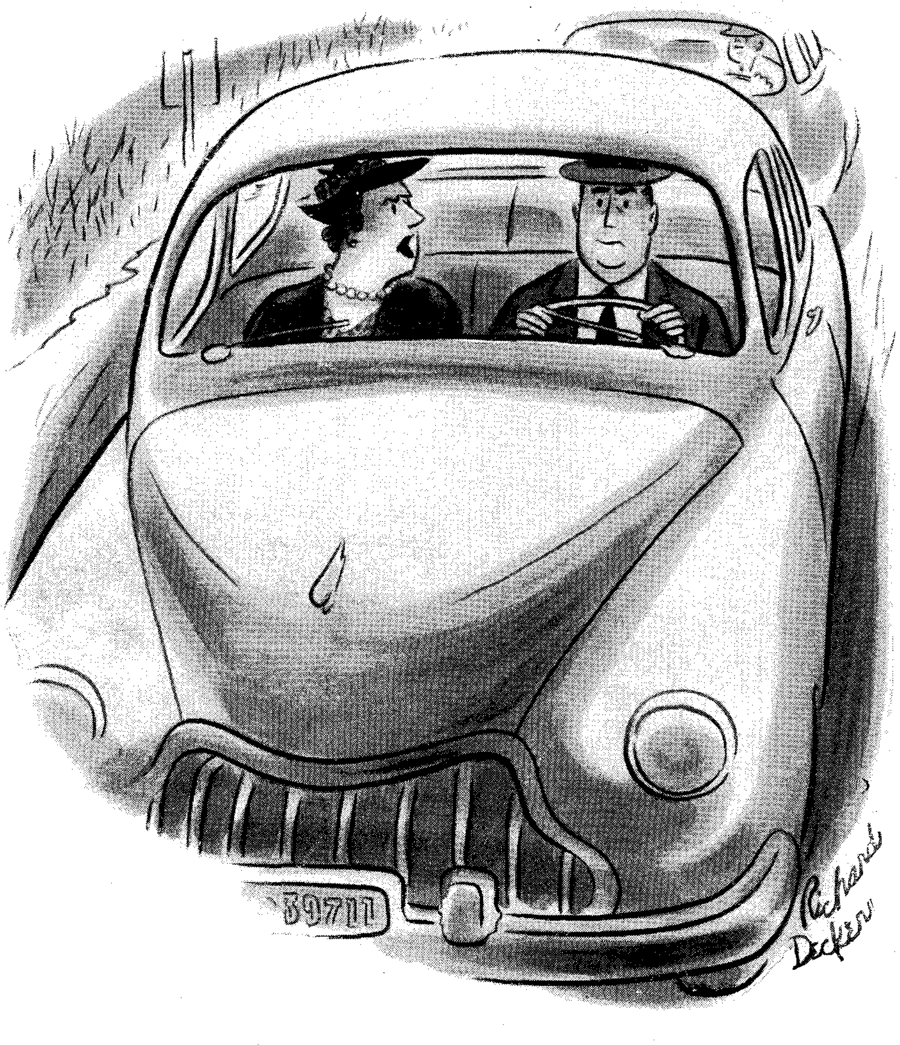
"You've been doing a good job," La Rock said. "But we can't keep you on it, because you're going home. The Governor has commuted your sentence."

Resko bowed his head, covered his face with his hands, and sobbed. "I broke down completely," he told me shortly after his release. "Mr. La Rock was very nice. He said, 'Now, John, pull yourself together. Everything is going to be all right.' I finally did pull myself together, and then Mr. La Rock said I would be leaving the next day. The next day was the twenty-third—the day before Christmas Eve."

RESKO, whose parents, born in Hungary, had brought him up on the lower East Side, was nineteen years old, had been married two years, and was the father of a fifteen-month-old girl when, on February 5, 1931, he killed a man. On the afternoon of that day, he and a neighborhood companion went to the Bronx and held up a grocery store. The grocer came at Resko with a broom, and Resko shot and killed him. It was a clear-cut felony murder. When, in the course of a felony, anyone is killed by the person or persons committing the felony, New York State law holds that all those participating in the crime are guilty of murder in the first degree. Resko and his companion were caught on the spot, tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. Shortly after the sentencing, Resko's wife gave birth to their second girl.

Resko was scheduled to be electrocuted in Sing Sing during the month of June, 1931. The electrocution was stayed twice. His companion, an older man described in the press as a "hardened criminal," was not so fortunate; his sentence was carried out. Resko's second stay came after the hair on his head and legs had been shaved for the electrodes. On June 14, 1932, Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt commuted Resko's sentence to imprisonment "for the rest of his natural life," because of his youth and because he had never before been convicted of a felony.

Although it was naturally heartening to Resko to know that his life had been



"I say I do hear a funny noise. Why must you always stick up for the car?"

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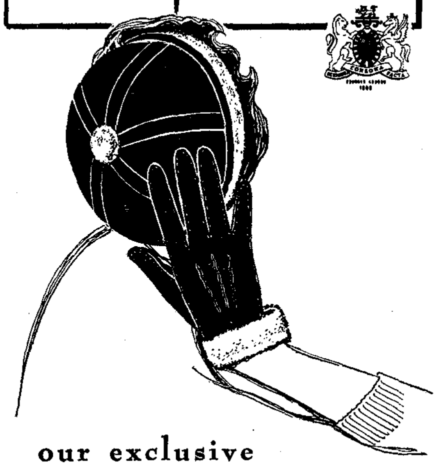

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spared, the realization that his prison sentence would probably be terminated only by death at first affected his mind. He became violent and even spent some time in solitary confinement. After six months in prison, he began to regain his composure and adjust himself to his predicament. He sought to cut himself off entirely from his pre-prison life, and told his wife, his mother and sisters, and his friends not to come see him any more; the emotional strain of their visits in the prison reception room was more than he could bear. He advised his wife to forget him, get a divorce, and marry again if she wanted to. (Eight years later she did remarry, but she did not have to get a divorce. Under the Domestic Relations Law of the State of New York, her marriage to Resko automatically ended the moment the judge pronounced a life sentence on her husband.) Shortly after his sentence was commuted, Resko was transferred to Clinton Prison, up near the Canadian line. He was glad about the change; he felt that the remoteness of Dannemora would help insure the isolation he wanted.

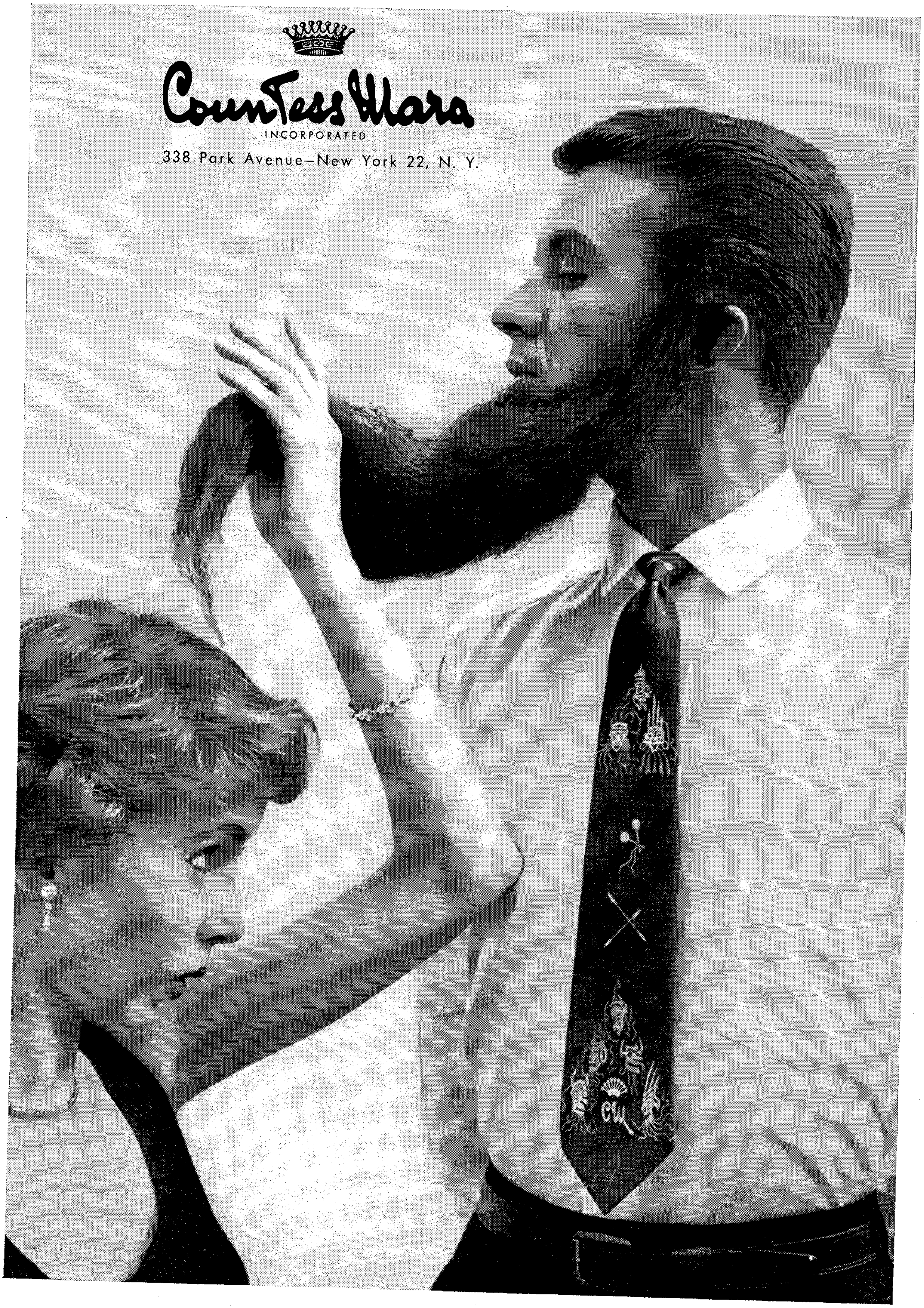
IN the winter of 1931, when Resko entered prison, he was a young tough. He had dropped out of high school after the second year, but such efforts as he had made to earn a living were handicapped by the depression. His adolescence was spent in an environment where people grabbed whatever they could, quickly and ruthlessly. Apparently the only thing that set him apart from the next young hoodlum was a fondness for sketching. He enjoyed, after a fashion, the harsh competition of his predatory life. He loved to roam the city, matching his wits at every opportunity with others as aggressive and irresponsible as himself. Because of his restless nature, he found the early days of his jail term practically intolerable, but at Clinton Prison he managed to bring about a change within himself, and he did it more readily than most lifers.

Resko is not exactly sure why he changed. "All I know is I got tired of beating my brains out," he says. "I realized I was licked, I suppose, and decided to make the best of it. I figured that as long as they had me in for life, I might as well play it their way." One of the things that helped Resko play it their way was his talent for sketching. Soon after his transfer to Dannemora, he joined a prison art class, in which he first studied drawing and later progressed to painting. He read every book on art, artists, and the philosophy of art that he could find in the prison library, and he soon acquired not only the skill of an artist but an artist's point of view.

In 1941, Carl Carmer, the historian and novelist, met Resko during a visit to Clinton Prison and looked over his paintings and drawings. Carmer was impressed by both Resko and his work, and through his efforts some of the drawings were published in magazines—among them the *Saturday Review of Literature* and *Theatre Arts Monthly*. Carmer also set about trying to get Resko released from prison, arguing with state officials that the man was thoroughly rehabilitated and that by keeping him locked up society was depriving itself of the gifts of a talented artist. On December 22, 1949, Governor Dewey included Resko in the annual gubernatorial list of prisoners to be discharged at Christmastime. "Since 1936, he [Resko] has demonstrated artistic ability and has served as an instructor in the prison art class," Dewey wrote. "His prison record has been consistently excellent. . . . Moreover, those in the prison and outside who have been in contact with him are notably impressed with the unusual changes that have occurred in this prisoner and which, in their opinion, constitute remarkable rehabilitation."

The Resko who received word of his discharge that Thursday afternoon in December was indeed a man very different from the hotheaded youth he had been when he entered prison. One of the first things that struck me about him when I talked with him a few weeks later was his extraordinary calm—a calm that he has not lost after three years on his own in the world. His deep-set eyes hint at a profound inner stillness. His black hair has receded several inches from his forehead, but his complexion is that of a healthy man in his early twenties. He is five feet eight and stocky, and he moves with a feline deliberateness. He talks in an even, low-pitched voice, and appears to think out exactly what he is going to say. His talk is a curious mixture of words and phrases he has acquired as a result of being brought up on the lower East Side, of living nineteen years in prison, and of absorbing the language of books. His face has two characteristic expressions—an almost blank, Buddhalike one and a smiling one that is serene and friendly.

AFTER Resko had recovered from the shock of learning that he was to be set free, he was turned over to a guard who had been assigned to guide



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him through the routine of discharge. The first step was a visit to the prison tailor shop. The prisoner in charge asked Resko what kind of suit he'd like. "Any kind, so long as it's a suit I can wear out of here," Resko replied. He picked a gray cheviot, unmistakably the work of amateurs. The guard then took him to the prison barbershop. Along the way, prisoners and guards stopped to congratulate him. The good news had been announced on the prison radio and had been passed around by the grapevine. "They all said about the same thing," Resko recalls. "They said good luck and be sure to think of them when I was out with my first woman."

There were more guards and more prisoners to talk to in the barbershop. While Resko was having his hair cut, he suddenly realized he was not the happy man his envious fellow-prisoners imagined him to be. "I had a moment of terror," he later told me. "I guess it was a fear of leaving a life I knew for a life I'd only dreamed about. I'd say it was a sinking feeling, a kind of homesickness for the old place. I felt sad. After all, I'd been on the inside for eighteen years, six months, and twenty-five days. I didn't sleep a wink that night. I stayed up getting my things ready. I threw out or gave away most everything I had. I saved the photographs of my family—my two girls and my older girl's husband. A couple of other prisoners, fellows who worked in the prison hospital with me, came in to see me. We talked mostly about how it would be on the outside."

By three o'clock in the morning, Resko had shaved, bathed, and dressed, and was ready to go. He spent the rest of the night waiting for eight o'clock and breakfast. After breakfast, a guard took him and two other prisoners whose sentences had been commuted out through the inner gate of the prison. The guard there was a friend of Resko's,

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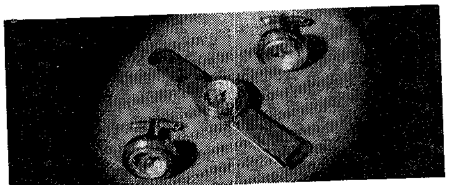

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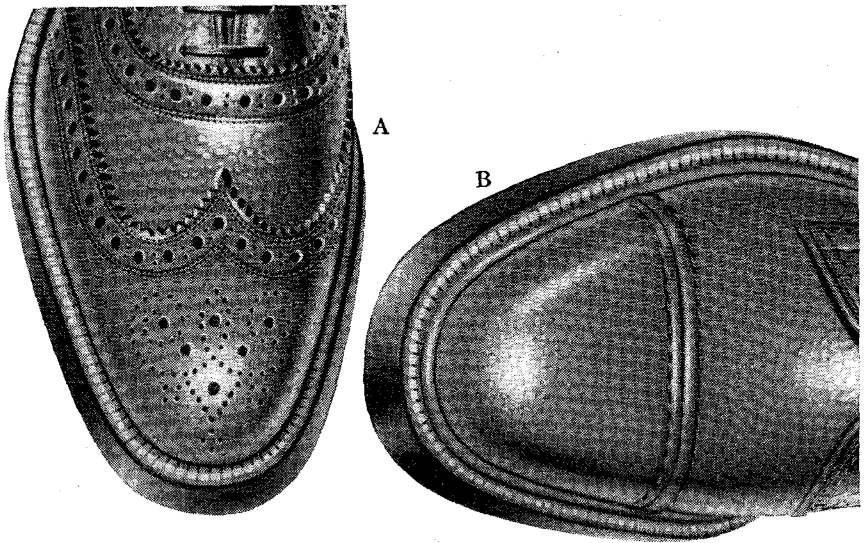
and shook hands with him. "I know I won't be seeing *you* again, John," the guard said. It was a nice compliment and it made Resko feel good.

At the administration building, each of the prisoners was photographed, fingerprinted, and given a railroad ticket to New York and twenty dollars—a ten and two fives—as going-home money. (Resko later received a check for the balance due him for the work he'd done while in prison; it came to something over three hundred dollars.) It was about eleven o'clock when the routine of discharge was finished and the three men could start for the outer gate of the prison. "This gate was solid metal and big enough for a truck to drive through," Resko says. "I'd seen it from a distance lots of times. When it was opened, which was not often and never for long, I'd seen that there were stores right opposite it. But I didn't know what kind of stores. Somehow, those stores got to be something big in my imagination. They had come to sum up for me what the world outside was—store fronts. Now that I was out, I saw them again, but the only one I can remember is the Sugar Bowl. It was a store where visitors to the prison got something to eat before or after their visit. We weren't allowed to go into any of the stores. The rule is that you must get right out of Dannemora when you're discharged. The guard stayed with us while we waited for the bus to Plattsburg, and when it came along, the three of us got on. We didn't talk much on the bus ride. Now and then one of us would say, 'Look at the trees,' or 'There's a house,' or 'See the kids playing.' At Plattsburg we got off in the center of town and just kind of gawked, looking here and there. Finally, a man walked over to us and said, 'You guys looking for the station? It's up that way.' He pointed up the street. I could tell from a certain kind of grin on his face that he knew we had just been discharged from Dannemora."

At the station, Resko went to the telegraph desk and sent a message to his mother, in the Bronx, and another to Carmer, to whom he felt indebted for his release. As he turned away from the desk, he was greeted by a former guard, who had given up his job at the prison to teach school. "He'd come all the way down to the station just to tell me how happy he was that I'd gotten a commute," Resko said. "He knew what train I'd be going on, because he knew all about the routine. He'd brought his little boy along to meet me. I thought



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that was pretty nice of him. We all waited on the platform together until the train came. That man was a good man. Said he finally just couldn't take being a guard any longer. He told me he'd been very happy for me when he heard from a friend at the prison that I'd be going home for Christmas."

The three discharged prisoners boarded the train and took two facing seats in the smoking car. The younger of Resko's two companions, who was thirty, had been a burglar. The older, who was about fifty, had been a narcotics peddler. Both were wearing rather flashily tailored Broadway suits, which they had somehow arranged to have ready for them upon their release. Resko, in his crude prison-made suit, felt uncomfortably conspicuous. "The younger fellow had bought some cigars at the station," Resko told me. "He passed them around, and we all three lit up. He'd also bought some cards, so we began playing gin rummy. We didn't talk. We just looked out the window when we weren't looking at our cards."

A few minutes after noon, a dining-car steward came through the train, announcing that lunch was being served, and the three men got up immediately and walked to the dining car. "Although the two fellows with me were real men of the world, they told me to do the ordering," Resko said. "So I looked over the menu and ordered something I'd never had—broiled brook trout. The others said they'd have the same. We also had coffee and ice cream. We ate without saying anything except that it was pretty good food. When we'd finished our coffee, the dope peddler picked up the check. The other fellow and I started to take out our money, but he insisted he was paying. Then we started talking about how much would be the right amount to leave as a tip. I'd had the waiter bring me an aspirin tablet, so I said there should be something extra for that. We didn't want to leave too much or too little. The check came to seven-fifty, so we finally agreed that we should leave fifteen dollars altogether. That waiter made out all right, I guess."

After they got back to their seats, the ex-burglar became garrulous about the good times ahead and the beautiful girls he was going to take out. "He kept talking and talking," Resko said. "At last, about seven-thirty, the train reached New York. It was dark and the lights of the city were flashing by. I got off the train at a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street. I didn't have any bag, and just stood on the platform, kind of bewildered. My brother-in-law came up to me and took me downstairs to where he had his car parked. My two daughters and my son-in-law were standing there on the sidewalk. I'd seen my older daughter the year before, but I hadn't seen my younger daughter in twelve years. She was now a young lady. We all drove up to the Bronx to my mother's house. When I saw my mother, both of us started crying. We didn't say anything for quite a while."

All the next day and far into Christmas Eve, Resko's cousins, aunts, uncles, and in-laws kept dropping in to welcome him back and bring him gifts. "They were last-minute gifts," Resko told me. "They didn't have time to buy me anything fancy, but it was just as well, because those gifts were all things I needed—things like shirts and pajamas and socks and handkerchiefs. You see, I was starting out from scratch with my wardrobe. I got lots of Christmas cards from friends, too. One of them I remember particularly. It was from the wife of the man I'd been on the holdup with, the man who'd been electrocuted. She wished me good luck and said she was glad I was out."

It was the happiest Christmas week Resko had ever had, and, he feels, the happiest he ever will have. He stayed home all the time, greeting the relatives and friends who kept calling. It was several days before it occurred to him that he could use the telephone without getting permission. That week has become a little blurred in his mind, but he recalls vividly his one venture from the house. That was when he took the subway downtown to Centre Street, with his brother-in-law, to report to his parole officer. "We took the Lexington Avenue line at the Parkchester station," Resko said. "I'd dreamed about riding the subways again for a good many years. As soon as we got below ground, I was in that wonderful murky light that you only see in subway stations. When I thought of home during those years in prison, my mind always created images of the subway trains and the stations."

Resko and his brother-in-law got off at the Canal Street station and walked down Lafayette Street. "I really felt for the first time that I was back," Resko said. "As far as I'm concerned, New York City is Manhattan, and there in downtown Manhattan I felt I was really back. I could smell the city for the first time, smell the tar and the gas fumes, smell the women passing. I heard the traffic and the horns and the

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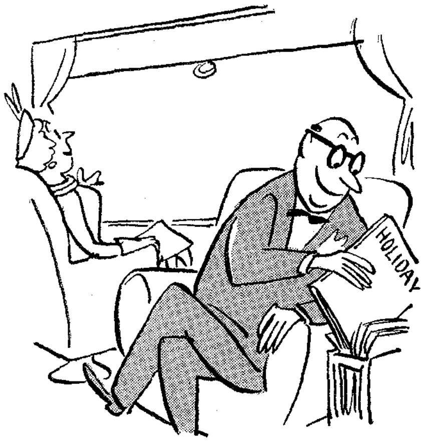

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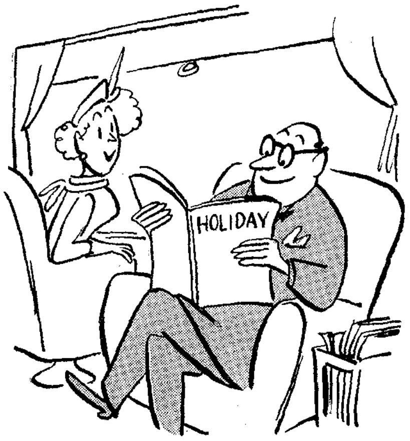

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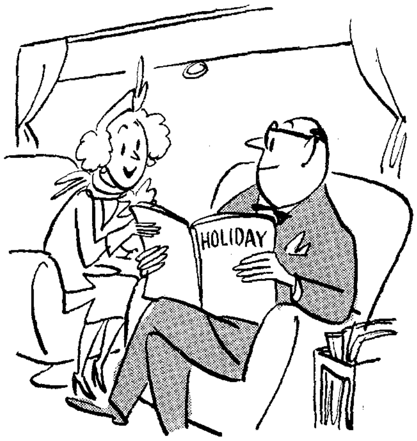

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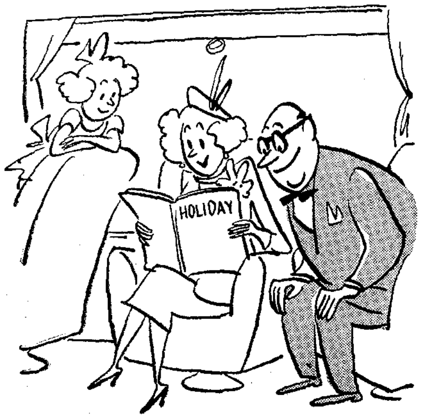

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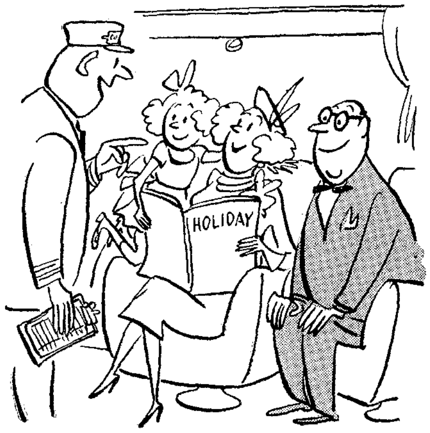

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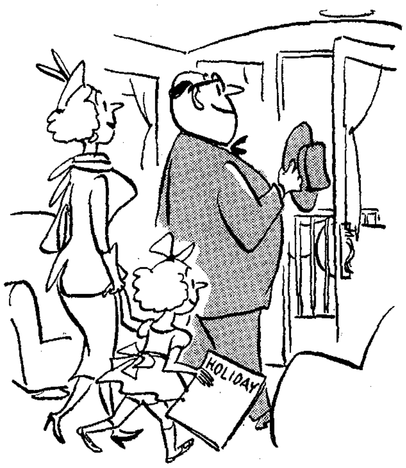

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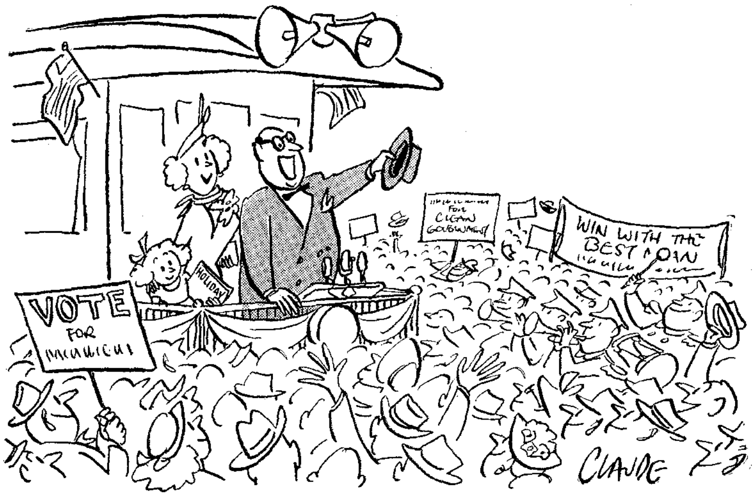
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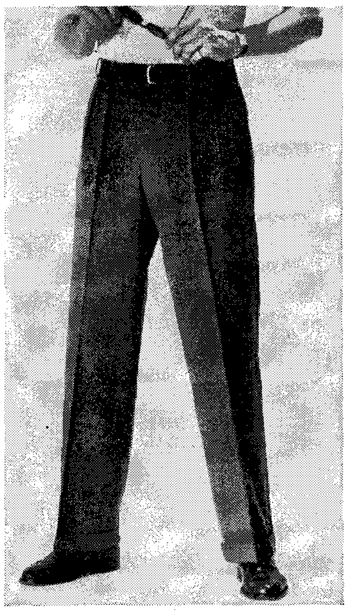

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sounds of people walking. Have you ever noticed that a woman's heels make a different sound on the sidewalk than a man's?"

The office of Resko's parole officer was on the eighth floor of the New York State Office Building, at 80 Centre Street. The officer told Resko that he would have to report to him every week for three months, every second week for the next three months, once a month for the following four years—and that after that they would see. The General Rules Governing Parole, which Resko had read and signed before leaving prison, were reviewed again; he was reminded that he must not leave the state or marry without written permission of his parole officer, that he must not register to vote, that he must not drink alcoholic beverages and must not work where they are sold, unless given permission to do so by the State Liquor Authority, that he must not associate with any former prisoners or correspond with any inmates of prisons, that he must be home at a reasonable hour at night, and that he must not "live as man and wife with, nor have sex relations with, anyone not your lawful spouse."

FRIENDS continued to visit Resko all that week, and he was treated almost as a neighborhood hero. His mother prepared the Hungarian dishes she knew he loved—stuffed cabbage, goulash, chicken paprika, and nutcakes. On New Year's Eve, shortly before midnight, Resko went for a walk with his younger sister, his younger daughter, and a niece. "We passed people blowing horns," Resko said to me. "A few couples who were high were walking kind of unsteadily, singing and laughing. People were calling out 'Happy New Year!' to just anybody. I began to feel it *was* New Year's Eve, and called back 'Happy New Year!' to them. I'll always remember that New Year's. There was no snow. It was nice out and I could really feel the night—something I'd longed for in prison, where there is no darkness but always bright electric lights. I looked up and saw the moon and stars, and realized it was the first time I'd been out in the open night in almost twenty years. It got me to thinking of all the New Year's Eves I'd spent in prison. That's the one night of the year when the guards stay out of the cell blocks. The prisoners smash light bulbs and break furniture and throw the pieces out of their cells. They even start bonfires with lighter fluid and toilet paper. Tons of rubbish is carried out of

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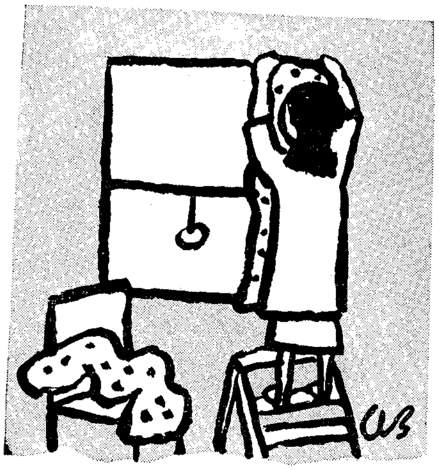
prisons the day after New Year's Eve."

New Year's Eve in prison has a fascination for Resko. He has painted pictures of the scene, and once, while still in Clinton Prison, he wrote in a letter to Carmer:

> To us prisoners, the transition from one year to another is symbolic of many things: lost pleasures, shattered hopes, vain yearnings, futile aspirations. We are forever looking backward. The occasional, fearful glance into the future reveals each New Year as a dismal marker on the road to the graveyard.
>
> The babble in the cell block on New Year's Eve is about normal until seven-thirty, when the "Silence!" bell rings. Then, pandemonium.... Shouts, hoots, catcalls, rattle of tin cups on bars overwhelm the bell. This one evening out of three hundred and sixty-five evenings, we have expropriated for ourselves, and the brutal din continues through the night, into the morning, until everyone is pounded into exhaustion.
>
> One explanation we pass among ourselves is that the new year brings us closer to freedom—therefore we have the right to celebrate. Only, we do not celebrate. A celebration would not cause the inmates of the insane asylum across the road to quake in terror. A celebration does not include beating pails, plates, cups into tortured lumps of metal. It does not include screaming oneself hoarse or smashing jars and drinking glasses on the galleries or tossing burning paper and rags through the bars. . . . Such antics are prompted by a great fear, by the realization that we are caught in the snare of circumstance, and are an unconscious, angry protest against the bars and walls and years.

AFTER the holidays, when Resko had settled down to the routine of life on the outside, he came to sense that he was still not entirely free. In his dreams, he was back in prison. His mother told him that he tossed and turned and called out a good deal in his sleep. "I'd wake up believing I was on the inside, and it would take me a few minutes to realize I wasn't lying on a cell cot behind bars," Resko



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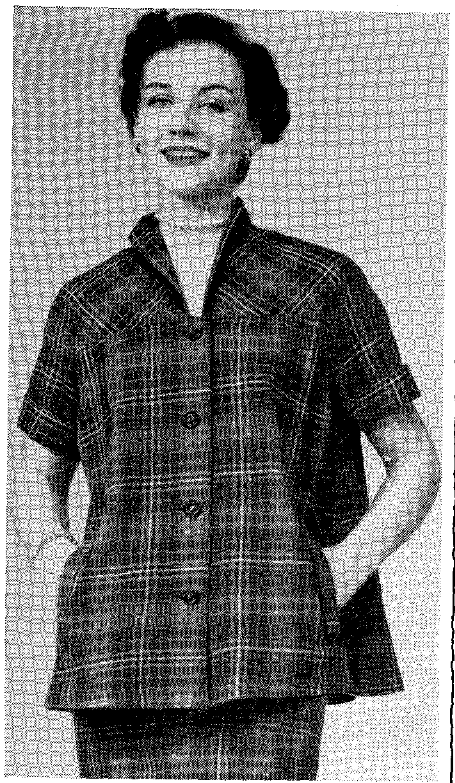

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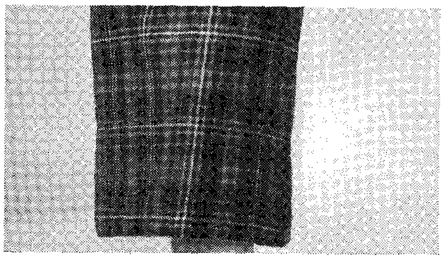

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said. "Sleeping in the dark was tough to get used to after all those years of sleeping with lights burning nearby."

During his first months of freedom, Resko found himself confronted by a more difficult problem. Try as he would to dismiss the idea as irrational, he could not help feeling that everyone who passed him on the street knew that he had just got out of prison. This conviction was so strong that he shunned crowds whenever possible. At the same time, he had an unquenchable desire "to get acquainted again with my town," and this led him time and again to wander about Manhattan. He couldn't bring himself to go into a restaurant, however, and usually returned home practically famished. "But that didn't bother me much," he said. "Walking around Manhattan, I got a kick out of those signs on the trash baskets that say, 'It's your city. Keep it clean.' I always figured it was my city, and I didn't need a sign to tell me so. It was strange, too, about all those Elevated structures that had been torn down while I was away. At first, walking along Second Avenue, or Sixth, or Ninth, I'd have a vague feeling something was missing. The streets seemed naked. Then I realized it was because the 'L's were gone. I missed the whistles and the rumbling noise. But seeing the subway kiosks made me feel good—like meeting old friends. I missed the old Checker cabs and the Paramount cabs, and at the same time there seemed to be a lot more automobiles. Now it took so much longer to cross the street. One of my first walks was around the outer edge of Manhattan. The East Side I'd known seemed barren, with the buildings all torn down and Roosevelt Drive built. I walked along the river and remembered swimming off the end of the old docks when I was a kid. We used to swim across to Blackwells Island and get chased by the guards when we tried to land. I guess we used to give the tugboat captains heart failure when we swam right in their path in the middle of the East River. And then I went over to the West Side. I didn't much like the elevated drive there, because it seemed to create a barrier from the waterfront. When I was a kid, I used to walk along the West Side docks and look up at the ships. Now, to see the waterfront properly, you ride along the drive and look *down* at the ships. It changes the relationship of man to the ships. I don't like it. Broadway was a disappointment, too—all penny arcades, shooting galleries, and popcorn and hot-dog stands. I'd expected the old Sixth Avenue would have become very imposing, what with the 'L' gone and its name changed to the Avenue of the Americas. But it was the same old street, full of hock shops and stores advertising phony fire sales. I felt let down."

One place Resko did not go in his roamings around the city—or if he did, he is not aware of it—was to the grocery store in which he committed the crime that sent him to prison. "I couldn't go back there," he said. "Not because it would upset me but because I'm sure I couldn't find it. I know it was somewhere near a Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street in the Bronx, but just where I don't know, and I have no recollection of what the place looked like. It's some trick of my mind. I've not only blacked out the location of the store but I've completely forgotten the name of the man I killed. It happened after I had been in prison a few years. I've been through the letters of the alphabet, one by one, many, many times, but I can't even remember the first letter of his name."

BY late February, Resko had become sufficiently accustomed to his new environment to start thinking about going to work. Confident enough in his artistic talents to believe that they could support him, he rented a studio in the Bronx for fifty dollars a month and furnished it with a drawing board, an easel, lamps, chairs, and a radio. Then he made the rounds of book publishers and advertising agents, soliciting commissions. A man he had met through Carmer sent him to see Miss Dorothy Hagen, the production manager of Aladdin Books, and after looking at his sketches she proposed that he submit some illustrations for a children's book her firm was publishing called "The Snow Plow That Tried to Go South." "He seemed frightened and unsure of himself," Miss Hagen said recently, recalling his visit. "His hands trembled and he had to mop his forehead a lot. His first illustrations were too stark—too much economy of line. There was an atmosphere of protest in them. His colors were magenta and hot purple; they reminded me of neon lights. I remember particularly the trouble he had with his policemen. They weren't just not human, they were *monsters*. They didn't have stomachs, they had bellies. Their teeth were three feet long. They were gross and vicious. But he took our suggestions readily, and did better and better work as he gained confidence."

When I talked to Resko about this

interlude, he said, "Before I started those illustrations, I tried to get the point of view of children—you know, looking at things as they would see them. But I found that children frightened me. I couldn't think the way they did—crying one moment and happy the next. When I finished the first drawings, I had no children in them. And no women, either, for some reason. When I showed them to Miss Hagen, she was very nice, but she said that a children's book ought to have pictures of children in it. Then she pointed out that the cops I'd put in the pictures looked fierce and grim. She told me I ought to sketch a policeman from life, and maybe even get acquainted with one."

Following Miss Hagen's advice, Resko stood on a curb at the intersection of White Plains Road and Archer Street and sketched a policeman who was directing traffic there. After a while, the policeman, conscious of the attention he was receiving, walked up and looked over Resko's shoulder. It was a tense moment for Resko, but the policeman merely nodded approvingly and walked back to his post. "I finally got to know a cop, too," Resko told me. "That was one day on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. He spoke to me first—said the Yankees were playing the Red Sox and he thought the Yankees would win. I told him my team was the Giants, even though I lived in the Bronx. Suddenly I realized I was having a friendly conversation with a cop. He was just a man I was talking to—a nice guy."

In May, 1950, Miss Hagen accepted the revised drafts of Resko's illustrations, and "The Snow Plow" ultimately made its appearance, with a policeman in one picture. About ten thousand copies were sold. On the strength of this work, Twayne Publications assigned him to do the jacket illustration for the "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo," compiled in large measure by two men who themselves had been convicts.

ONE of the rules that a prisoner on parole finds most difficult to live up to is the rule that forbids him to associate

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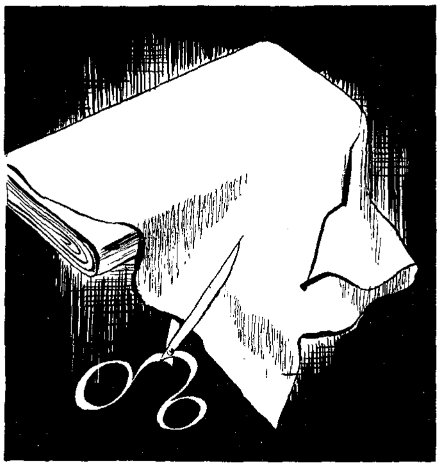
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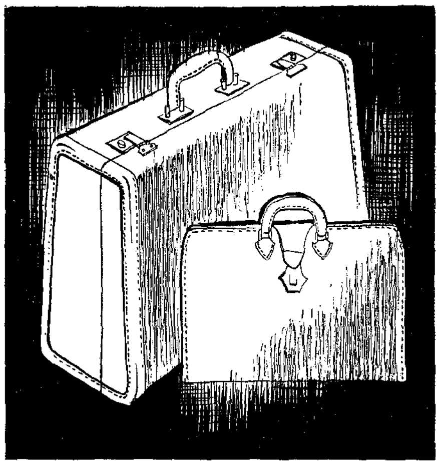
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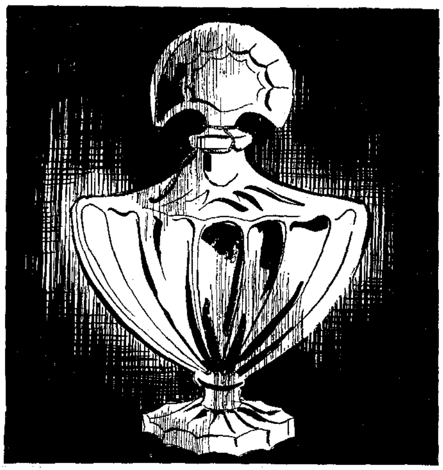
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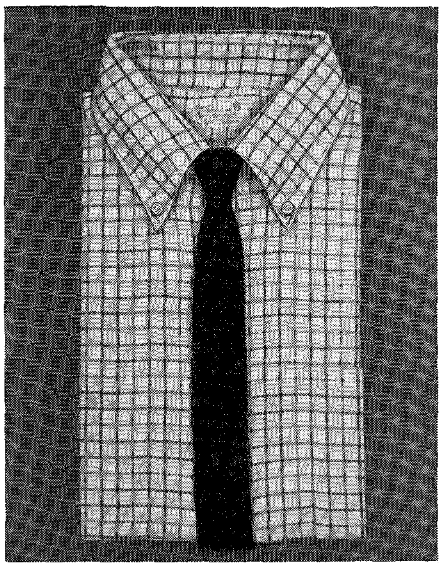
with friends he made in prison. A common prison experience is a powerful bond. Recognizing this, and its inherent dangers, the Parole Board firmly warns its wards that they "must not associate with evil companions or any individuals having a criminal record." Several times in the first two or three months following his release, Resko happened to pass men he'd known in prison on the street. None of them stopped to chat; the customary greeting was a smile or a clenched fist, indicating that each man wished the other the best of luck. In only one respect did Resko maintain any connection with his prison associates. He gave in regularly to a compulsion to write to J. Vernel Jackson, who had been his warden, and tell him how he was getting along. He thinks he may have been driven by an unconscious desire to win the respect of the warden and to persuade the warden to pass on news of him to his friends still on the inside. "The warden never wrote back," Resko said. "Naturally, he was too busy to. But for quite a while I wrote and told him the things I was doing and enjoying, and the things I planned to do. Eventually I stopped. I saw no point in it. I realized that I had my own life on the outside and that prison was behind me."

Finally, one day in the spring, Resko succumbed to the temptation to visit with an old prison friend. He was walking east from Fifth Avenue on Thirty-fourth Street when he ran into a man named Archie, who had been released from Dannemora a few years earlier. Archie, known in criminal circles as a con man, was also a man of taste and culture. During his prison friendship with Resko, he had shown great respect for his talent as an artist and had urged him to continue his work. He had even written to friends on the outside who he felt would aid Resko in his career as an artist, and as a result of these letters Resko, while still in prison, in time came to know, by mail, such people as the late Maxwell Perkins, the editor of Scribner's, and Jim Tully, the writer. Tully bought one of Resko's drawings, and Perkins sent him books, which Resko discussed thoughtfully in letters of thanks.

"Archie was the first really sophisticated man I'd ever known," Resko said. "He's tall and handsome, and though he's in his sixties, he still acts young and spry. He is very distinguished-looking and might pass for a bank president. He is very witty, too, and very charming—seems to know all manner of famous people, especially Hollywood movie



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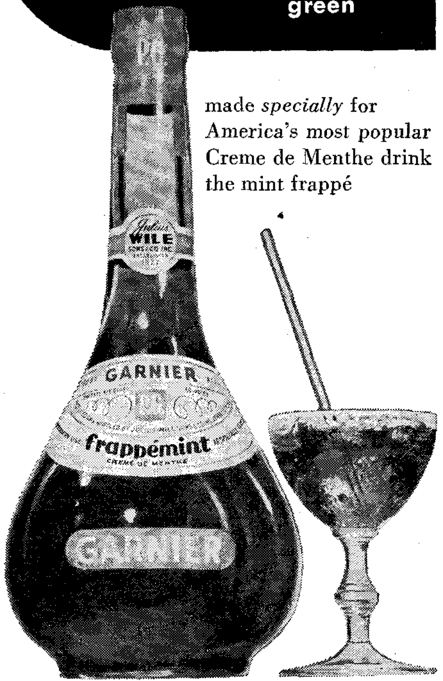

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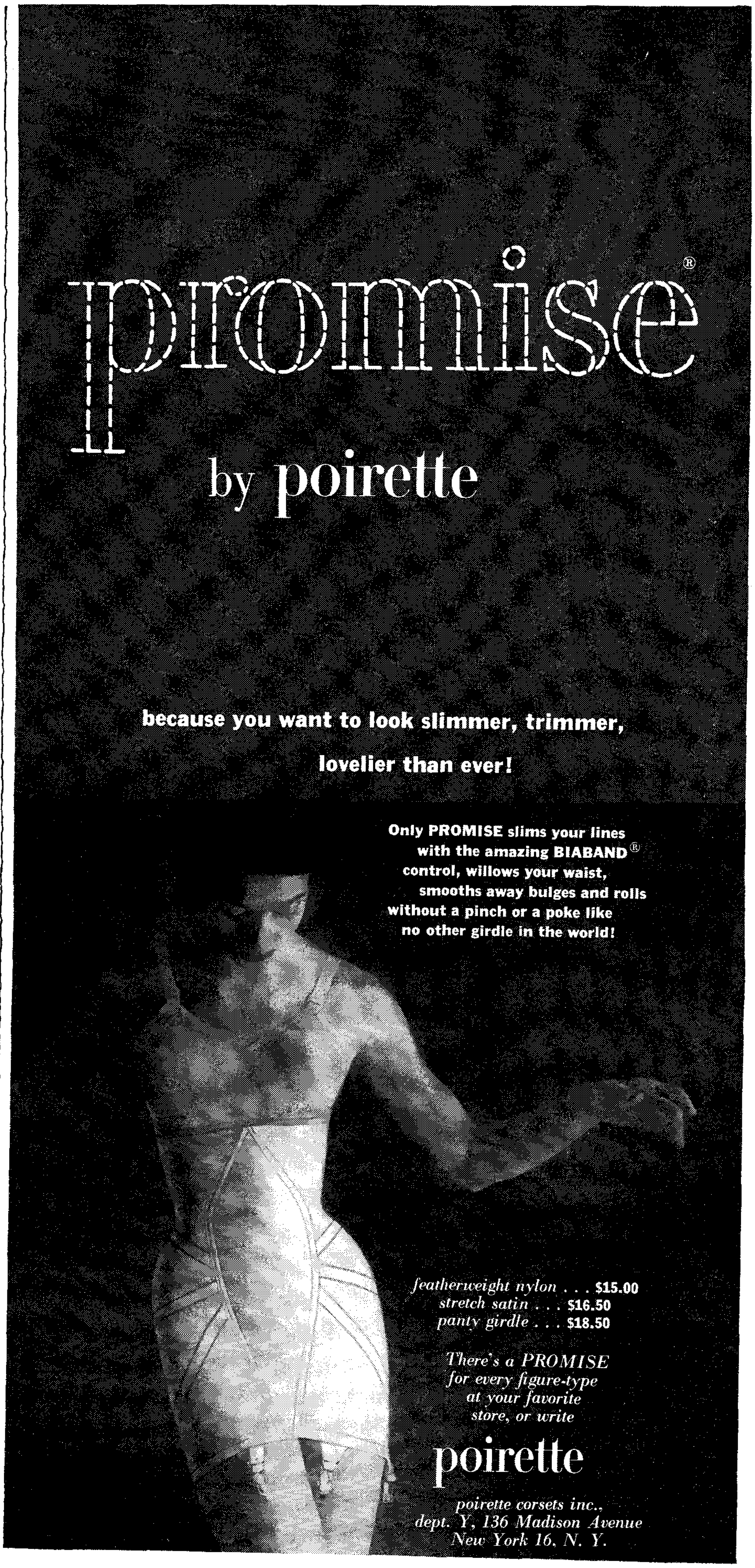
stars and such. He was with Wilson Mizner in the Klondike. At Dannemora, he used to tell me wonderful stories of rackets he'd worked. He'd swindled some of the biggest and richest people in the country.

"This day on Thirty-fourth Street, Archie greeted me with joy, took me by the arm, and started me walking with him. I knew I was violating my parole by being with him, and I began to feel sick. So we stopped in a drugstore, and I took a bicarbonate tablet that made me feel better. Then Archie took me into a very expensive restaurant and began ordering the best of everything. He was drinking, but I said I couldn't have anything, because it was against the rules. He took his roll out of his pocket and showed it to me. It looked like there was thousands and thousands of dollars in it. So we talked along about being on the inside, and he told me what had happened to various people we'd known there who had been let out before us. Some were back on the inside again. He told me about recent rackets he'd worked. He figured he averaged about fifty grand a year with his con games. Then he asked me about my work, and seemed very interested. It was a nice, gay lunch, and the waiters were around all the time asking could they get us this or that. When it was over, Archie started saying goodbye to me. 'John,' he says, 'if you ever see me again, don't recognize me, don't talk to me. I'm telling you this for your own good. Now I want to give you a piece of advice. And I want you to remember it, because it's the most important advice that I could ever give anybody. And this is it. Stealing is a losing racket.' Well, we stood out on the street a minute, talking, and just before he walked away, he said a curious thing. He said, 'I'll keep in touch with you through the newspapers.' Later, I heard what happened to Archie—through the newspapers. He went over to New Jersey to plead guilty to a rap he was wanted on. I heard afterward he'd thought it was all fixed with a certain politician that he'd get a light or suspended sentence. Well, when he went before the judge, he got ten years."

RESKO's personality was developing on two fronts. He was cheered by his ability to earn enough money to get by on as a free lance and he was discovering the world of art as revealed in the galleries and museums around Manhattan. A friend of his, returning home one midnight, was told that Resko had been trying to reach him on the telephone all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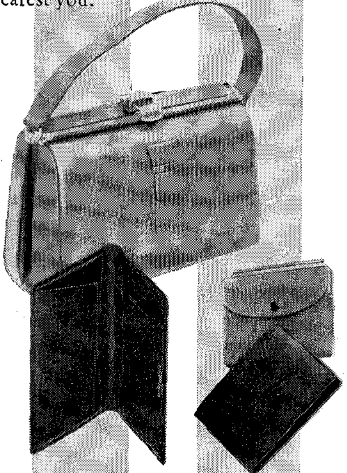

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afternoon and evening. Presently, the telephone rang; it was Resko again. "I'm so glad to get hold of you at last," he said excitedly. "I went to the Metropolitan Museum this morning and saw some van Goghs." The friend waited for Resko to continue, but there was no further word, so he said he was happy to hear that Resko had enjoyed the pictures. Resko remained silent, but the friend could hear his agitated breathing. At last, in a halting voice, Resko explained that he was so overwhelmed by the pictures that he was still all but speechless.

At the Metropolitan, Resko also became a devotee of Renoir, Monet, Goya, and Corot. He saw a Rembrandt exhibit and was struck by that master's ghetto paintings. "I admired the message Rembrandt gave me in his pictures of the poor, the beggars, and the hungry," Resko said. He took a teen-age niece with him to this exhibit and, as they walked about the gallery, explained to her that various pictures represented various periods in Rembrandt's life. Soon half a dozen people were following them and listening to him. "I found myself giving a kind of lecture," Resko said. "I just told them what I'd read—a little about his methods, his techniques, his deep concentration on light. I told them how he made light the focal point of each painting." At the Whitney Museum, Resko saw a show of Edward Hopper's work. "It had a tremendous impact on me, because of his New York scenes," he said. "I was especially moved by his pictures of the city at night—pictures of drugstores and cafeterias. Ever since then, I've been seeing Hopper all over New York."

EARLY in the summer of 1950, Resko decided he wanted a steady job, with a salary. He got one, as a designer in a textile house in Norwalk, and moved up there to live. One morning not long ago, he called me up and said he was coming to the city the following Sunday afternoon, and we agreed to meet in Grand Central. As he came up the ramp from his train, he was looking pleased. "It's wonderful to be getting off a train at Grand Central instead of getting on one," he said. It was twenty-one years before that he had gone from Grand Central to Sing Sing.

"How do you like your job?" I asked.

"I like it fine," Resko said. "I got the biggest kick out of getting a Social Security number. When they gave me that number, I felt that at last I really

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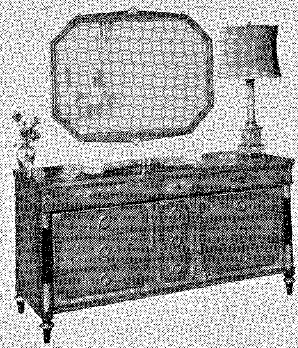

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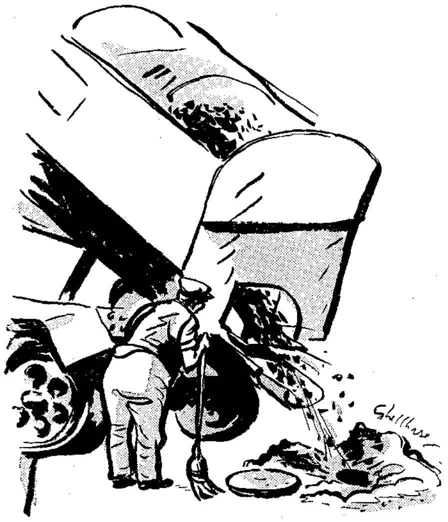
belonged and that I was just like every other guy I see going to work, taking his lunch, and coming home at night. My second-biggest kick was the pay check. That, too, gave me a feeling of being like everyone else. I didn't want to cash that check. I wanted to frame it. After all, it was the first regular pay check I'd ever had. Now I feel that I'm part of the herd, and I like it."

Resko said that he'd enjoy taking a ride on the Staten Island ferry. "I used to ride the ferry a lot when I was a kid," he told me. "Used to take girls along. It's the best trip in the world and only costs a nickel each way. When I was inside, I used to dream a lot about riding the ferry. I don't know what there is about it, but it always used to give me a great thrill."

We walked across town, and at Times Square took the subway to the Battery. "Everything's always changing in New York," Resko said, looking around him. "The Battery will never be the same without the Aquarium. This used to be the finest waterfront in the world, and look at it now."

Although we had the afternoon before us, Resko hurried through the turnstile to board the ferry. Leaning against the rail on the shore end of the boat, he said, "Anyway, this is just the same except for the horses and wagons. It smells the same, too, except for no horses. Come to think of it, whenever I used to dream of riding the Staten Island ferry, I always used to dream of the horses." Resko stared at the big buildings of the financial district as we moved across the Bay. "You know, right over there on Wall Street, between Broadway and Pearl, is the most inspiring walk in the whole town," he said. "That is, at midnight or one o'clock in the morning. It's so completely deserted then that you can hear your footsteps echo. You



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see a few lights in the big buildings, yes. You know that the buildings are still filled with thousands of people—scrub women, porters, furnacemen, bookkeepers working late, watchmen. But nevertheless it *seems* empty. I think it's about the closest thing you can get to infinity. Maybe it's because walking down that narrow street is like being in a cathedral."

Resko was silent for a moment, and I saw that he was looking at the Statue of Liberty. "I remember we read about their cleaning the old lady's face a few years back," he said. "We laughed at that one, said a lot of good it did *us.* I guess liberty means something else to men in prison than it does to people on the outside."

A short, elderly man carrying a shoeshine box ambled up and asked if we wanted a shine. "Well, that's familiar," Resko said. "The Staten Island ferry always had a shoeshine man and still has. All we need now is the accordion player." He smiled, patted the man on the back, and told him to go ahead and give him a shine.

"In a way, you might say I've turned my prison experience into an asset," Resko went on as the man set to work. "I think all those who've been on the inside would like to do that if they could. But they don't know how. I know I learned a lot reading what Debs wrote about how he improved himself while in prison. And now I know pretty much what I want. Aside from my art, I want to live out the rest of my life in happiness—just enjoy living. I've learned to enjoy a lot of things most people take for granted. For instance, up there in the country I can enjoy just looking at an apple tree. I see it as a miracle, not only of productivity but of form and color."

A young couple, with a small child walking between them, passed us. After looking at them thoughtfully, Resko said to me, "I've found a girl who thinks I'm wonderful, and the setup seems O.K. to me. We'll probably get married, and after a while she can have a baby. I'll continue my work and make a little money. That's about all there is to it."

The ferry was sliding into the Staten Island slip. Resko was leisurely about getting off, falling to the rear of the crowd. We walked around for about half an hour in the labyrinth of the new ferry-and-bus terminal, which seemed to depress Resko. "This is all changed," he said. "All changed since I saw it last." We walked to where we could look out over the Bay, and watched two

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sea gulls dipping and gliding above the water. "I was disappointed in the ride over," Resko said, finally. "I don't know why. I want to think about it awhile."

On the return trip, Resko was restless at first and walked the decks. Then, as we drew near the Battery, he suggested we go forward and take a look at the skyline of Manhattan. As it grew in size, his face brightened, and when the prow of the ferryboat bumped the piles of the slip, he said, with satisfaction, "There, we're home! Now I know why I didn't get the old thrill on the way over to Staten Island. It's the return trip that's the thing. It's that terrific bang you get out of seeing those big, beautiful buildings, that old skyline, and knowing that you're going to set foot on old Manhattan again and be back in town." He laughed.

As the ferryboat was made fast, I lit a cigarette. "You mustn't smoke," Resko said severely.

"Why not?" I asked, surprised.

"Because the sign up there says no smoking," he said.

—CROSWELL BOWEN

•

An American author has written a textbook explaining how readers may get more out of books and finish them more quickly by expert skimming and skipping. By selective skipping, up to 75 per cent of the time normally spent in reading one volume can be saved, he says, which can result in the reading of many more books. . . . The advocate of skimming is Norman Lewis and his work is "How to Get More Out of Your Reading." It is to be hoped that students of the book do not apply the lessons to such old classics as the fascinating works of Charles Dickens, for instance, or the study of an ambitious lady named Becky Thatcher, described by Thackeray in "Vanity Fair."—*Honolulu Advertiser.*

We know *somebody* who's been skipping!

•

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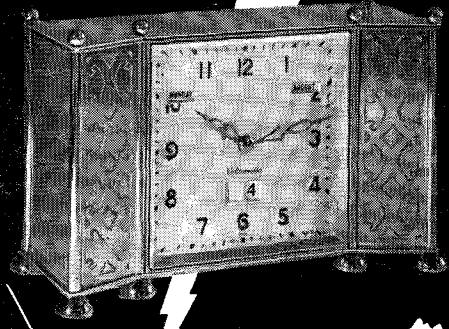
This observation was made yesterday in the madhouse that was the Yankees' dressing quarters after their tense victory over the Dodgers, from two of the quietest fellows in the noisy pack, Frankie Crosetti and Bill Dickey.



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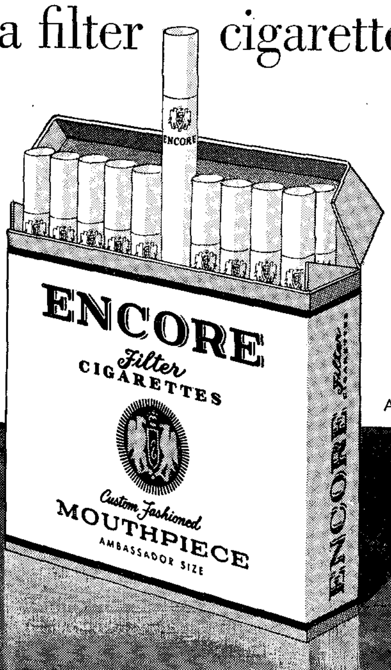

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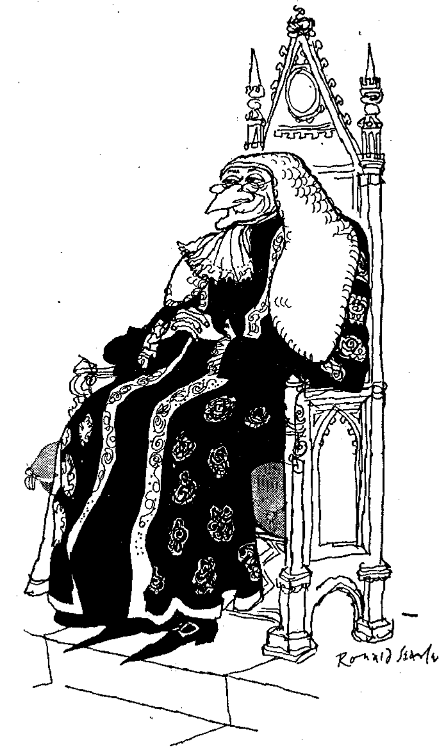

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THE PROFESSOR'S WIFE

Mrs. Lathrop sat by a window in an empty classroom waiting for the meeting of the English Department to begin. She had joined the department late in World War II, when there was a shortage of instructors, and had stayed on since at the request of her husband, the head of the department. For more than forty years, she and Dr. Lathrop had been at the college, which was set against the blue Virginia hills, and for almost half those years he had taught his classes in this same classroom where she now sat—a room with a high, dusky ceiling and with tan plaster walls that had been marked by students sitting alongside, then painted over and marked again, layer after layer, like geologic deposits, down through the years. This afternoon's meeting was the first of the autumn term, and all the members of the department were certain to be present. Mrs. Lathrop nervously opened her handbag and took out a little monogrammed gold watch with a snap lid, which had been her mother's. She pressed the catch, the lid sprang up, and she saw that it was ten minutes to five. The meeting was set for five.

As she replaced the watch in her handbag, three young men entered the room. They were instructors. Two of them, Lancaster and Worthington, she had known for a couple of years. The third, a new teacher named Carter, she had met only the day before. The young men spoke to her pleasantly and sat down at the back of the room. Presently, old Dr. Sayre walked in. He was not as old as Mrs. Lathrop, who was several years younger than her husband, but to her Dr. Sayre seemed old and craggy, with his jowls, his drooping mustaches, his thick gold chain, with its Phi Beta Kappa key, strung across the vest of his black suit that was shiny at the elbows and always smeared with chalk dust. He was a Hopkins Ph.D., a onetime Milton scholar. "Il Ponderoso," she had heard him called by Daniel Gale, an instructor who had a Princeton doctorate. Dr. Sayre greeted her with grave politeness and took a seat near the front of the room. In a few minutes, Gale arrived. He was a slender young man, prematurely bald, with an olive complexion and lively, mobile features. He smiled at her as he went to join the other instructors at the back of the room. By five minutes after five, the fifteen members of the department, aside from its head, had assembled.

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Mrs. Lathrop looked once more at her watch, wondering what was keeping her husband. Then, as she clicked the gold lid shut, she heard from the corridor, almost as if it were an echo, the click of his office door, and after a moment saw, framed in the doorway of the classroom, his familiar white hair with the boyish cowlick at the forehead, his plump face, firm and pink-cheeked, with clear blue eyes, and his neat gray suit, his white shirt and polka-dot bow tie, and his portly middle. With slow, deliberate steps, Dr. Lathrop walked to the flat-topped desk that stood in front of the blackboard, and seated himself. He put down at one side a sheaf of papers he carried, and then he smiled at his department.

"Gentlemen and Mrs. Lathrop," he said in a resonant voice, famous locally for readings of Browning and Shakespeare, "this being the first meeting of the academic year, I delight in taking this opportunity to hope you have had a restful and invigorating vacation and that you return refreshed to your classroom duties. For my part, I must report that my vacation was not entirely successful." He paused for three or four seconds, a sly twinkle in his eyes. "That is, I did not bring back everything I intended to bring. You see, gentlemen—I went fishing."

The department smiled nicely. Mrs. Lathrop looked down at her shoes. Then Dr. Lathrop leaned forward, elbows on desk, hands clasped beneath his chin. "Gentlemen," he said—and his voice became low and confidential and his manner that of a man who wants to speak heart-to-heart—"while we are on the subject of vacations, you and I know how important it is to be fresh and enthusiastic when we come into the classroom."

He went on talking about enthusiasm, and Mrs. Lathrop could hear, as a kind of undertone, the hideous scraping sound of the members of the department shifting their feet. She glanced at Dr. Sayre, who sat a few rows ahead of her and across the room. His face was expressionless. Bracing herself, she glanced back at Daniel Gale. She saw him turn his head, and from the movement of his lips she thought she could make out his whispered remark to the instructor sitting next to him: "Here we go again, boys."

". . . because it's contagious—enthusiasm is contagious," Dr. Lathrop said, his voice quavering slightly. "If the teacher has enthusiasm, the student will assuredly have it, and, oh, my friends! when we have enthusiasm, we have a priceless thing!"

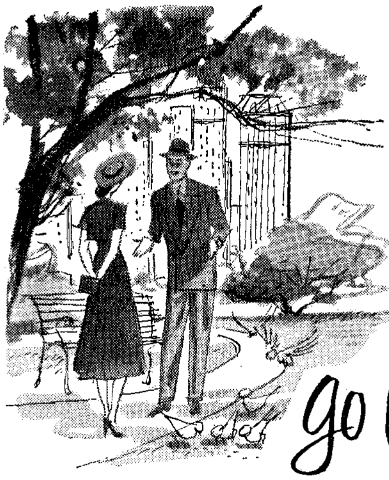
Please, John, Mrs. Lathrop thought, you *must* go on with the meeting. Go on! During the past year, she had grown aware of the trend of these meetings. She had hoped that this year there might somehow be an improvement. Now she saw there was none.

IN time, Dr. Lathrop unclasped his hands, his voice regained its normal tone, and he said, "If you gentlemen will bear with me, I have several official communications I wish to read to you."

He slid the sheaf of papers, most of which seemed to be letters, in front of him, and then searched in his outside breast pocket, then in his side pockets, and then in his inside breast pocket, where he found his horn-rimmed glasses. He put them on, picked up a letter from the top of the pile, and, after a careful examination of it, started reading. The letter was from the Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings, and in a roundabout way had to do with the turning off of lights in classrooms not in use. The gist of it could have been given in one sentence, but Dr. Lathrop read the entire letter, stopping twice to comment. Both times he stopped, he unhooked his glasses with his right hand and used them as a pointer to emphasize his words, and before he resumed reading, he slowly hooked them on again, first over one ear and then over the other.

Around her Mrs. Lathrop heard the creaking of chairs. She longed to be able to do something, but more than once she had spoken tactfully to her husband about his way of reading unimportant letters in full, and it had done no good. On one occasion, after looking perplexed momentarily, he had chuckled and patted her cheek, saying, "Now, don't *you* worry about the affairs of the department. This old head of mine knows what's best."

Today, when all the letters in the stack had been read, Dr. Lathrop put them aside precisely, unhooked his glasses, and held them dangling by one bow. "Gentlemen," he said, "now that we have dispensed with some of the routine but nevertheless important matters of the day, I wish to turn to a matter that gives me unalloyed pleasure. In



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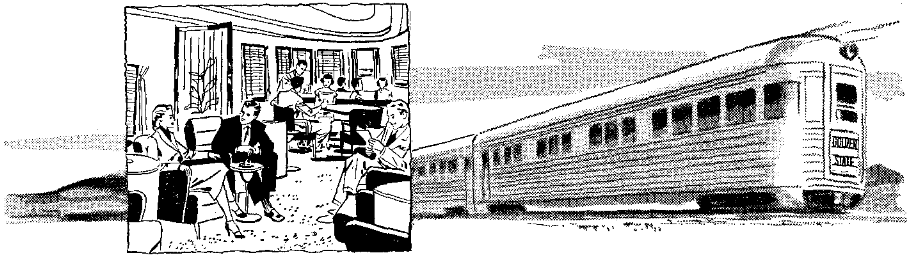

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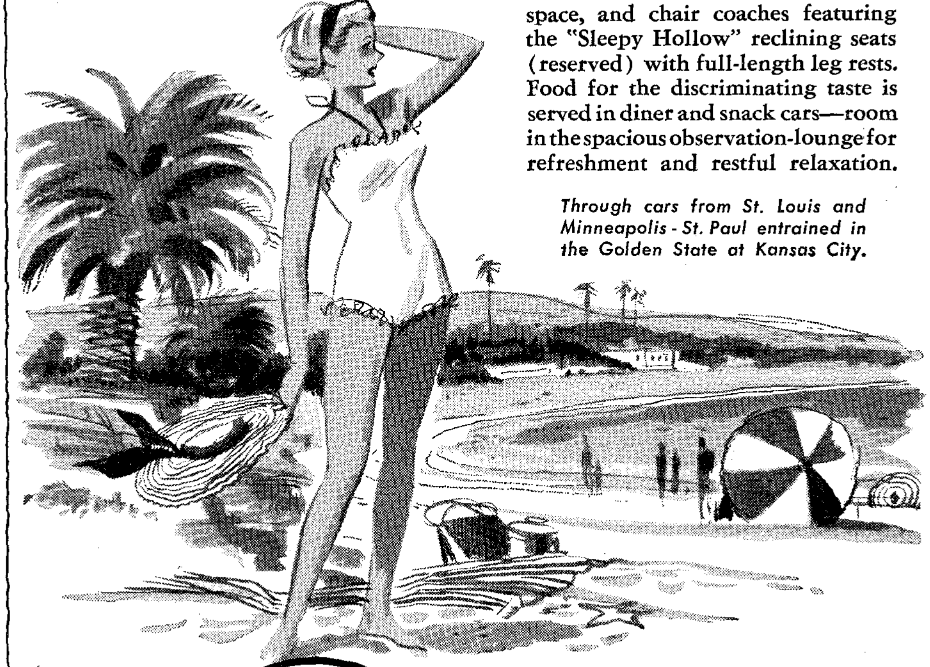

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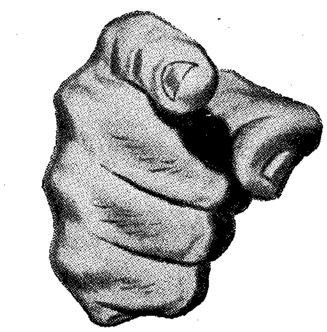

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short, I wish to introduce to you a new member of our department, a young man who is with us for the first time this afternoon—Mr. Ralph Carter. Gentlemen, I want you to know Mr. Carter—I'm going to call him Ralph—and I want you to be not only good colleagues but good friends. Brothers, as it were." He paused, beaming. "I'm going to ask Ralph to stand up," he said, "and then I want each of you to stand up and introduce yourself to him and shake hands with him!"

Mrs. Lathrop sensed the embarrassment that spread over the room. She looked back at Daniel Gale, whose eyes had been following the cracks in the ceiling, and saw that he was looking at Dr. Lathrop again. Dr. Sayre, who had never shown any sign of displeasure at a departmental meeting, cleared his throat and let his gaze stray out of the window, among the trees. It was customary, when a new instructor joined the department, to call attention to him at his first department meeting, but individual introductions had always been allowed to take care of themselves.

"Stand up, Ralph. Stand up, young man. You're at home," Dr. Lathrop was saying.

Carter stood up. He had a crew haircut, and he wore a camel's-hair sport coat and gray flannel slacks. He moistened his lips with his tongue, and looked around him with large, brown, agitated eyes. There was a long silence, but at last, as Dr. Lathrop was about to speak, the former Milton scholar rose laboriously and trudged to the back of the room. "I'm Sayre," he said grimly, his great jowls shaking like those of a Saint Bernard, and thrust out his hand.

One by one, the other members of the department, more or less in order of seniority, rose and made their way to Carter to shake hands. Gale, sitting near him, got up and said, "My name's Gale." Then, as he held out his hand, he crooked his index finger and added, in a whisper, "*Pst*—the English Department grip."

A twitter of laughter came from the other young instructors. Dr. Lathrop cocked his head to focus his better ear on what was being said. Not having heard Gale's remark, he looked puzzled; then, wanting to approve of humor in his department, he smiled.

When the introductions were over, Dr. Lathrop nodded benevolently. "I like to see that," he said, leaning forward again. "I like to see fellowship—teamwork. You know, gentlemen, in this life it takes teamwork to accomplish

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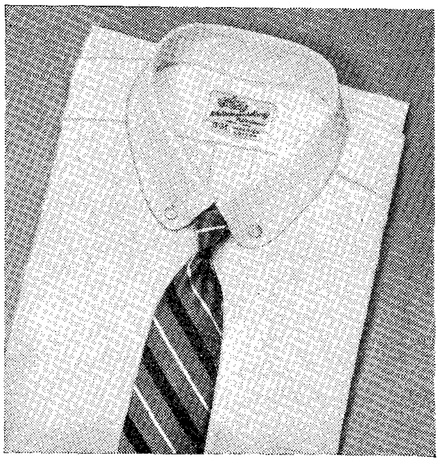

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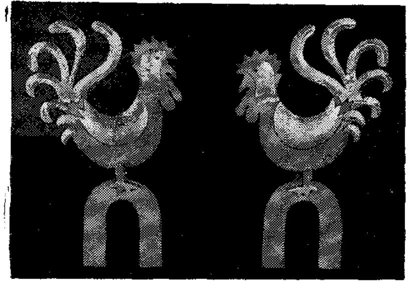

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anything. Jim Abbott said to me—he was captain of the baseball team when I was an undergraduate—'Johnny,' he said, 'when you play this game of baseball, forget yourself. You're part of the finest thing there is on earth—a team.' Why, I remember in my junior year, in the fifth inning of the Maryland game—"

Before he could go any further, a bell jangled in the hallway—one of the class bells that operated automatically at the end of each hour throughout the day. Dr. Lathrop halted. "Saved by the bell," Mrs. Lathrop heard Daniel Gale say.

Dr. Lathrop took his watch from his vest pocket and said, "Well, gentlemen, since the hour grows late and I know you wish to get home to your wives and your dinner tables, I'm now going to check over quickly the matter of class and room assignments. I have here the latest figures from today's registration."

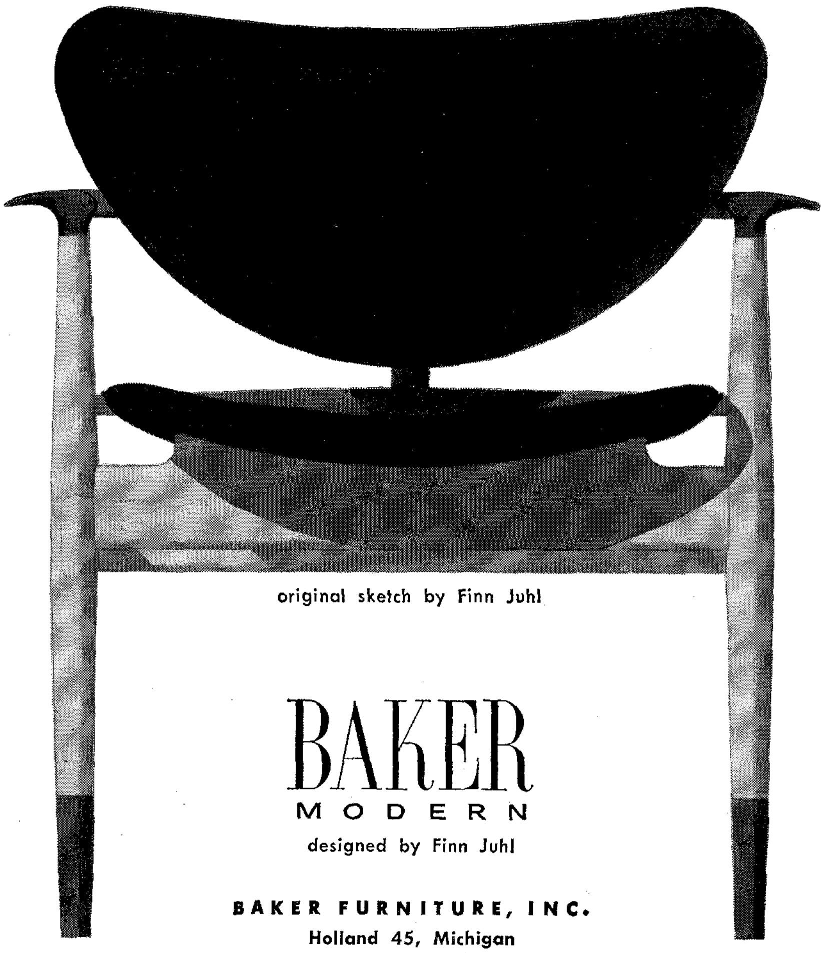
IT was well past six o'clock before the meeting ended. When the Lathrops left the building, after everyone else had gone, the twilight was a deep crimson and was mirrored faintly on the white stone trimwork of the new Science Hall nearby. From behind the building came the shouts of students jostling along the walk to a dining hall. Mrs. Lathrop put her arm through her husband's. She accommodated her step to his, and they walked slowly toward their house on Faculty Row.

"Fine department I've got," Dr. Lathrop said. "And that young fellow Carter looks good to me. May make a first-rate teacher. Did I ever tell you what old Dr. Atterbury said to me when I started teaching here?"

"No, dear. What did he say?" Mrs. Lathrop tightened her hold on her husband's arm. She had heard him tell this story at least three or four times in the last year or two. She didn't remember ever hearing him tell it before then.

"It was when we first came here," Dr. Lathrop said. "Don't you remember—my first teaching job? Dr. Atterbury said to me, 'Why do you want to teach?' It took me by surprise. I thought a moment, and I said, 'Well, I suppose I want to share what I've enjoyed with somebody else.' 'My boy,' he said, 'you belong in this profession. Welcome!' "

This boastfulness, like his tediousness, had come with advancing age, she thought. It wasn't fair. For many years, her husband had been a good and sometimes, she thought, even a great teacher—tart and incisive. His



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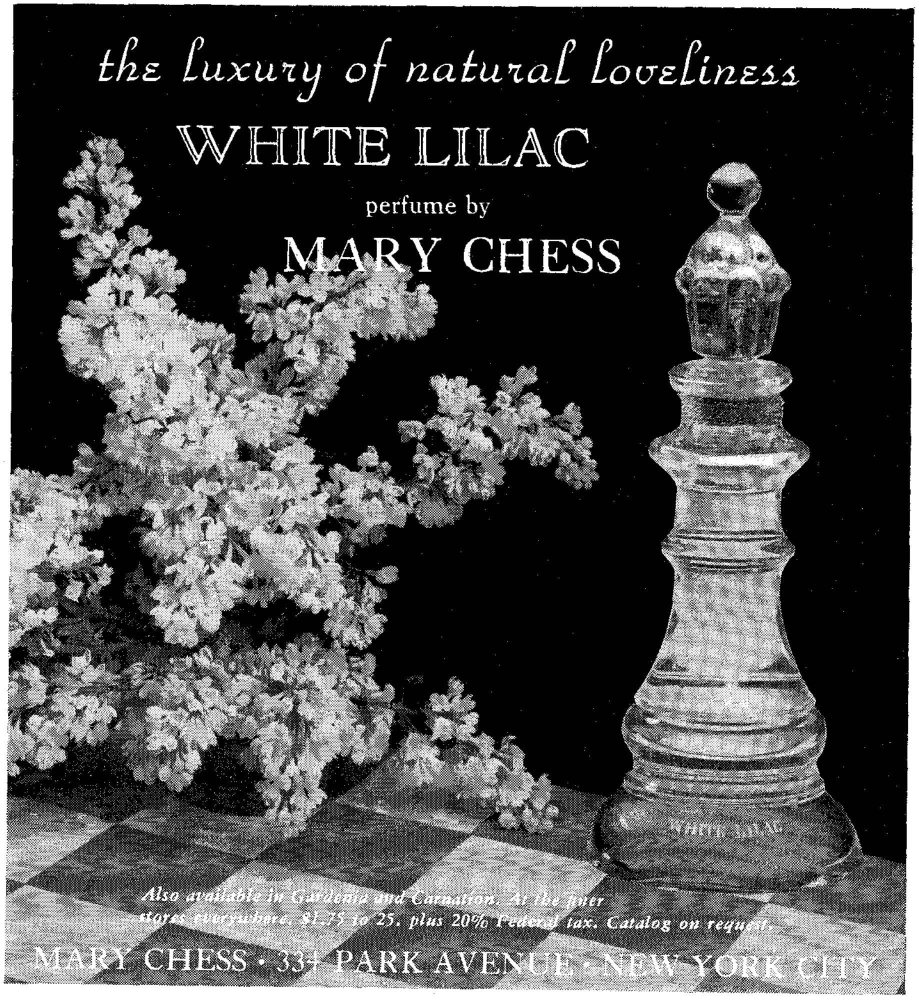

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cowlick, now turned white, had been a mark of intellectual belligerency, symbolizing his impatience with triflers and inferior minds, his refusal to compromise on academic standards, his progressiveness. She remembered his fight, years ago, for a course in contemporary literature, dealing with authors who were then current and therefore suspect—men like Conrad and Dreiser. But Daniel Gale and the other young men would never know anything about that, she thought.

The Lathrops reached home, an ivy-covered brick house owned by the college and situated in a row of similar brick houses. Dr. Lathrop went upstairs, and Mrs. Lathrop walked back to the kitchen, where their part-time Negro maid was cooking supper. A little later, they ate, and afterward they went into the library. This was the Professor's special room. The walls were lined with bookshelves. Almost everything was there, from Juvenal to Frank R. Stockton. Hanging from the molding were framed photographs Dr. Lathrop had brought back from a literary grand tour long ago. One picture was of Dryden's bust in the Poet's Corner. Others were of Stratford-on-Avon, Burns' cottage, and Canterbury Cathedral. Dr. Lathrop, who had put on a lightweight gray sweater, sat in his easy chair beside a table on which were a lamp, a box of chocolate cookies, and a murder mystery. He picked up the book and opened it. Mrs. Lathrop sat across from him on an old black horsehair sofa. (It was not one she had chosen; it had been bequeathed to her husband by his parents.)

Presently, Dr. Lathrop said, "You know, Emily, I've been thinking about it, and I believe we should have a departmental meeting at least once a week, whether or not there's any actual business to be taken up. I think we should meet just for the purpose of getting together, of talking over our common problems. And I can give the department the benefit of my experience."

Mrs. Lathrop looked away. She could foresee all too clearly what would happen. In his few remaining years as a teacher, he would become more and more dull and sentimental—her husband, of whom many times, hearing him on a speaker's platform or as he presided at some public meeting, she had been wonderfully proud. The face of young Gale appeared in her thoughts, and suddenly she could no longer hold back her tears. Dr. Lathrop looked up from his book. "Why, Emily, what's

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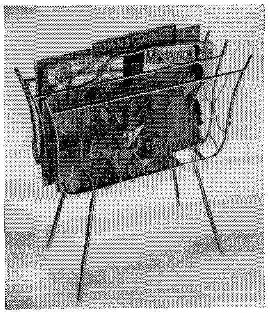

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the matter?" he said. "You're not crying? Is anything wrong?"

She dried her eyes. "It's nothing. I was just looking at— at the pictures in this room, and they made me think of Mother and the pleasure she always got from them. I'm just tired, really, I guess."

Dr. Lathrop chuckled. "I liked your mother. You know, she and I always got along. I knew how to handle her. She said to me once, 'John, now don't tell this around, but I think you're my favorite son-in-law. You're not as stiff-necked as Paul is, and Lord knows you've got more wit than Henry has.' "

Mrs. Lathrop watched him as he continued to reminisce, his plump face pink, his white cowlick making him look rather like an aging cupid, and she realized then that he had no idea what was wrong with him, that, indeed, he was insulated—incapable of knowing. She thought of that, and for a moment her heart lightened. Let the young men laugh, she thought. Let them laugh!

He had finished talking now, and, taking a cookie from the box on the table, he settled back comfortably with his book. Mrs. Lathrop picked up a magazine from the end table beside the sofa and began idly turning its pages, remembering the long ordeal of the afternoon, from the click of his office door to the ringing of the bell. No, she reflected, there was no need to cry over her husband; he was not the one who was vulnerable. —MONTGOMERY NEWMAN

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[*From "All About Eve," by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, Random House, 1951*]	[*Letter to the editor in Theatre Arts, September, 1952*]
Want to know what the Theatre is? A flea circus. Also opera. Also rodeos, carnivals, ballets, Indian tribal dances, Punch and Judy, a one-man band—all Theatre. Wherever there's magic and make-believe and an audience—there's Theatre. Donald Duck, Ibsen and The Lone Ranger, Sarah Bernhardt, Poodles Hanneford, Lunt and Fontanne, Betty Grable—Rex the Wild Horse and Eleanora Duse. You don't understand them all, you don't like them all—why should you? The Theatre's for everybody—you included, but not exclusively—so don't approve or disapprove. It may not be your Theatre, but it's Theatre for somebody, somewhere.	Dear Sir: Want to know what the theatre is? A flea circus. Also opera. Also rodeos, carnivals, ballets, Indian tribal dances, Punch and Judy, a one-man band—all theatre. Wherever there's magic and make-believe and an audience there's theatre. Donald Duck, Ibsen, and the Lone Ranger, Sarah Bernhardt, Poodles Hanneford, Lunt and Fontanne, Betty Grable, Red the Wild Horse and Eleonora Duse. You don't understand them all, you don't like them all—why should you? The theatre's for everybody, you included, but not exclusively—so don't approve or disapprove. It may not be your theatre but it's theatre for somebody, somewhere. . . . Barbara Vondra Chicago, Ill.

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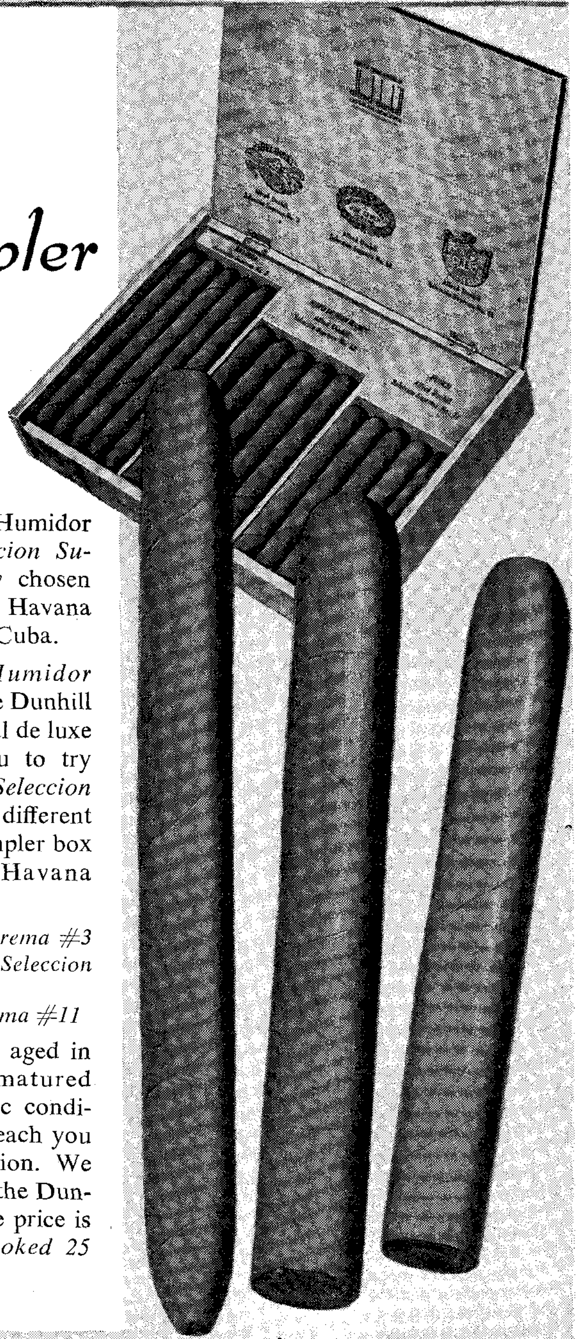

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NOT long ago, I travelled something over a hundred and thirty miles in order to play Lotto—or, as the game is called in France, Loto, or, as a close approximation of the game is called at thousands of firemen's carnivals across the United States, Bingo. It was my Catalan friend Serge's idea. More because of heredity than inclination, Serge runs a small but prosperous *charcuterie* in Prades, in the Department of Pyrénées-Orientales, and since he is not a *charcutier* at heart and takes greater interest in almost anything than he does in hog-butchering, he keeps himself informed on whatever diversions are to be found within a wide radius of his home town. In this case, the diversion was at Narbonne, some sixty-five miles away. I have known Serge for a couple of years, and I have learned that it is always a highly rewarding experience to go along whenever he proposes a sortie, however distant.

Serge extended the invitation one evening when I ran into him in the Grand Café, in Prades, before dinner. He was sitting with four or five men at a table and reading aloud from a large piece of paper covered with small print. At the top, in big red letters, was the heading "DEUXIEME LOTO SUPER-ATOMIQUE." "Listen to the year's prizes," he said, and started intoning, "One Renault automobile, 1952 model, convertible, *grand luxe;* commercial value six hundred and nine thousand francs. One villa, La Pla Bengudo, newly built at Narbonne Beach, Provençal style, four rooms. The key to the villa will be presented to the winner, who will become the owner of the grounds as well. One complete kitchen . . ." The list of treasures to be won at the super-atomic Loto droned on. Altogether, there were three villas, five cars, an electric refrigerator, eight motor bikes, several lots of furniture, and a dozen or more "magnificent hampers, garnished with fine conserves, pastries, and two bottles of champagne; commercial value ten thousand francs."

Serge's listeners, with one exception, were following his words respectfully. The exception was M. Berger, the likable but contentious Austrian giant who runs the town's only hotel, where I was staying. "A swindle!" he announced when Serge paused to sip his Pernod. "Nobody wins. Who here knows anybody who's ever won?" The Frenchmen at the table exchanged looks of commiseration over this alien lack of understanding. Almost all the Pradéens are of Catalan origin, and they consider other races, even non-Catalan Frenchmen, a little queer. "You are all crazy," said M. Berger comfortably. "The price of admission, the trip to Narbonne, the food and drinks—my God! You won't see my money going to those Narbonne slickers. As a matter of fact, with so many imbeciles right here in town, *I* should organize a Loto game."

"You know perfectly well you can't," Serge said. "It's against the law in this Department. That's why everyone has to go to Narbonne to play it." M. Berger's brassy self-assurance and his reflections on his friends' treachery, incompetence, feeble-mindedness, and dishevelled heredity have blighted many a hand of *belote* and the hysterical travesty of bridge that is played at the Grand Café, and it was with obvious pleasure that the other men at the table presented to him a united Catalan front, pro-Loto to a man. To clear the air, I inquired about the rules of Loto, and learned that, as I had suspected, it has a close family resemblance to Lotto, Bingo, Screeno, and all the rest; that is, it consists chiefly of a card on which a batch of numbers are printed, each to be covered with a counter if and as the corresponding number is drawn from a drum. In Loto, the numbers are laid out in three rows of five numbers each; three identical sets of fifteen numbers, marked "A," "B," and "C," are printed on a sheet of cardboard, or *carton*, and each *carton* is unique. One *could* buy a single set of numbers, Serge said, but he implied that the handsome thing to do was to buy the entire *carton*. This, to my surprise, cost fifteen hundred francs, or about four dollars and a quarter. The Catalans in France have a reputation for socking away their cash, but it appeared that when it came to Loto, fifteen hundred francs was throw-away money. Serge told me that he was going to play five *cartons*—one for each of his parents, one for his wife, and two for himself. From what I knew of him, it seemed an astonishing burst of profligacy.

When Serge went home to dinner, he lent me the big prospectus he had been reading from, and I stayed on at the table and studied it. It was even more seductive than his recital had led me to think. There would be sixteen drawings—eight in which the entire set of fifteen numbers would have to be filled in, and eight others, called *quines*, in which only a single row of five numbers was required. Every drawing was good for three prizes, earmarked for the

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A, B, and C sets of numbers; a winner who had bought the whole *carton* would win all three prizes. The player with the winning *carton* in the second drawing, for instance, would get a canopy bed with a pure-wool mattress, two leather armchairs and a radio set, and a Renault convertible sedan. The third drawing offered a leather travelling case *pour monsieur*, the same *pour madame*, and a Simca station wagon. My luggage, though scarred, was still serviceable, and my need of a canopy bed was not great, but that station wagon looked good.

THE Loto at Narbonne was to start at nine in the evening, and I made a date to meet Serge at his shop early in the afternoon of the big day. That morning, I encountered at least a dozen Pradéens who were also going to Narbonne; in spite of the distance, I discovered, seven of Prades' car owners had made up parties for the trip, and a group of six mavericks had struck what seemed to me an exorbitant bargain with the driver of Prades' one taxi. Serge had arranged for the two of us to go in a car belonging to M. Ribas, a competing *charcutier* but Serge's good friend.

All this interest in the Loto at Narbonne bemused me. Except among a handful of incredibly dirty gypsies who live down along the banks of the River Têt, one finds no real poverty in Prades, but certainly wealth is not apparent, either. Everyone seems to have enough money for adequate food, clothing, and shelter, and for such modest amenities as an apéritif at the Grand Café before dinner, but the people are not so well off that this willingness, and even eagerness, to blow fifteen hundred francs or more on a game of chance sixty-five miles away could be easily explained. I know many families in France for whom fifteen hundred francs represents a tenth of a month's income, and while I could vividly remember the effect Bank Night at the picture theatre had had on the Texas town where I grew up—indeed, the whole town was completely paralyzed every Wednesday night—all it had cost to play was the price of a movie, not a tenth of a month's income.

At lunch at the hotel on the day of the Narbonne drawing, M. Berger, helping serve the meal, interrupted his headlong charges to and from the kitchen long enough to mutter to me, "See me in my office afterward." As I left the dining room, he followed me into his stuffy, windowless little office. "Here," he said with some disgust, extracting a tightly folded wad of money from his pocket. "This is not for me, you understand, but for Gisèle." Gisèle was the hotel's lovely black-eyed Corsican waitress. "Unless her *carton* wins something, don't mention this to a soul—not even to Gisèle. Good luck," he growled crossly.

On the front steps of the hotel, I ran into Serge; with his usual skepticism about foreigners' ability to get instructions straight, he had come to fetch me, rather than trust me to walk the five blocks to his shop on my own. A paper-wrapped package was under his arm. He outlined our plans as we headed toward M. Ribas's place. "The first thing to do when we arrive is go to the Café 89 and hold a table for tonight. We won't be able to get dinner at the café, but I'm taking enough bread and sausage for you and me, and we can get a bottle of wine there. The important thing is to get a table at the café. None of the others from here will be starting for two hours, so they'll probably wind up in one of the cinemas, playing with their cards on their knees." I must have looked bewildered, for he added, "There are six or seven places where you can play, all of them connected by a loudspeaker hookup with each other and with the chief announcer, at the *Mairie* or somewhere, who calls out the numbers. The whole town is given over to the game. I hope we won't be too late for a table at the Café 89, but even if we are, we can surely get in at the Familia dance palace or the Palais du Travail auditorium. Or, as a last resort, one of the theatres." It began to dawn on me as he ran on about loudspeakers and seat reservations that this operation was going to be on a far grander scale than I had imagined.

At M. Ribas's combined shop and house, on the narrow Rue Victor Hugo, Serge yelled up at the windows to announce our arrival, and we stood and gazed at the little car parked at the curb. It was what is known in France as a *canadienne*, a less pretentious version of the station wagon. On the right rear fender was painted "E. Ribas, *Commerçant*. Prades (Pyr.-Or.)." Since Serge must certainly have seen the vehicle many times before, his intent inspection of it puzzled me. Then I saw the name Simca on the hood, and I, too, scrutinized the car with heightened interest. I thought I would feel exactly right sitting behind the wheel of a brand-new one. M. Ribas came out with his daughter Odette, who was going with us, and we shook hands all around. Odette was about fifteen, and had a nice smile. Taking note of the fact that I was a foreigner, she obligingly shouted whenever she spoke to me.

It was a gray afternoon, and the ride very soon became monotonous. Serge and M. Ribas talked shop and discussed the local news. Presently, since I remained silent, their talk lapsed comfortably from French into Catalan, and I was left to my own thoughts and my admiration of the little Simca's splendid performance. From time to time, as if to assure me that I was not forgotten, they would politely make some observation in French, reviling a flock of sheep that was blocking the road, or deriding some three-wheeled trucks we passed, whose eccentric design, they said, was just one more incomprehensible contribution to the world by *le Boche.* After we had been driving for about an hour, I became aware that the traffic going our way had got much heavier. It was not tourist traffic, for nearly all the cars carried markings that identified them as being registered in the Department of Pyrénées-Orientales. All were full. There were even a few packed farm trucks, with women piled in alongside the drivers, and men, their berets pulled down tight and their cigarettes gripped firmly between their lips, standing in the open bodies.

It was dusk when we reached Narbonne. The start of the Loto was almost three hours away, but the streets already had the festive air of a big evening. I asked what our next step was. "First, we'll have an apéritif at the Café 89," Serge said. "We'll leave our things there to hold the table. After that, we'll see." It took us quite a time to find a place to park, and when we did find one, M. Ribas drove the car half onto the sidewalk. "For protection," he explained. "They drive very bizarrely in this region."

While walking to the Café 89, we halted several times to look at shopwindows that displayed the prizes. One contained a Renault; the convertible top was down and the car was tilted toward the window, so that its dainty interior and neat upholstery could be seen. A small sign beside it read, "*Valeur commerciale: 609,000 francs.*" The respectful silence the little car induced in all the window-shoppers allowed me to figure out that this was around seventeen hundred dollars. This seemed rather queer, for I remembered seeing a Renault of the same model, complete with heater and all the other customary dealers' extortions, advertised in the Paris *Herald Tribune* for thirteen hundred. "By the way," I said, "who or-

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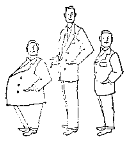

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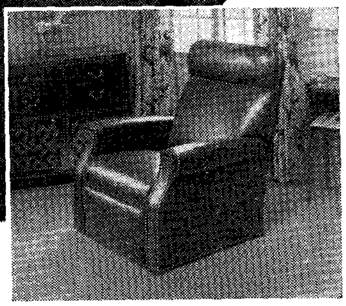

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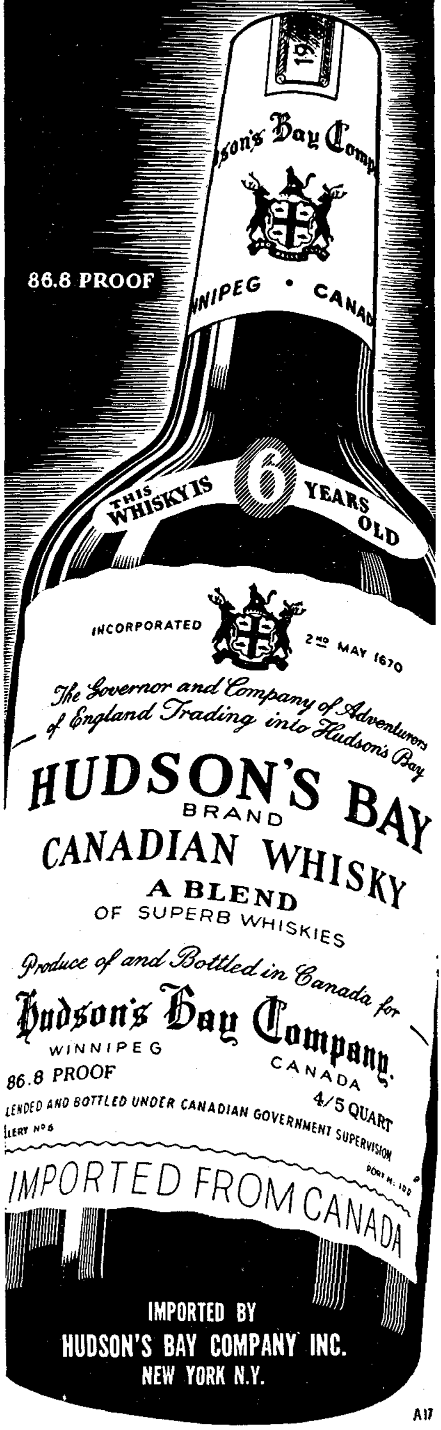
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ganizes the Loto here?" Serge took a copy of the prospectus from his pocket and peered at it. "Le Comité Permanent des Fêtes de Bienfaisance," he said. I envisioned this majestically named committee parcelling out the entire take from our evening's fling among various churches and charitable organizations, and said as much. "Oh, no," said Serge. "It's only a bunch of rich men here. They put up all the money for the prizes, pay for all the printing and so on, and then skim off a fortune in profits." If he was the slightest bit resentful of this kind of business, he didn't show it. In fact, his tone was one of admiration.

I borrowed Serge's prospectus and did some figuring. In a box at the bottom, it was announced that the evening's prizes had a total retail value of six million six hundred and fifty thousand francs, or something like nineteen thousand dollars. Say the Comité sold ten thousand *cartons* (I learned from the papers the next day that this estimate was conservative), it would gross fifteen million francs, or about forty-three thousand dollars. Naturally, it had not had to pay retail prices for the prizes. Even if one allowed generously for the cost of printing, loudspeakers, and the rest, it was clear that the Comité Permanent would come out very nicely on the evening—very nicely indeed.

WE were all heartened to see that the Café 89 was nowhere near full. At a few tables inside, there were groups of men having an *apéro*, but they were wearing their working clothes and berets, and they had a transient air. We chose a table not far from the loudspeakers and ordered drinks. Our feeling of well-being at finding such a choice spot disappeared when, as we paid the bill, M. Ribas told the waiter that we would be occupying the table all evening.

"Ah," the waiter said ominously. "It will be necessary to speak to the *patron*." A gentleman with luxuriant mustaches and a shining bald head soon appeared and informed us that every table and every possible chair were already reserved. After a stunned silence, Serge and M. Ribas launched a persuasive attack, but it was no good. The *patron* waved his arms and said that he was truly desolated not to be able to oblige us but that he was telling us the truth. To prove it, he showed us a big floor plan of his establishment; clients' names were minutely inscribed on all the chairs. "You are so late," he said. "People have been pouring into Narbonne

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since early this morning. The best idea now would be to reserve places in one of the cinemas, but even for that you should hurry. Or you could have dinner at the Hôtel de la Dorade and then stay on. Of course, that would be rather expensive." He accompanied us to the door and indicated a young man sitting at a table just outside it with a pile of charts before him. "Ask there," said the *patron.* "He works for the Comité, and is the one who assigns the places." From the young man's look of concentration and from the fact that there were no applicants lined up before him, we realized despondently that all the choice places must have already been booked. Sure enough, all he could offer were seats in one of the movie houses—either the Kursaal or the Alcazar.

"The Palais du Travail?" asked M. Ribas.

"Full."

"The Glacier?"

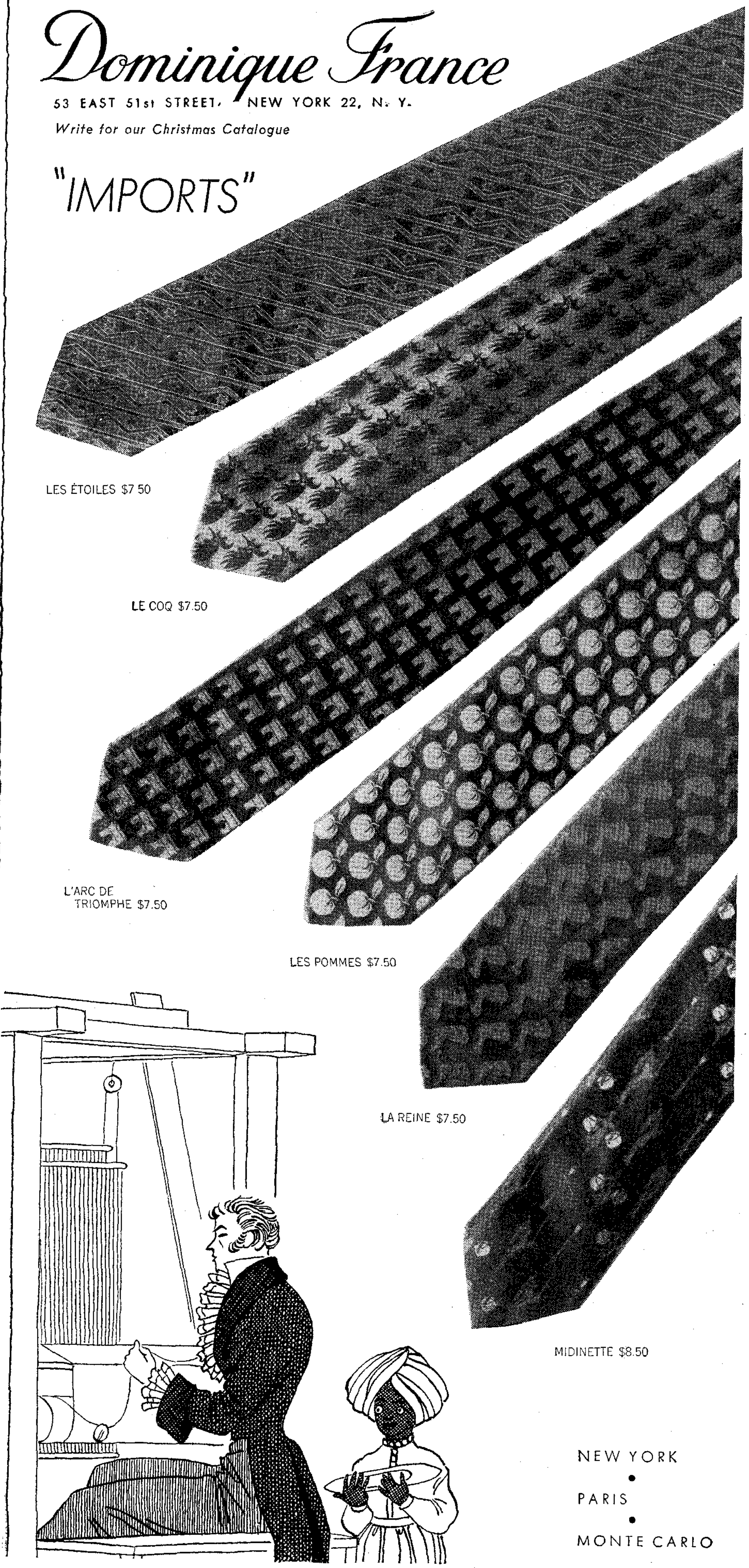
"Full."

"The Familia?"

"Full."

We had a conference and decided to split up. M. Ribas and Odette would go to the Alcazar, which cost only a few francs, and Serge and I would take our chances at the Hôtel de la Dorade, where we would have to bribe our way in by having dinner. At a booth near the café, the four of us bought our *cartons* for the evening, and then Serge and I started for the hotel. "It was not like this last year," Serge said morosely.

At the hotel, Serge made a feint at getting us places without paying the premium of dinner, but the manageress told us, with a professional smile, that the basement, which had been equipped with tables and loudspeakers for the evening, was reserved for clients of the hotel, that our having dinner at the hotel would immediately establish us in that category, and that the dining room was right this way. We ate in depressed silence, with long waits between the courses, and at about eight-thirty paid our check, which was out of all proportion to the quality of the meal, and went to the basement. A partition divided it into one huge room and one small one. Long, narrow tables had been jammed into both rooms, with every variety of chair placed at them; even where the chairs were empty, it was difficult to get through the aisles. We took seats across from each other at a table near the loudspeaker in the smaller room, directly under the unshaded light bulb that provided the sole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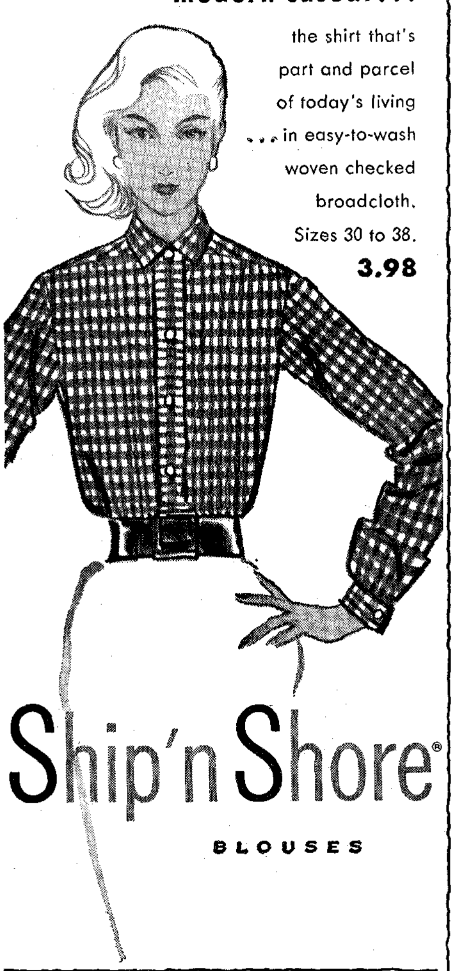

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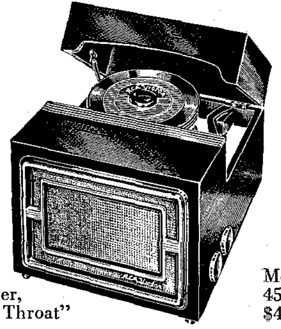

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illumination. Not many people were there when we arrived, but by a quarter to nine every chair in the basement was filled.

The loudspeaker presently came to life with a piercing whistle, which was followed by the rasping sound of someone blowing into the microphone. Then a voice chanted, "*Un, deux, trois, quatre, un, deux, trois, quatre* . . ."

Another voice came on, shouting, "*C'est toi, Albert?*"

"*C'est bien moi*," was the reply. "Who are you?"

"The Kursaal. We cannot proceed until there is less noise here."

"I suggest you arrange that there be less noise, then. *Un, deux, trois, quatre.* Can you hear me, Palais du Travail?" Albert seemed to be the central announcer.

"I can hear you, *ma poupée*," said a third voice.

"Well, then," said Albert, "are you ready to begin?"

"All ready."

"*Merci, Palais du Travail. Allô, Familia?*"

The loudspeaker gave a melancholy clunk and went dead. Serge leaned across the table to look at my watch; it was almost nine-thirty. "*Garçon!*" he cried as a waiter swivel-hipped his way down one of the aisles, holding his tray high overhead. He seemed unaffected by the racket and the crowding. He listened to our order for two *fines* and to the orders of nine or ten of our neighbors, repeated the list verbatim, and moved away. A man in one corner of the room shouted a greeting in Catalan to a party near us. "Catalans everywhere," said Serge, and called out something friendly to them. I was sitting between a fat, cheerful gentleman, at my left, and an attractive brunette, whose boy friend, across the table, kept her hands clasped in his as they smiled at each other and discussed the prizes they were going to win.

Albert suddenly roared over the loudspeaker for "*Un peu de silence à l'Alcazar, s'il vous plaît.*" The only response was the dull, steady boom of mass disorder. "*Un-peu-de-si-len-ce-s'il-vous-plaît!*" he shouted. He was beginning to sound quite irritated. The noise went on undiminished. "We'll get started by ten, with luck," said the brunette at my right. The boy across the table pressed her hands and gazed at her very fondly. They called each other Aurélie and Marcel, and if they were aware that anyone else was in the room, they didn't show it. When Aurélie disentangled her hands, I saw that she was wearing an engagement ring.

The gentleman at my left had torn a strip off the paper tablecloth and was ripping it into little squares to use as markers for his cards. I was about to do the same when Serge put a restraining hand on my arm and, giving me a superior look, brought from his pocket a handful of cardboard discs, each about the size of a dime. "One must be prepared," he said, and gave me half of them. The waiter came back, set our *fines* before us, and sped away. Serge took out his pen and wrote his name and the names of his parents and his wife on the *cartons* before him. Marcel and Aurélie divided a boxful of thumbtacks they had brought along to use as counters. The smoke from numerous Gauloises Bleues surged and eddied around the light bulb. One of the older Catalans raised a wineskin and, with negligent finesse, squirted a jet of *pinard* into his face.

There was a sudden, dramatic silence from the loudspeaker, followed by a monsoon of hissing as everyone in the room shushed everyone else.

"*Allô, Kursaal*," said Albert.

"*Oui.*"

"*Allô, Dorade.*" Everybody looked reassured at hearing an answering "*Oui*" not only from the loudspeaker but through the door as our announcer in the next room responded. Albert ran down the list of the seven places where players were waiting to begin. Then he said formally, "*Mesdames, Messieurs. Le Comité Permanent des Fêtes de Bienfaisance, Ville de Narbonne, présente son deuxième Loto super-atomique.* It is urgently requested that all winners, before crying out, make certain that they have not been mistaken about the numbers called. It is also requested that all players leave the counters on their cards until the winning card has been checked and verified. And now, *au premier!*"

In the background, we could hear the drum containing the numbers begin to turn. People stared expectantly at their cards; almost everyone was playing more than one, and almost everyone was smiling confidently. I fussed with my three *cartons*—two for me and one for Gisèle—for perhaps the twenty-fifth time, and beamed down at them fatuously.

"*Douze!*" cried Albert when the drum stopped turning, and we got under way. Even after the first dozen or so numbers had been announced, none of the cards I could see around me were doing especially well. The man at my left was keeping track of how many numbers had been called by making a pencil mark on the tablecloth for each one, and blocking off the marks in groups of five. He had made almost fifty marks when a distant howl came over the loudspeaker and Albert said, "Someone has called out at the Kursaal!" The announcer at the Kursaal came on, gave the name of the winner and his address (he was from Carcassonne, thirty-five miles away), and then read the numbers on the winning card while Albert verified them. After the verification, Albert rattled through the list of prizes. Since the gentleman from Carcassonne had bought the entire *carton*, he received all three: a fifty-thousand-franc assortment of bed linen, a fifty-five-thousand-franc assortment of table and bath linen, and a Renault convertible. An amplified cheer rose, presumably from the Kursaal, and we received Albert's permission to remove our counters, in readiness for the first *tirage de quine*. This was over in a discouragingly short time—my neighbor had made only nine pencil marks—the three prizes going to a Narbonne lady. "*Courage!*" Serge said, finishing his cognac. "We've just begun." He opened his pen again and put his address after the names he had written on his cards. "You should do this, too," he said. "It will make it easier for the announcer. When you win, just give him the card and he won't have to stop and ask questions." He handed me his pen, and I wrote, "Grand Hôtel, Prades (P.-O.)," on Gisèle's card. When I wrote it on the first of my two, Serge said, "*Mais non, mon cher*—put down your *real* address." Serge is rather vain about his cosmopolitan outlook and is so pro-American as to be almost snobbish. During the Occupation, he escaped through Spain to Algiers, where he got to be friends with a number of Americans before the O.S.S. parachuted him and a two-way short-wave set back into the mountains west of Prades. I humored him by crossing out what I had written and punctiliously printing instead, "184, Ouest 10ième Rue, New-York."

Albert got kittenish during the next drawing. I was already under a considerable strain, checking myself constantly to make sure I had not translated "*quatre-vingt-seize*" as "eighty-six," rather than "ninety-six," but now Albert began tossing out puns. Instead of calling "*treize*," he would merely say "*ma sœur*," and everyone in Narbonne except me appeared to know that his sister was named Thérèse. "*Les flics*"

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meant "eleven," for reasons that nobody was able to explain to me, and "fourteen" became "*l'homme fort,*" presumably because the numeral resembles a man flexing his biceps.

After eight drawings, a fifteen-minute entr'acte was declared. It was almost midnight. Neither Serge nor I had come even close to winning, and none of our neighbors had, either, and the air of excitement had diminished a bit. Aurélie and Marcel reëstablished their handclasp and hypnotic stare. They seemed cataleptically rooted, and both of them only nodded slightly when Serge asked them to watch our places while we stretched our legs. Out in the street, we leaned against the wall of the hotel and took big draughts of the clean air.

"I could really use a car," Serge said musingly. "I've had one on order for over a year. It would be interesting to know what sort of influence the Comité Permanent exerted to get these five for tonight. Of course, you with your dollars could get one immediately, but we—even those of us who can afford to buy one—have to wait forever. *Pardon,*" he said, clapping me on the back. "I meant nothing by that—nothing against you and your dollars. I came tonight really just because I enjoy it, although, of course, driving back to Prades in my own car would be nice. I imagine that young couple sitting next to us came hoping to win a villa, or perhaps some furniture. That Marcel can't make more than fifteen or twenty thousand francs a month, if that much. Everybody comes for fun, as you see, but also because most of them can't afford the things the Comité puts up as prizes, and also because they couldn't get them if they *could* afford them."

Just then, a shout went up that the game was about to start again, and Serge and I fell in with the crowd and were propelled back to the basement. I was feeling remorseful about continuing to play now that I realized how strongly this Loto game figured in most of the players' hopes. During the earlier drawings, I had been too preoccupied with the game to be aware of the great difference between Loto and Bank Night at home in Texas. Bank Night dangled a single tantalizing prize of several thousand dollars before the crowd—a sort of gaudy bonus in the routine of life—but what brought people to Narbonne from all over the surrounding region was a collection of specific, tangible articles that many French families live and die without ever own-

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ing, articles that are almost staples in America. I began to think that I had a hell of a nerve coming to Narbonne as a competing player. I would have felt better about it if there had been a few other foreigners on hand, but nowhere in the basement or during our strolls through the streets had I seen anyone who looked like a foreigner—or even like a French tourist. I consoled myself with the reflection that my chances of winning were minute, but even so, though it seemed ridiculous, I very much wanted to change the address on my *cartons* from West Tenth Street back to the Grand Hôtel in Prades.

As we moved toward our seats, I took another look at the people in the room. Most of them had the hands and faces of men and women who work in the open air, and their manner of speech was lusty and spontaneous. The hands of the pencil-mark addict at my left identified him almost certainly as a farmer. I felt sure that Marcel must have found it fairly tough to get together the three thousand francs for his and Aurélie's *cartons*.

After delivering a commercial for the electrical concern that had wired Narbonne for sound that evening, Albert launched into the ninth drawing. It offered a forty-nine-thousand-franc hunting outfit, an assortment of Limoges china worth twice that amount, and the last of the Renaults. The whole collection went to a Catalan from Ille-sur-la-Têt at the other side of our room, and all the people in the hotel basement, especially the other Catalans, were in turmoil for several minutes. Everyone joined the winner in vocally celebrating his good fortune, but then roughly adjured him to sit down and shut up when Albert announced the next drawing. The man from Ille-sur-la-Têt, still very noisy, was escorted out by friends, who apparently forgot all about finishing the cards they had been playing. I caught a glimpse of the winner's idiotically grinning weather-beaten face as he was pushed through the door, still shouting; at that moment he seemed easily the happiest man in France.

THE tension of the early part of the evening had almost disappeared, and a few jaded souls had begun to yawn. The hotel seemed to have had its luck for the night; all the prizes were again going elsewhere. Drawing followed drawing without evoking a display of emotion from any of my neighbors. The only signs of enthusiasm were coming from the old Catalan with the wineskin, but he was applying him-

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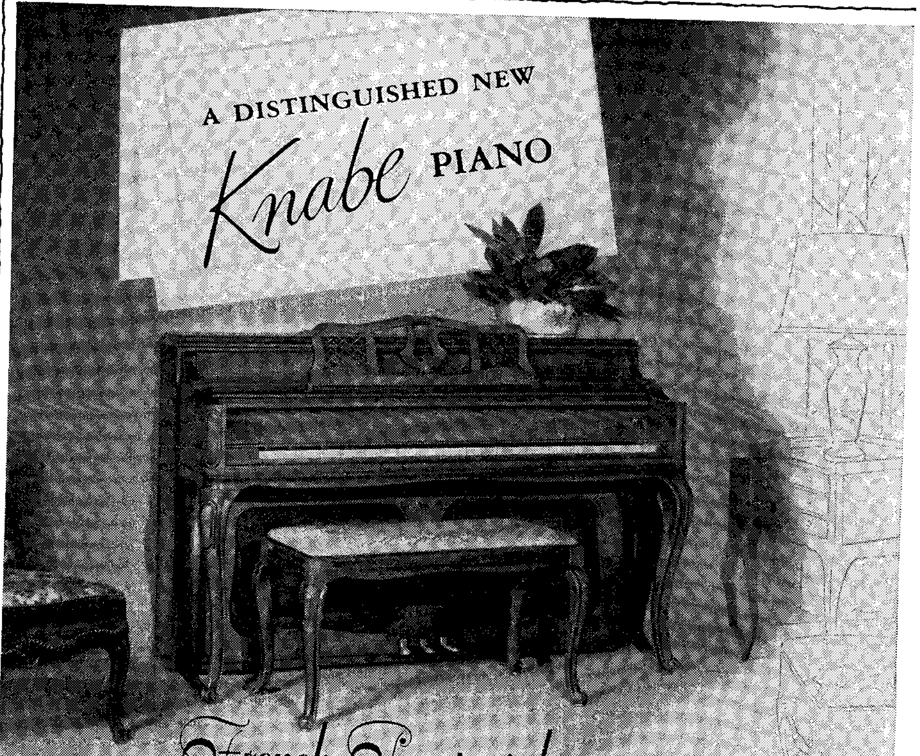

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Cincinnati	Netherland Plaza	Oct. 30-31, Nov. 1
Cleveland	Statler	Nov. 5-6
Dallas	Adolphus	Nov. 6-7-8
Denver	Albany	Nov. 3-4
Detroit	Sheraton-Cadillac	Nov. 11-12
Evansville	McCurdy	Oct. 23
Harrisburg	Penn Harris	Nov. 14
Houston	Rice	Oct. 29-30
Indianapolis	Lincoln	Nov. 10
Louisville	Brown	Oct. 22-23
Memphis	Peabody Hotel	Oct. 24-25
New Orleans	Roosevelt	Oct. 27-28
Oklahoma City	Biltmore	Nov. 10-11
Philadelphia	Bellevue-Stratford	Nov. 20-21
Pittsburgh	William Penn	Nov. 3-4
Richmond	Jefferson	Oct. 17-18
San Antonio	Gunter	Oct. 31, Nov. 1
St. Louis	Chase	Oct. 24-25
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self more to his *pinard* than to the game.

When the prizes were announced for the final drawing of the evening, Marcel and Aurélie came to life once more, and with good reason. The winner, if he was playing a full *carton*, would get a complete *chambre à coucher*, consisting of a three-door armoire with mirrors, a double bed with springs, and two glass-topped night tables; a complete *salle à manger*, consisting of a marble-topped buffet, a serving table, an expanding dining table, and six chairs, all in varnished walnut; and the newly built villa M'y Regali, a four-room Provençal-style house at Narbonne Beach. Albert announced that the three prizes together amounted to eight hundred and fifty-eight thousand francs, the biggest total of the night. Here, certainly, was justification for Marcel's spending a large portion of his month's income on *cartons* for himself and Aurélie.

"Kursaal?" Albert called.

"*Oui.*"

"Dorade?"

"*Oui.*"

"Alcazar?"

"*Oui.*"

"Palais du Travail?"

"*Oui.*"

"Glacier?"

"*Oui.*"

"Café 89?"

"*Oui.*"

"Familia?"

"*Oui.*"

"*Et au premier!*" cried Albert.

As the sound of the spinning drum came over the loudspeaker, everyone in the room sat up and breathed deeply. Albert said, "*Ma sœur.*" I put a counter on one of my own cards, and noticed that Aurélie put one on hers, too. The man at my left was still doggedly counting the numbers called, and for every mark he made on the tablecloth I found myself covering another number on my own card. Of the first dozen or so numbers called, ten were on my suddenly lucky first *carton.* In spite of my preoccupation, I was aware of Aurélie, who was so excited she was clapping her hands. I glanced at her card and saw that she had nine thumbtacks on it. During the evening, the statistician on my left had ascertained that between forty and fifty numbers had to be called before someone filled in a card. In view of this calculation, both Aurélie and I were having an extraordinary spurt of luck. I lit a cigarette.

"*Soixante-trois,*" said Albert.

This appeared on the card I was playing for Gisèle but not on mine. Aurélie

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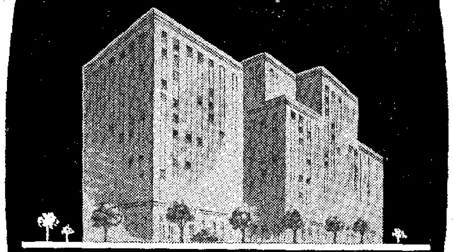

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gasped happily and put down another counter. "That's ten!" she cried. "We're surely going to win!"

"Don't be too sure," Serge said. "My friend here has ten on his card, too."

Just then came one of those freak moments when all conversation stops at once. In the dead silence, I felt my face color as Marcel pointed to the address I had printed on my card and said quietly to Serge, "*Américain, lui?*" Everyone who heard him—which is to say almost everyone in the room—looked at me with sudden and not altogether dispassionate interest.

"*Quarante-quatre,*" said Albert.

Neither I nor Aurélie had it. We were now the cynosure of the entire table, for no one else was having luck anywhere near like ours.

"*Onze.*" Aurélie put down a thumbtack.

"*Vingt-et-un.*" I put one down, but on my second card, which, I was thankful to see, was going quite poorly. The man sitting on the other side of Aurélie leaned around her and looked at my card and then squarely at me. I pretended not to notice and stared dismally at my cards. The man made a remark in Catalan; I was convinced, of course, that it was something nasty about me, but then I quickly realized that if it had been, Serge would have started swinging.

"*Trois.*" Aurélie put down a thumbtack. The man at my left had made his twentieth pencil mark. Three more lucky draws and Aurélie and Marcel could set up housekeeping. Then, to my horror, Albert called four numbers in a row that left me with only one to fill. I didn't have the courage to raise my eyes from the table. The room was quite still, and even Serge, affected by the tautness of the atmosphere, stopped making encouraging noises. All pretense had now been dropped; a few people began to root audibly for Aurélie. I felt as if I were in the center of a minefield.

Happily, my luck flagged and Aurélie's showed new life. By the time my neighbor had made his thirtieth pencil mark, Aurélie had covered every number on her card except 7; the only one I lacked was 97.

"*Trente-cinq,*" said Albert.

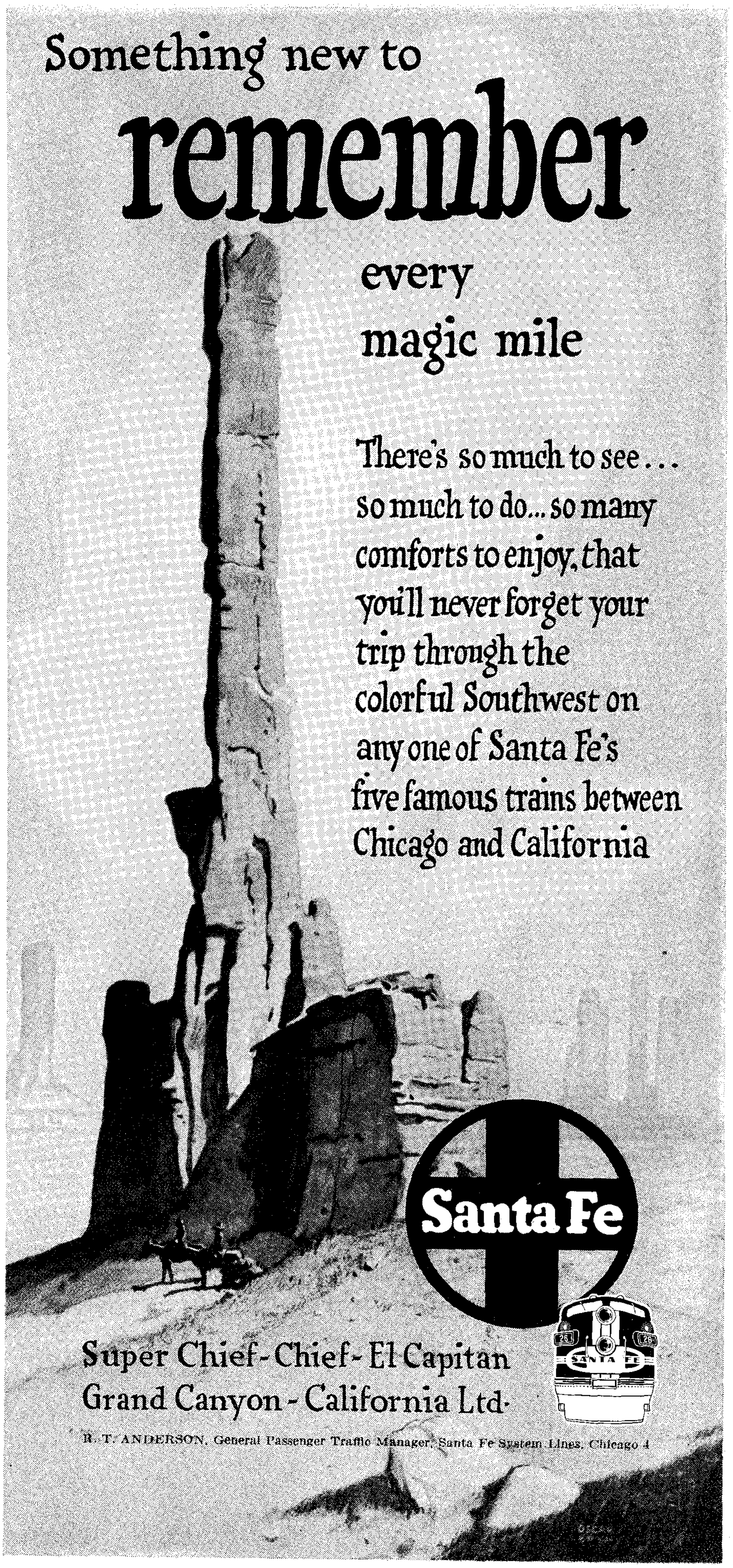
Neither of us put down a counter, and the statistician on my left, looking at Aurélie's card, said, "Oh, the lout!"

"*Vingt-six.*"

"Oh, the lout!"

"*Soixante-dix-huit.*"

"Oh, the dirty lout!" Marcel had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Boston Chestnut Hill

taken Aurélie's left hand in his; he was looking worried.

"*Neuf.*"

"My God!" said the statistician. "What is the unspeakable bandit doing?"

As sweat trickled down my chest, I began wondering what the odds were against having two people in our situation sitting side by side. There were thirty-five pencil marks on the table beside me. All the players within peering distance were watching Aurélie's card, even though everyone knew without looking which number she lacked.

"*Soixante-neuf*," said Albert. A hubbub came over the loudspeaker. "Keep your markers in place," Albert said. "Somebody has cried out at the Glacier."

Everyone around us looked stricken. Marcel had both Aurélie's hands in his now. The announcer at the Glacier read off the numbers on the winning card and Albert confirmed them. The winner was another Catalan—Joseph Somebody-or-Other, from Perpignan. After a few refulgent words on the beauty of the prizes Joseph had won, Albert wished everyone good night and a safe journey home, and invited us all to next year's Loto, which he assured us would be more splendid than ever.

Chairs scraped and people began to leave. Aurélie looked me in the face for the first time and said, "*Mauvaise chance.*"

"It's a shame," I said feebly.

Accounts were settled with the waiter; Serge and I by now had quite a stack of saucers on the table. The events of the evening and the stresses experienced together had made us and our neighbors feel like old acquaintances, so we shook hands all around. In the crowd on our way out, I felt a large hand close firmly on my shoulder, and, turning around, saw the Catalan who had been shooting wine into his mouth all evening. "*Mauvaise chance,*" he said boozily. "*Vive l'Amérique!*"

—PAUL MOOR

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

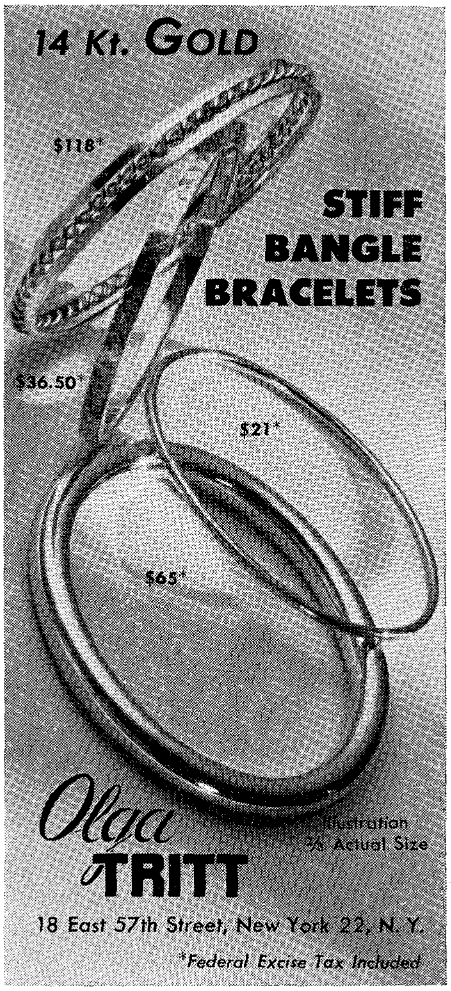
[*From "The Parasites," by Daphne du Maurier*]

"Where's Truda? Tell Truda to make me some tea."

"Truda's in hospital," said Celia. "I'll make you some tea, Pappy."—*Page 131.*

She went upstairs to Pappy. He was up, he was pottering in his dressing gown. "Would you make me some tea, my darling?" he said. "They stew it below. They don't make it like you do." —*Page 156.*

Pappy, who never touched tea, began to feel the need of a stimulant. —*Page 192.*



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TELEVISION

Boola-Boola

ALTHOUGH the clouds are still no larger than a man's thumb, there are some unmistakable signs that a few more so-called educational programs will be encountered on television this season than during previous years. The American Broadcasting Company, for example, has undertaken an interesting and challenging experiment—the unadorned and uncompromising presentation of an actual seminar in American Civilization, given by Columbia University's School of General Studies. The program, fittingly, is called "Seminar," and turns up on Saturday evenings from seven to seven-thirty—just about the most unfitting hour for a course in American Civilization I can think of. Seven o'clock on Saturday evening is when American Civilization is winding up and about to let fly. The phone is ringing, the kids are yelling, the ice is melting in the 7-Up glasses, Mom is either hunting for her earrings or working over the stove, and Dad is trying to quiet the small ones by reading them the story of Oobar the Walrus. In short, seven to seven-thirty on Saturday evening is when all hell breaks loose in American Civilization. Since the blessings on television are rationed, however, one must take them as one finds them, and I am willing to go along with the American Broadcasting Company, Oobar or no Oobar.

In its initial program, a week ago Saturday, "Seminar" presented a discussion of Arnold J. Toynbee's "Civilization on Trial." The cameras first showed us a round table, at which were seated about a dozen students and Professor Donald N. Bigelow, assistant professor of history at Columbia. As the program opened, one could hear a good deal of animated buzzing; evidently the discussion of "Civilization on Trial" had been under way for some time. Once the cameras had moved in closer to the round table and shown us the participants in the discussion, Mr. Bigelow called a halt to the animated buzzing and began to inquire into the opinions of the individual students. For the next half hour, we were privy to an extremely esoteric hassle over the ideas and concepts of Mr. Toynbee, and more than once during the discussion my untutored mind shipped a sea. Strangely, though, I found myself paying close attention to what the students and the Professor were saying, despite the fact that I often hadn't the faintest notion what they were talking about. No one present, with the possible exception of the Professor (who seemed to me to be somewhat apprehensively aware of the time element in television), appeared to know or care that strangers were looking on, and this gave the program a unique and refreshing air of honesty. In future programs, however, I should think that a few concessions to the outsider might be made, perhaps in the form of a brief summary of the topic under discussion. Moreover, I was troubled by some of the words and phrases that seemed to come most easily to the lips of the seminarians the other night. By the end of the half hour, for example, the words "value judgment" had me, if not exactly on the ropes, at least slightly groggy; the overloaded use of the word "this" ("This I know," "This I believe") had me wondering how far the terminology of the advertising cheap-Jacks has infiltrated the cloistered halls of learning; and the constant repetition of "know-how" had me questioning modern education in general. And I hope I never again hear the sentence "Will you repostulate your hypothesis, Mr. Yipintsoi?" Nonetheless, I was gratified to be able to observe a seminar in action, and I suspect that once the program irons out its bugs and revs up for action, it may become a real punchy think piece.

THE academic influence seems to be dripping way down through the coaxial cable, to judge by a program called "Kiddie Kollege" (Du Mont, Sundays, 12:30 to 1 P.M.), presented by the Dr. A. Posner shoe people. In charge of *this* seminar is a young man called Les Sand, who is referred to as Dean and who wears not only an academic gown but an academic hat with a tassel approximately the size of a pony tail. "Kiddie Kollege" gets going with a scene revealing a large group of children—the student body, presumably—who wave banners carrying messages in favor of Dr. A. Posner's shoes. At a signal from the Dean, and to the tune of "Boola-Boola," the scholars burst into song, as follows:

Dr. Posner's
Kiddie Kollege!
Meet the guests and
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Every Sunday,
Come join the cla-ass.
Fun for every
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The other day, following the convocation anthem, Dean Sand introduced

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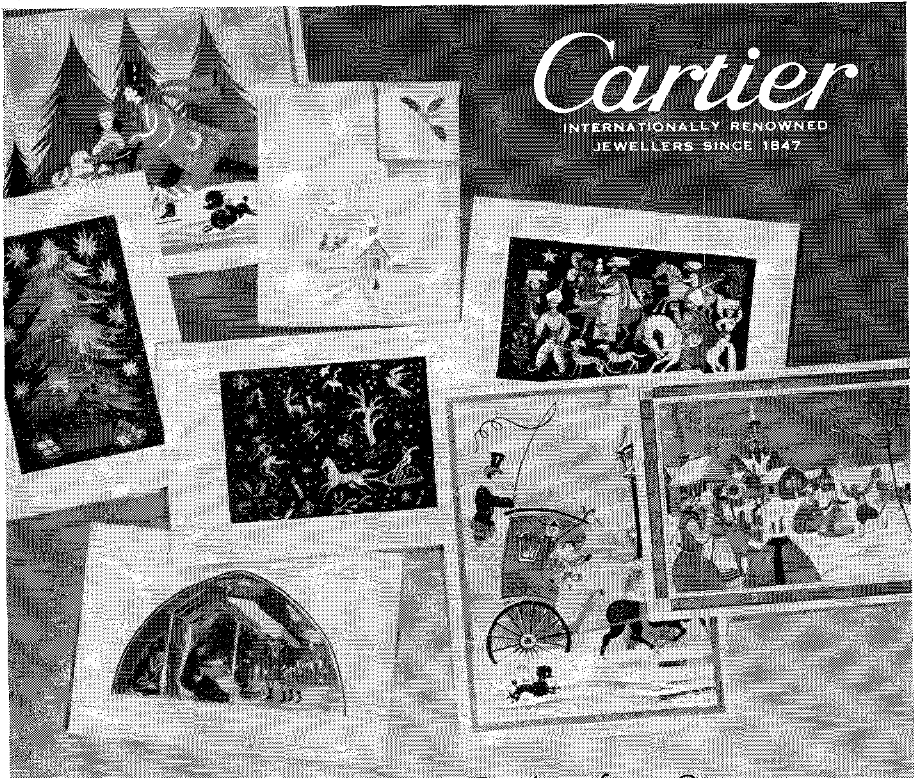
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a panel of permanent faculty members (five children dressed like the Dean, but with smaller pony tails), announced that free phonograph records were available ("for a limited time only") with the purchase of each and every pair of Dr. A. Posner's shoes, and then introduced the visiting professors, who included a versatile gentleman called Billy Evans. Professor Evans played "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" on a musical saw, "Roll Out the Barrel" on an inner tube, "The Old Gray Mare" on a bazooka, and "America" on an inflated rubber glove. This last feat was one of the most remarkable I have ever witnessed, in *any* hall of learning. Professor Evans gradually let the air out of his rubber glove, and as the air was let out, the sounds of "America" were let out, too. It was enough to give a growing boy renewed faith in his country.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

THE MYSTERIOUS, AND ON THE WHOLE ACCOMMODATING, EAST

[*From the Nippon Times*]

A quick-witted maid in the employ of a tavern in Kanda, Tokyo, was credited Thursday with bringing about the apprehension of a man who is believed to be the leader of the gang of three men who robbed the Kashiwagi post office in Shinjuku . . .

The arrested man, Hiroo Saito, 27-year-old youth, confessed to the robbery Thursday.

Previously, the police had apprehended Kinjiro Nishiyama, 26, and Takao Kobayashi, 27, two other suspects in the case.

It appears that on Wednesday night, Fumiko Morita, the 27-year-old maid of the Kanda tavern, felt something like a pistol in the pocket of a customer when she playfully embraced him. She offered to lodge with him in a nearby inn for the night. While the man was having a bath, the maid confirmed her belief that he was carrying a pistol in a pocket and reported her discovery to the police.

•

ANTICLIMAX DEPARTMENT

[*From the Calvert County (Md.) Independent*]

Mr. and Mrs. William Benson Garner of Baltimore, Maryland, visited Mr. and Mrs. Ballard Rogers over the holidays. This for Mr. and Mrs. Garner was quite an occasion. It seems when they were married, they did not go on a honeymoon, so they, on this holiday, decided to make it theirs. To make this seem like a real honeymoon, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers prepared sleeping quarters for their guests in the garage, with an old kerosene lantern hanging from the ceiling to furnish a dim mellow light for the romantic couple. They did not of course spend the night there, but this marked an occasion which Mr. and Mrs. Garner will long remember.

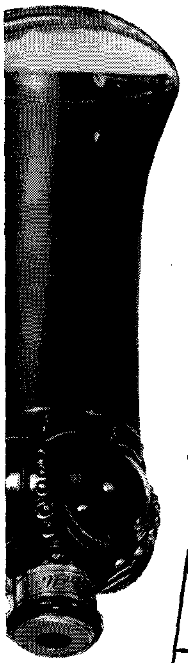
MUSICAL EVENTS

New Values

THE New York City Opera Company's production of "Madame Butterfly" last week at the City Center was both unique and charming. The presentation was largely the work of the Fujiwara Opera Company, of Tokyo, which was invited here by the City company. The six Japanese roles were sung by the visitors, who brought their own costumes and props, and the chorus of girls that appears briefly in the first act also came from Japan. (The Japanese brought their own scenery, too, but various technical difficulties, including the local fire laws, prevented its use.) All that the New York City Opera Company contributed, besides the scenery and the orchestra, was three artists for the American parts and a few extras. The result of this collaboration was curiously enlightening—to me, at any rate. The synthetic qualities of the opera that have always rather marred my enjoyment of it no longer seemed synthetic and, for the first time, the whole thing became remarkably touching. The familiar scene—the Nagasaki dwelling of a geisha girl—was no longer patently fraudulent. For once, it wasn't peopled with a motley group of pretenders padding about the stage with short, silly steps. It looked like the real thing, and the Americans who set foot in it seemed obtrusive—too large, and a trifle dull. Cio-Cio-San and Suzuki were exquisite, and the four Japanese men gave playfully exaggerated performances—caricatures, really—of splendidly varied comic types. The angry uncle was a particularly delightful grotesque. In this small, engaging, and authentic world, the plight of Cio-Cio-San was unusually moving. The spell was not broken even during that ordinarily embarrassing scene when Cio-Cio-San is showing her child, Trouble, to Sharpless. Harue Miyake, who had the leading role, lifted the child, embraced him, and put him down with tender concern, and not with the awkward gestures of solicitude we have come to expect at this moment.

In view of the dramatic excellence of the Japanese performers, it is unfortunate that their voices were inadequate for the demands of Puccini's score. The Italian words didn't seem to bother them, but the music did; one and all, they sounded short of breath. On the basis of this performance, the Japanese men could scarcely be considered singers at all, but that shortcoming was not as serious as one might think, for their roles were character parts and their fanciful acting diverted attention from their vocal faults. In the case of the women, the situation was a bit more uncomfortable. Shizuko Kawasaki, who played Suzuki, had a wobbly, indifferent mezzo-soprano, and Miss Miyake's soprano, although attractively lyric, was too small in both range and volume to do justice to the music of Cio-Cio-San. Here again, though, the perfection of the acting made it possible to overlook the singing. As for the girls' chorus, its members sang sweetly and wore pretty flowered costumes, all alike. The costumes worn by Cio-Cio-San and Suzuki were beautifully detailed, and I should add that their headdresses were lovely things that must have required infinite, everyday Japanese patience to make. On our side, Rudolf Petrak and Richard Torigi sang the music of Lieutenant Pinkerton and Sharpless, respectively, with shockingly big, well-trained voices.

GIAN-CARLO MENOTTI'S opera "The Consul," which was presented with considerable success on Broadway a couple of seasons ago, has been added to the repertory of the New York City Opera Company. Like the current "Madame Butterfly," this production doesn't seem to have required much creative effort on the part of the group at the City Center. It is a slightly faded reproduction of the Broadway original employing the same settings, costumes, and staging, and in many instances the same singers. Patricia Neway, who won acclaim for her earlier performance of the leading part, was already on the company's roster, and she again played Magda Sorel. Several of her old teammates had important roles—Gloria Lane, as the secretary; Norman Kelley, as the magician; and Maria Marlo, as the foreign woman. Richard Torigi, Mary Kreste, and Emile Renan, all regular members of the company, were seen as Magda's husband, her mother, and the police agent. The Broadway veterans gave fluent performances, and Miss Kreste and Torigi were also good, but I thought Renan was an unimpressive villain. The production moved somewhat creakily, on the whole, and



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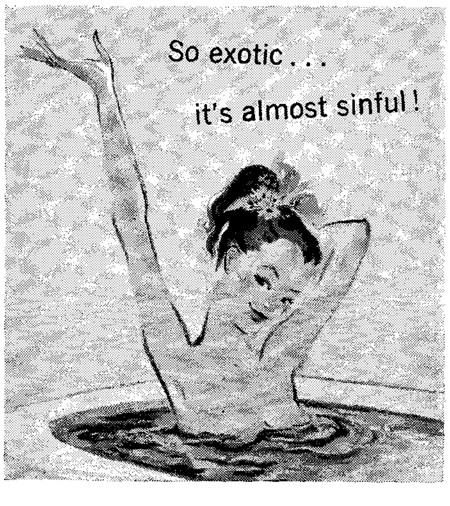

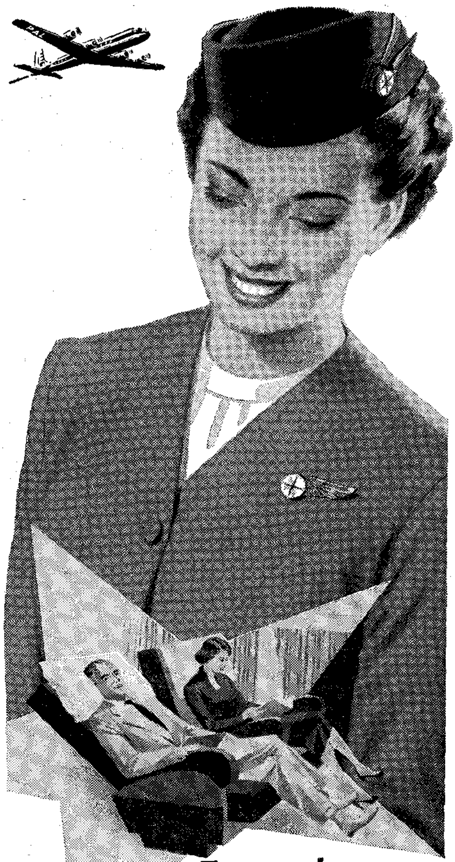

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the story was less convincing and urgent than I had remembered. The passage of time may have had something to do with that, but I suspect certain inherent weaknesses in the opera were more to blame. Menotti has a sure talent for the stage, and "The Consul," like most of his other operas, has a great deal of theatrical excitement—a fact that was undoubtedly responsible for the unusual reception it got on Broadway. But Menotti also reveals—especially in "The Consul"—a taste for the bizarre that results in cheap and damaging effects, such as the one achieved by Magda's tortured dream, an interlude that isn't particularly helpful to the development of a simple, melodramatic story. This device strikes me as a sentimental evasion of the job of expressing the heroine's emotions honestly, as Menotti does so superbly later on, when Magda sings the wrenching aria "To This We've Come," the high spot of the whole opera. The macabre ballet at the close is more justifiable, for it represents the wild imaginings of Magda when, her head in the stove, she is close to death, but even then it seems to me to adulterate the act and to rob the crouched, purposeful figure of dignity. Similarly, the music that goes with these episodes—both the dream and the suicide—is gaudy rather than intense, artful rather than illuminating. "The Consul," for these reasons, lacks the stature of true tragedy. Its sole achievement, except for that one proud moment of Magda's, is irony, and I found the present revival a strangely trivial accomplishment. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Samuel A. Krasney in the Journal of Commerce*]

Like a man trying to look two ways at once, the distilled spirits trade is likely to meet itself coming back—at least on the questions of taxes and inventories. In its own inimitable fashion, the trade has snagged itself squarely on the horns of a dilemma, through a seemingly normal attitude of not looking where it traveled until it got there, and now, sadly shaken, stands in need of some sane, solid thinking to cut through the miasma of fear and doubt which stalks it like a self-perpetuating monster.

•

KARACHI, PAKISTAN, Sept. 16 (AP).—The first barter agreement between the Soviet Union and Pakistan, involving an exchange of gods valued at $17,000,000, was signed here today.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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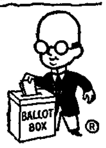

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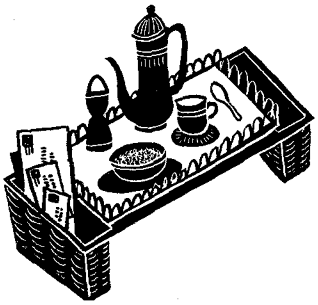
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

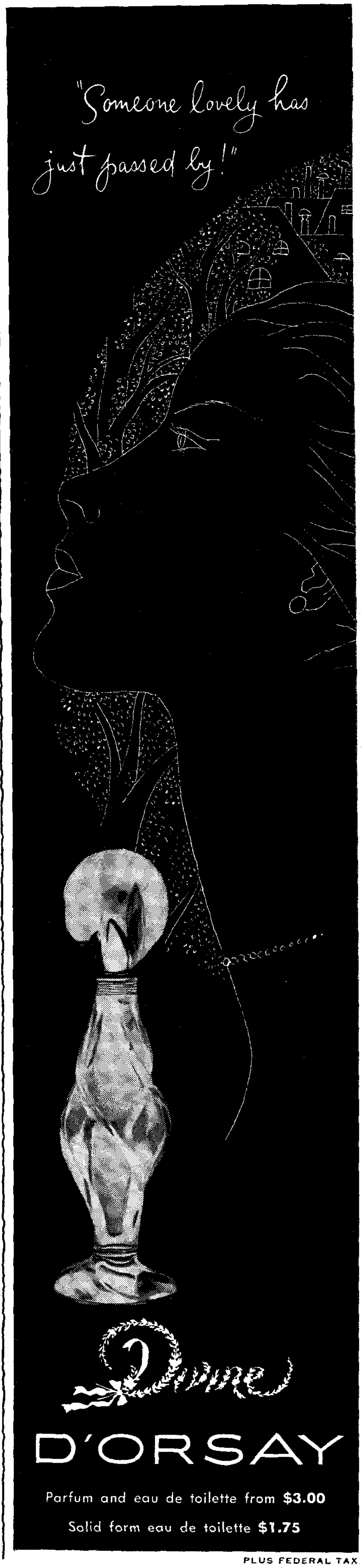
ABOUT THE HOUSE

THERE is probably a greater wealth of handsome hand-woven textiles around at present than at any time since the days when ladies of quality either wove their own or saw to it that their handmaidens dealt faultlessly with the yarns entrusted to them. I must admit, though, that one gifted weaver's output looks rather like another's when they are casually inspected in a shop or a showroom, and it isn't always easy to visualize how they will look on chairs and sofas or at windows, so it's all the more satisfactory to come upon the hand-looming in Thaibok's superb collection of Siamese silks, whose brilliance and charm knock your eye out at first glance and whose ability to lift the dullest room out of its doldrums requires no effort of the imagination. These splendid fabrics, which were shown for the first time in this country not long ago at the firm's new premises, 3 East 52nd Street, fall into three basic varieties: a very rough type, almost as heavy as a thick wool; a fabric with an extremely tight weave and a pronounced nubby texture; and one that is lighter in weight, and coarser. Practically all of them are suitable either for upholstery or hangings, and they fit as easily into a scheme of restrained modern decoration as into a sumptuous period setting. But that conveys little of their varied appeal. It is the wide range of colors, and the colors themselves—most of them are fascinating and unfamiliar—that give the silks their decorative versatility. In some of the silks a lighter or more intense thread is cross-woven over a darker one, and in some the order is reversed, but the cross thread always carries the dominant color. There are soft plums, deep purples, browns, deep blues, and dull reds that would not be out of place in informal surroundings, and there are such shades as a strangely iridescent turquoise, vivid pinks, startling greens, and rich yellows that would create uncommonly dramatic effects. A few of the silks come in conventional Western colors, but most of them, inspired by Siamese vegetation, have the alluring quality of the East—the red of the flame tree, a green that I am told reproduces exactly the color of young rice plants in a paddy, a darker green copied from the mango, and so on. Besides the solid colors, there are several plaids—an ancient and characteristic Siamese pattern—and a handful of perfectly magnificent stripes, which, while I don't imagine they could be used very happily for upholstery, would make wonderful draperies in certain princely settings. All the materials are woven of hand-twisted, vat-dyed yarns produced by a special breed of silkworms, which, unlike the worms of other countries, yield a heavy, rough strand. The silks are all forty inches wide, and they range in price from $13.50 to $18 a yard.



Thaibok's only departure from Siamese textiles is a group of American cotton-and-linen materials that are made on a power loom and have a quite unusual tweedy texture. These come in muted colors—grays, browns, yellows—and are $9.75 a fifty-four-inch yard. I was unfamiliar with the weave and wanted to see how it stands up on furniture, so I dropped in at Phillip Enfield Designs, around the corner, at 50 West 53rd Street, where some chairs upholstered in the fabric are on view. Well, it stands up fine, and anybody with a job of upholstery to be done on a modern chair or sofa might do well to have a look at it.

IT is, of course, possible—although it's hard to believe—that everybody isn't sitting around longing to deck his rooms in Thaibok's dazzling silks. So, for the benefit of householders who may feel more at home in Williamsburg than in Bangkok, we go now to the Schumacher showrooms, 60 West 40th Street, where the newest embellishments of Mr. Rockefeller's slice of the eighteenth century are on view, along with numerous textiles of more modern aspect. To begin with the Colonial reproductions, there is a group of elegant pure-silk damasks, copied from antique pieces in the Williamsburg collection, and an equally elegant cotton-and-silk moiré in wide stripes of vivid green and dull red, the original of which hangs in the Brush-Everard house in Williamsburg. The silk damasks cost from $22.50 to $30 a yard (all the materials in this collection are fifty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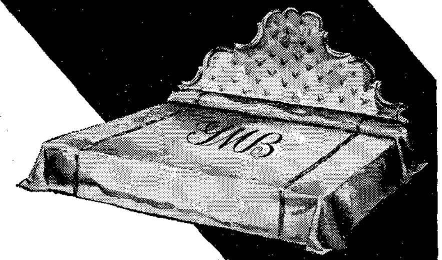

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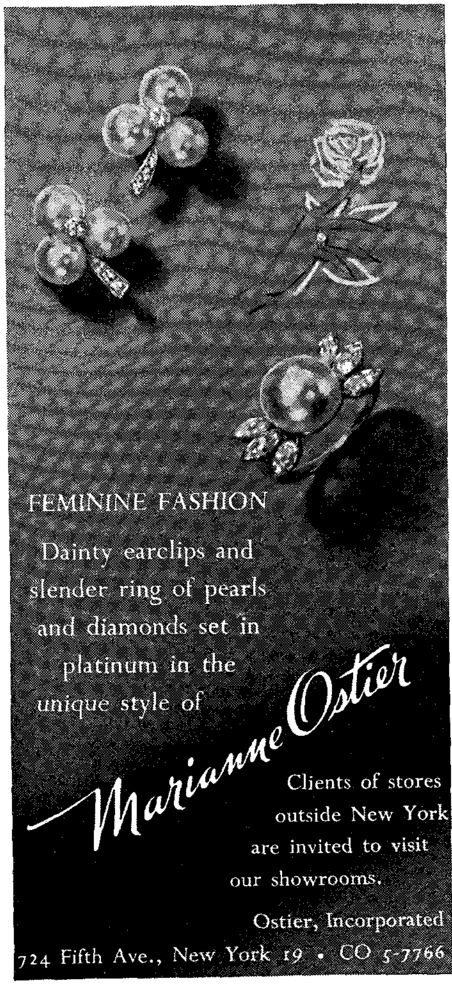

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inches wide), and the cotton-and-silk fabric is $13.50. A far more modest little number in this documentary group is a cotton print ($1.95) in a small allover pattern copied from the lining of a pre-Revolutionary lady's purse. A cotton print that has the same tidy primness of design, although the model, which is in the Henry Ford collection at Dearborn, came along almost a century later, is $3 a yard.

There are other copies—not very stimulating ones—of textiles in the Ford Museum and the Farmers' Museum at Cooperstown, but the group isn't all historical, by any means. Brocades from France, cottons from Denmark and Sweden (I found them considerably less decorative than the American designs), and cretonnes from England are shown, together with a great variety of new fabrics, at from $5 to $8 a yard, that were turned out in Schumacher's own mills. The peak of the exhibit is, I suppose, some silk broché hand-loomed in Italy and embroidered in metallic thread; it is $50 a yard. Among the domestic materials, I liked especially a cotton-and-rayon, called Fifty-Grand, that has the appearance and feel of an exaggeratedly heavy linen and costs $7.50 a yard in any of fifty-two ravishing colors. At the same price, there is a heavy linen from Peru that should prove useful in an almost endless number of roles. The Schumacher materials are sold only through decorators.

THE fact that it has been a long time since broadloom carpets were discussed in these columns is due to no oversight but, rather, to a feeling on my part that the price of carpets being what it is, the handing out of advice on an investment of such magnitude is too much for me; the householder who contemplates sinking several thousand dollars in a wall-to-wall floor covering had better, I've been telling myself, consult not me but his banker. It's only the very recent appearance of two humanely priced broadlooms, put out by C. H. Masland & Sons, that emboldens me to bring up the subject. One of these admirable carpets—it's called Carioca and costs $5.95 a square yard—is made of cotton, woven in a tight twist that gives it the look of a first-rate wool job, and comes in widths of twenty-seven inches, nine feet, and twelve feet. It's washable, I am assured that it wears everlastingly, and it turns up in colors that are pleasing in themselves and suitable for widely different settings—light and dark grays, cinnamon, natural, yellow, clear red,

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and soft green. The other new Masland broadloom, called Carousel (if you are shopping for carpets, you might as well get used to names like these), is woven entirely of varicolored acetate rayon yarns, and has a mottled appearance that in most cases is commendable. In combinations where the diversity of color is scarcely perceptible—varying shades of beige, for example—the weave seems somewhat lacking in character, but it makes a useful background for modern furniture; in stronger colors the effect is warm and pleasant. At the Home-furnishings Show held last month at Grand Central Palace, Elizabeth Draper, in a room dedicated to General Eisenhower, made a most fetching use of a red, black, and white Carousel carpet by cutting it into a large circular rug and edging it with a long black wool fringe. In this rather studiedly homely setting, designed for an American gentleman of consequence, the colors and weave of the broadloom were just the thing, but they would also, I am sure, do well by a more modern interior. Without the Draper touches, the carpet sells at Lord & Taylor, Sloane, and Macy for $7.95 a square yard.

Incidentally, if you are investing in this or any other carpet, you should examine a superior new rug cushion called Spongex. The stuff is made of soft sponge rubber in a ripple design that provides a luxurious resilience and at the same time holds a rug or carpet firmly in place; Altman has it, for $2.60 a square yard.

HAVING got myself into the Home-furnishings Show on Masland's carpet, I should, perhaps, report on a few other worth-while items exhibited there (along with an awful lot of trash) that are now available at shops. Certainly I should be at fault if I didn't call to your attention the new patterns the weavers of Alpujarras, in Spain, have introduced in the rugs shown here at the Lorton Studios, 21 East 62nd Street. (You have to make an appointment to see them; the telephone number is Templeton 8-0190.) The last time I looked at any Alpujarra rugs, the hand looming was as exquisite as it is today but I thought the designs were too primitive for even moderately formal interiors. Thanks to whoever is guiding their hands, the Spanish craftsmen now show the most intelligent awareness of American taste without in any way sacrificing the merits of the traditional Moorish patterns. The result is pure-wool hand weaves of meticulous workmanship, which will wear a lifetime

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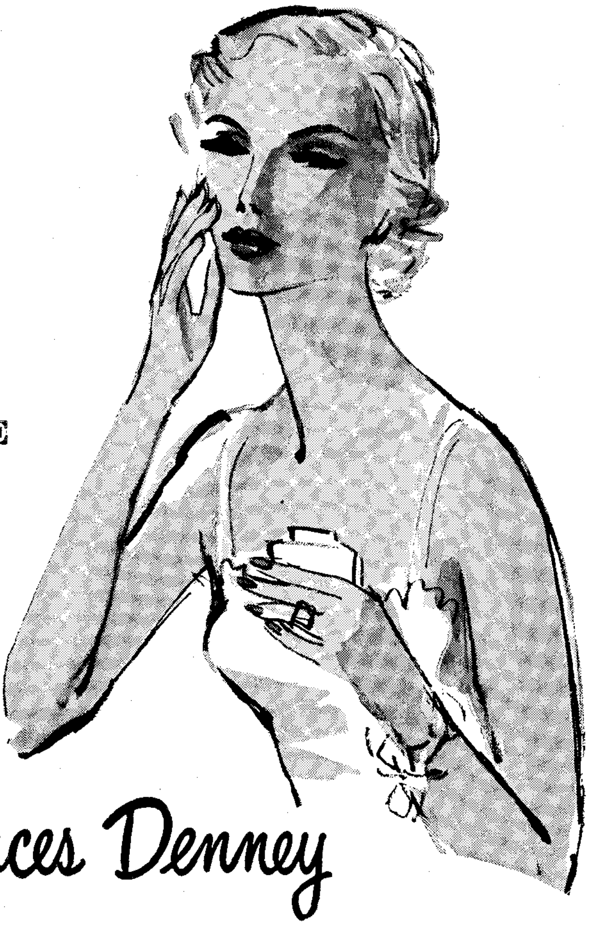

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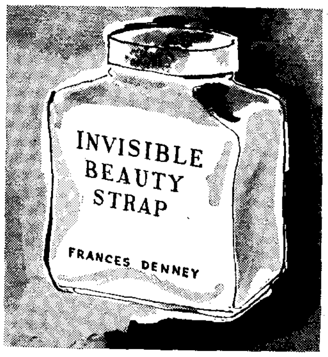

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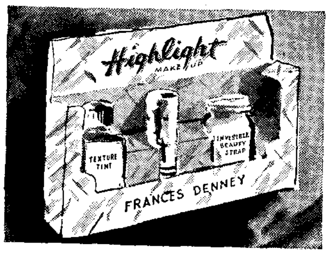

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and which have an elegance of design that is neither too stylized for easy living nor too unconventional for a formal room. Moreover, the prices—as prices go today—are most reasonable. For example, a five-by-seven-foot rug with a delicate pattern of small, bright-colored figures sparsely scattered on a natural ground, and a light, vinelike pattern forming a deep border, costs $127.50; and a rug with rosettes embossed at wide intervals on its otherwise unadorned surface, which is eleven feet eight inches long and ten feet wide, is $470. If a customer wants one of the designs woven in different colors, it can be obtained in four months.

An even more arresting floor covering on view at the show was an arrangement of rubber tiles, cut in a pattern of gray, yellow, and black lozenges inspired by a Renaissance pavement in Venice. This beautiful color combination, together with the convincing illusion of perspective, was enough to send me over to the showrooms of Harry Heidenreich, Inc., 12 West 61st Street, to investigate more of the same. There I found Roman and Venetian church pavements, Florentine palace floors, and similar arrangements magnificently reproduced in heavy rubber tiling. Most of the patterns are those marvellously intricate things that delighted *quattrocento* artisans—geometric figures set within stars, stars bursting from geometric figures, and the like, in a charming mixture of mathematical precision and imaginative exuberance. Curiously, all these reproductions struck me as being suited to the most modern decoration, but for people who insist on something designed expressly for 1953 homes, there are several striking new patterns on hand. The flooring runs from seventy-five cents to $2.50 a square foot, depending, of course, on the intricacy of the design. The price includes installation, complete with the felt padding that goes underneath the tiling.

I DEVOUTLY hope that all householders who refuse to resign themselves to the banality of the ordinary commercial radio cabinet, no matter how lavishly it is got up, attended the Homefurnishings Show and had a good look at a graceful piece designed by Bertha Schaefer, 32 East 57th Street, to house a radio and a phonograph. Most furniture concealing radio-phonographs is tolerated as a necessary evil, and has to be shoved into some inconspicuous corner; this is the only thing of its kind I have run across that will lend distinc-

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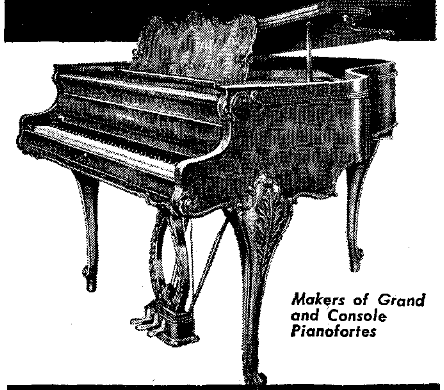

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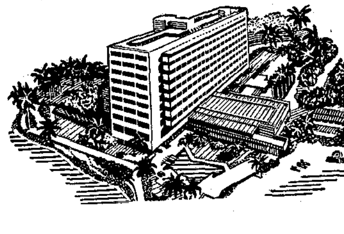


tion to any spot where it is put. It has an irregular shape—half an octagon, I should call it—and the long side is meant to go against a wall. The top is about as high as a fairly low table, and several inches above it is a shelf of the same shape, only smaller, that seems to be just floating there. The shelf is at exactly the right height to show off a piece of sculpture or hold a cocktail tray, and the top provides a lodging place for a couple of books or magazines, within comfortable reach of any listeners sprawled nearby in easy chairs. The cabinet has two folding doors of vertically slatted wood; the radio is installed behind one of them and the phonograph behind the other. A brass grille covers the loudspeaker, which occupies one end. The example shown at Grand Central Palace was of splendidly grained walnut, but it is a custom job and can be had in whatever wood is wanted; the price is the same—$750, not including the machinery. —S. H.

•

Freddie Hammer told us yesterday at the Carlyle that he is flying to Seattle this afternoon and if this move doesn't bring him face to face with his missing wife, the former Andrea Luckenbach of steamship fortune, the shipping clan can expect a showdown upon his return. "This is my last wild-goose chase," said Mr. Hammer. "I intend to let loose a legal blast that may blow the funnels off the Luckenbach steamships if I don't see my wife. I've flown from one end of this country to the other, running down clues since Andy disappeared from our Hicksville home June 29. I've made arrangements with my lawyers to go to the district attorney's office with my story the day I return, if this trip turns out like all the rest." He said his latest tip was that the blond heiress was at the Washington ranch of her half-brother, Louis Luckenbach. Penultimate tip had been that she was in a California sanitarium. "You know I must be upset," said Mr. Hammer sadly, "when my golf score has gone from 86 and 87 to as high as 100 since Andy left me."—*Charles Ventura in the World-Telegram & Sun.*

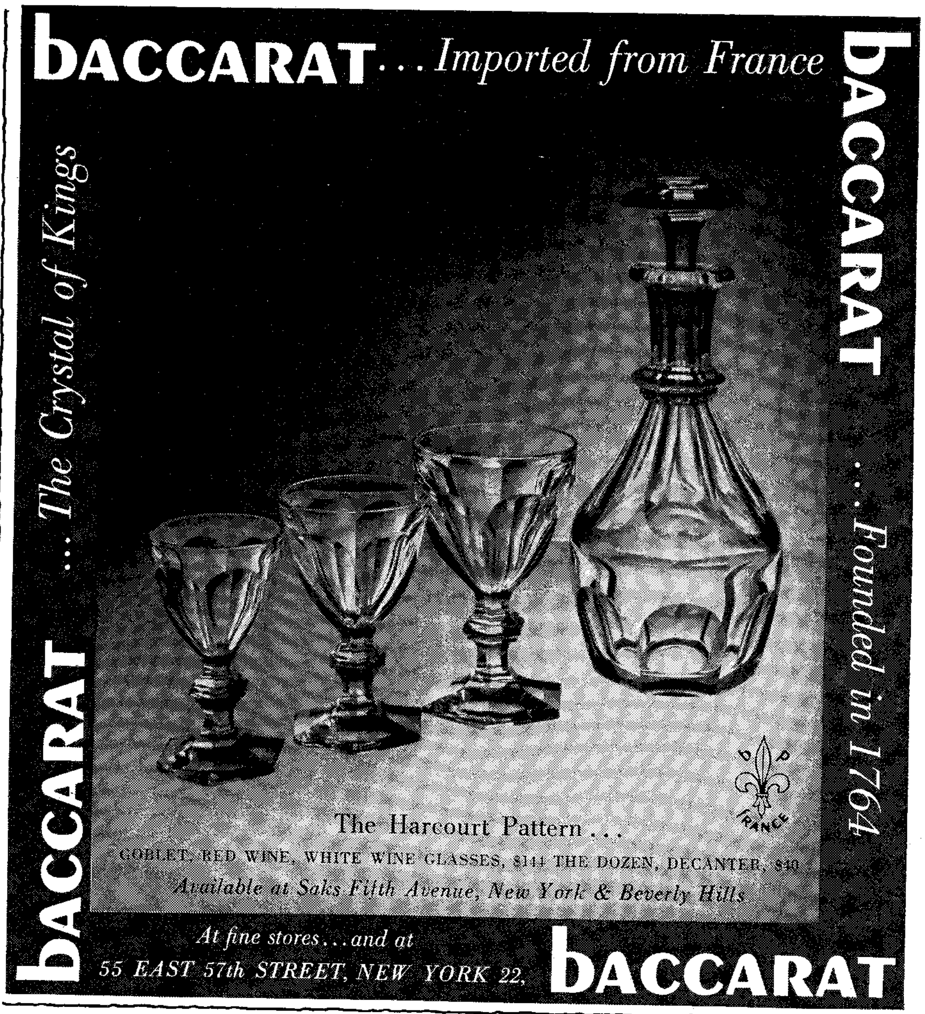
Gee! Upset is hardly the word.

•

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*A.P. dispatch in a St. Louis paper, September 20, 1925*]

WASHINGTON—President Wilson's portrait is not to be placed on a special postage stamp to commemorate his birthday next December, nor is it likely to appear on a stamp in the near future. Postal officials announced yesterday there were no new denominations of stamps in contemplation, that there already were too many classes, and that even though such a stamp were determined upon there was no money available for a special issue.



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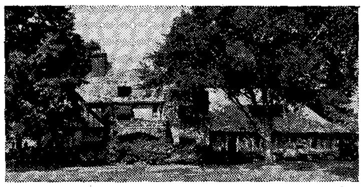
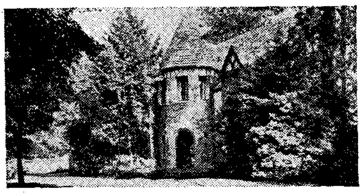


In Hamden, Conn.—A superb estate. The 15-room Elizabethan-style house has magnificent interiors, some styled by Charles of London. 4 acres of grounds include a swimming pool, waterfall, Italian garden. Offered at $115,000 for quick sale... Ask for brochure Y-43679.



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SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

THE other day, I was ready to leave a cocktail party that seemed about to peter out, when I heard a Martini-blurred female voice saying, with a great deal of emphasis, "Well, there's one cliché that's absolutely true, and that is you can't be in two places at once."

The speaker was a tailleur-dressed businesswoman type in her late thirties. She was talking to a small, fat young man and an elderly, horse-faced Englishman to whom I had been introduced earlier. The dogmatic way she had spoken irritated me, and recklessly I entered the discussion. "As a matter of fact," I said, "I've done it twice, and I can prove it."

"Nonsense!" said the woman. "Who are *you*, anyway?"

I ignored the question and took a fresh highball from a passing tray.

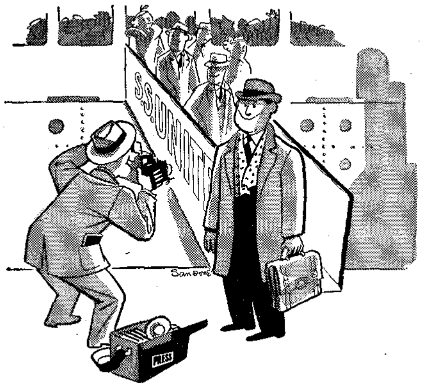
"In the year 1927," I said, "on a warm autumn afternoon, I was sitting on the top deck of an old open double-decker Fifth Avenue bus—a Number Five—on my way to my fraternity house on Riverside Drive for an alumni meeting. I was the only passenger on the top deck, and my fare had been collected. When the bus turned west at Broadway and Seventy-second Street, a traffic cop held it up. Another bus of the same model pulled up right beside mine. It, too, had only one passenger on top, and he happened to be a classmate of mine bound for the same meeting. He is still around, and will be my witness, if necessary. I climbed over the railings of the two buses and sat down beside him. When we got off, the conductor—remember bus conductors?—was standing at the foot of the steps, in the back of the bus. His eyes popped. He unslung his dime-snatcher, started to speak to me, then evidently thought better of it. He was talking to himself as my friend and I got off and the bus roared away."

The two men laughed, but the woman frowned. "What does that prove?" she snapped.

"Well," I said, "while I was straddling the railings of those two buses, one foot in each, I was certainly in two places at once, wasn't I? Buses are places."

"Bah!" said the woman. "If you're going to argue *that* way—"

SHE would have gone on, but the Englishman broke in, speaking in a loud, harsh voice. "*I* know a man who



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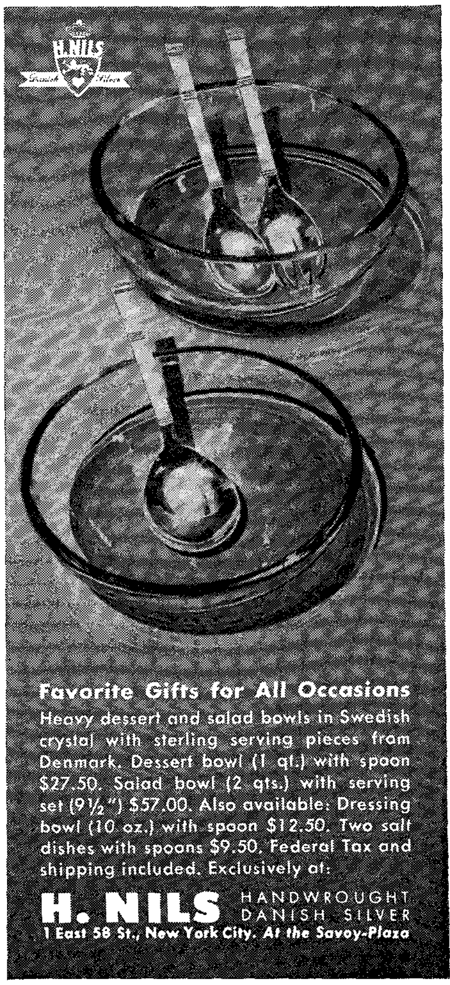

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once found he wasn't *anywhere*," he said. "My friend Llewellyn Garth, in London, was a wealthy, ill-tempered man, one who obtained revenge when he considered he had been cheated or badly used. An old-fashioned Celtic sort. Well, years ago a friend of his, named Lewis, whom I also knew, had a hand in Garth's buying some faked eighteenth-century paintings. When the fake was discovered, Garth at first seemed to take it calmly. But some months after I had heard about the affair, I ran into a man who told me that Lewis had entered a nursing home for psychopathic cases and that it was Garth's doing. I insisted on being told the story.

"Lewis, you must know, was a highly nervous, sensitive sort—very vain, a former actor. Garth was well aware of this. Lewis lived in a flat in a block of jerry-built so-called modern apartment houses in Knightsbridge. The flats were all built on the same plan. All the sitting rooms were at the front and had exactly the same dimensions. You couldn't tell one from another, except for the furnishings. Now, Lewis had had a huge plate-glass mirror built into the thin wall on the right-hand side of his living room. As I say, he was vain.

"After the affair of the paintings, Lewis decided to spend several months on the Continent. While he was away, Garth rented the flat adjacent to his, on the mirror side, and had it furnished to the last detail like Lewis's, but with all the furnishings placed in reverse positions. Using bribery, Garth then had a section of the flimsy wall between the two sitting rooms torn out, and substituted for the mirror a sheet of clear, transparent plate glass. One fine day, Lewis came home, let himself into his flat, put down his luggage, and walked over to the mirror to look at himself. He saw the reflection of his sitting room all right, but *he* wasn't there. That's all. Garth had heard such a stunt propounded hypothetically by some wag at his club, and had actually carried it out."

"My God!" said the fat young man.

"Well!" the woman shouted at me, not reacting in any way to the Englishman's story. "I still want to know about you. What was the *other* time you were in two places at once?"

She had an ugly glint in her eye, and I decided to let her have the works.

"OVER the desk in my study at home," I said coldly, "there hangs a large, clear photograph of the student body of Kent School, taken in 1916. The boys are ranged in three rows, each row occupying one of the

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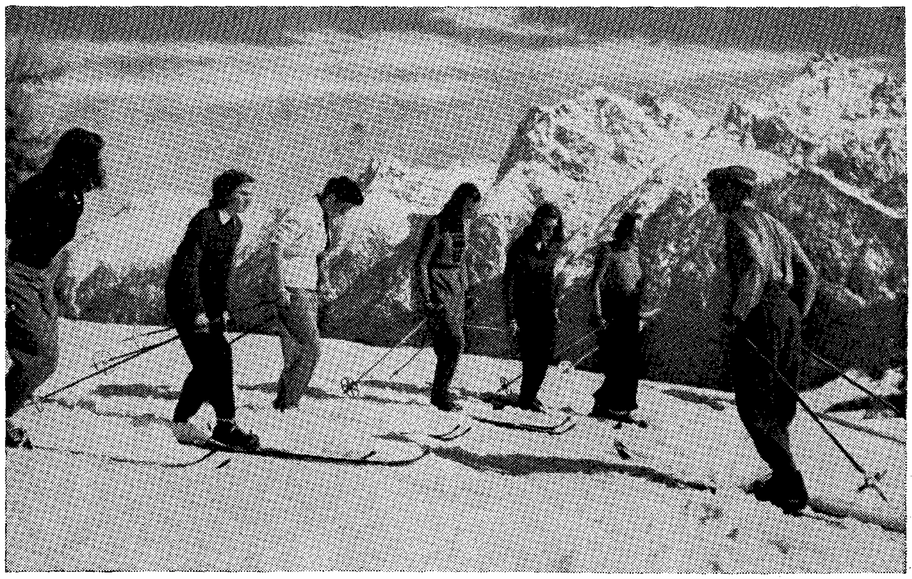

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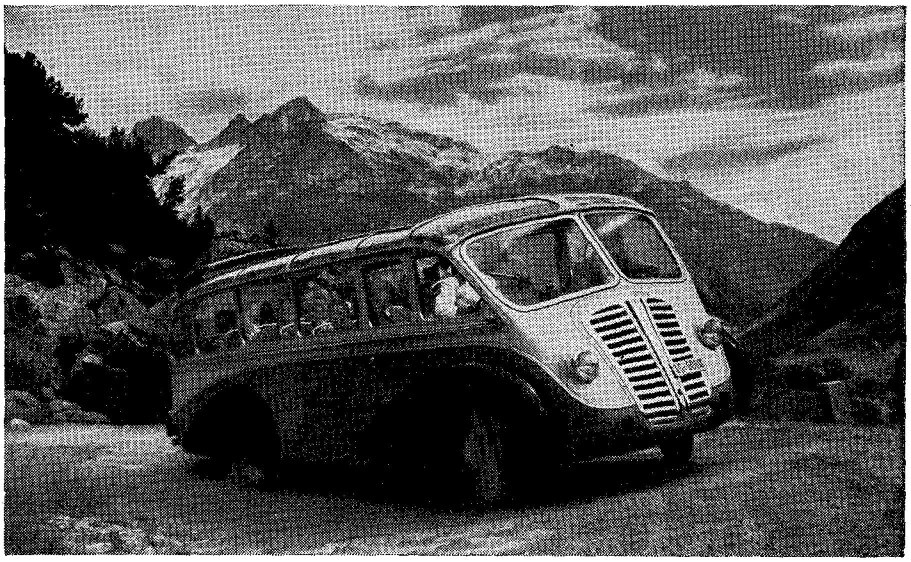

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three lower benches of the little football stands the school had then. If you look carefully at the first row—the youngest boys—you will see me at both ends of the row. I have no twin brother or *Doppelgänger*. No other boy in the school resembled me. Both *are* me—and if you will promise to return the picture, I will gladly send it to you by insured parcel post."

The woman took a slug of Martini and hurled her cigarette into a bowl on a nearby table. "God damn it!" she said. "Well, *how*—"

Abruptly, she walked away from us and joined another group.

"But how *did* you—" the fat young man began.

"Let me guess," interrupted the Englishman. "The photograph was taken with one of those panoramic cameras that swivel on a pivot from one side to the other, and have some special shutter arrangement so that there is no overlapping. As soon as the lens had passed you, you jumped up, ran around behind the stand, and sat down at the other end of the row before it got there."

"Right," I said. "And when the headmaster got the proofs of the picture, he sent for me, and I thought I was going to be canned. He was scowling, but he didn't seem to be really angry. 'Look here, young Packard,' he said. 'You're so smart that you've got into this photograph twice. Very funny. So now you're going to buy two prints of it, and your allowance will be stopped until they're paid for.'

"This was a more drastic punishment than it may sound. It ate up about six weeks' worth of my pocket money."

—FREDERICK PACKARD

•

To the Editor of the Free Press:

Can anyone enlighten me as to what has happened to the lovely wild snerse that used to border our Vermont lakes at this season? Have Garden Club groups guilelessly, in an attempt to add ebullience to their arrangements, wreaked the havoc, or have the assembling flock of mitred and truncated moss-beaks been responsible?

IDA MAE MELLQUIST

Lake Dunmore.

—*Burlington (Vt.) Free Press.*

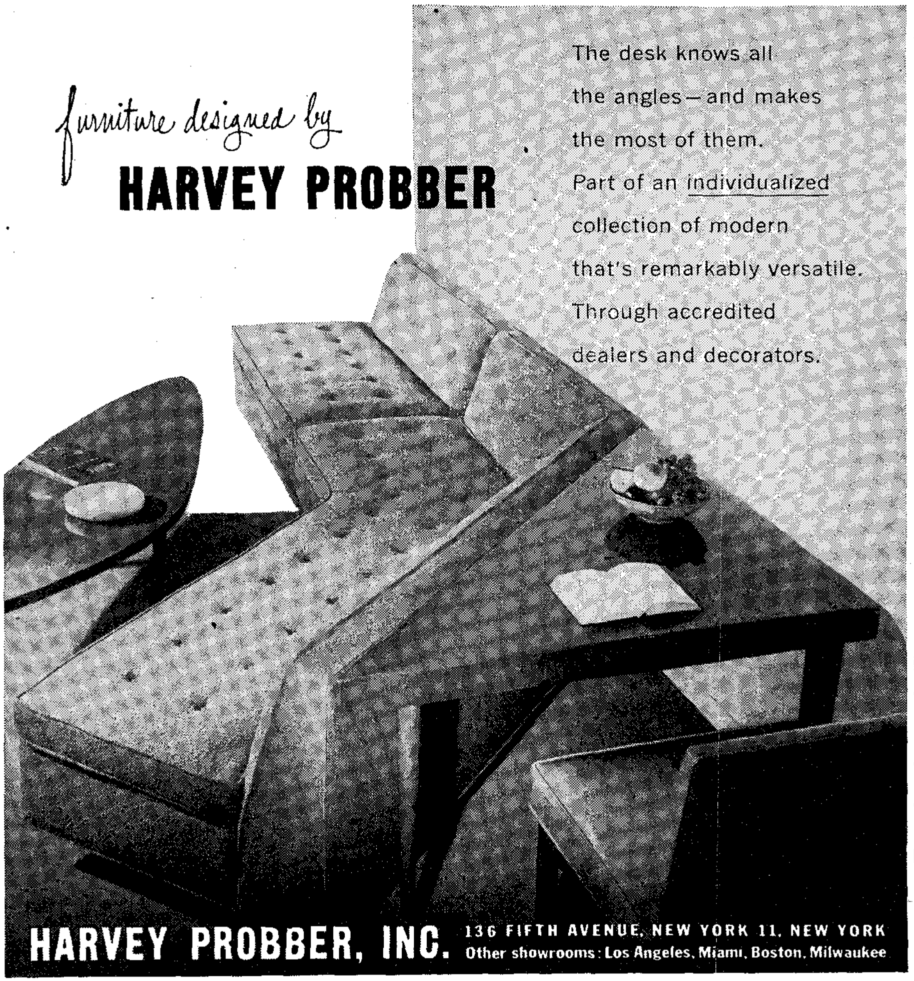
We don't know. But by heaven something is rotten somewhere.

•

WHAT PAPER D'YA READ?

Joe McCarthy is typical of a party politician. He has always been a Republican and his career displays neighborly regularity.—*George Sokolsky in the Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Senator Joseph R. McCarthy, 43, of Wisconsin, started his political career as a New Deal Democrat in 1936.—*The Times.*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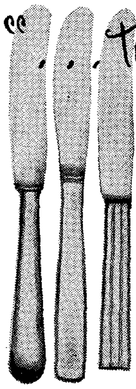

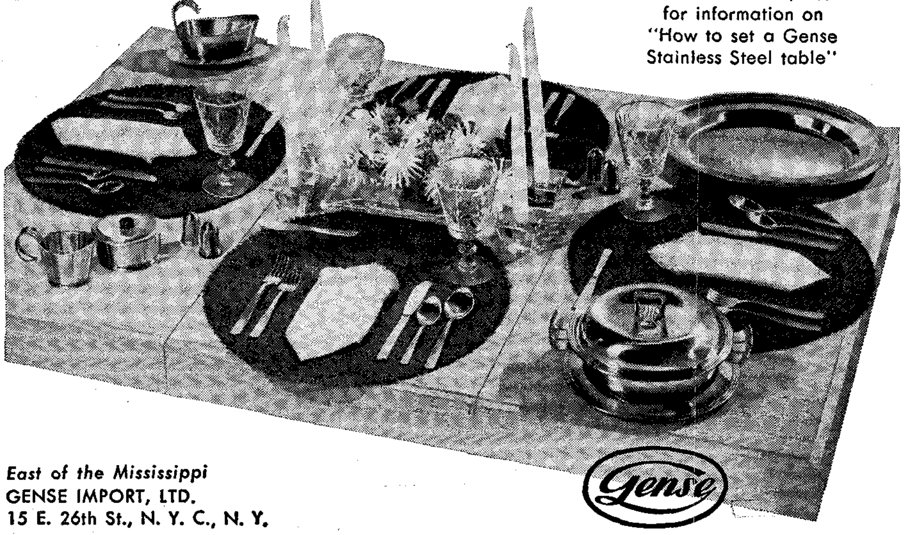

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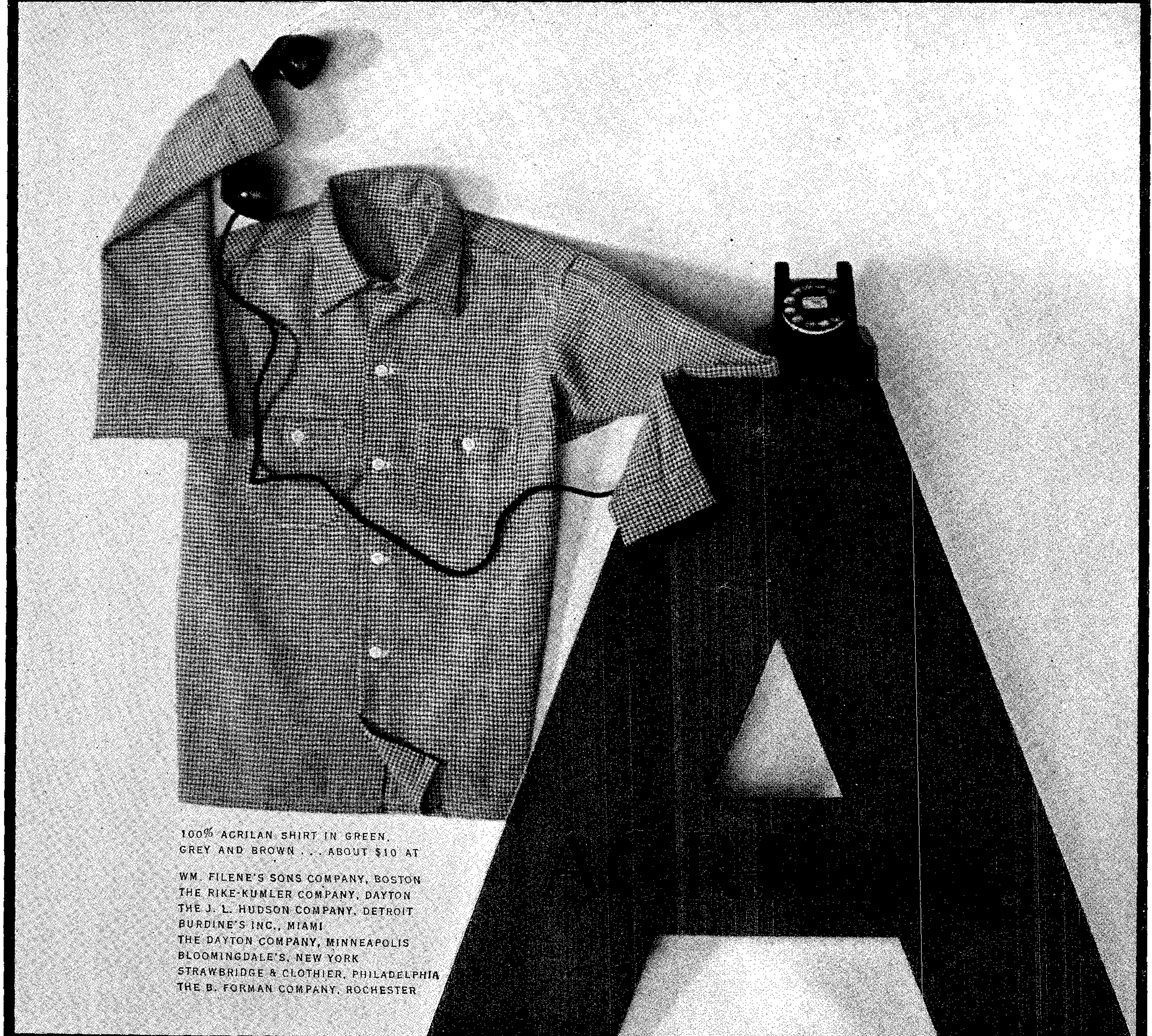

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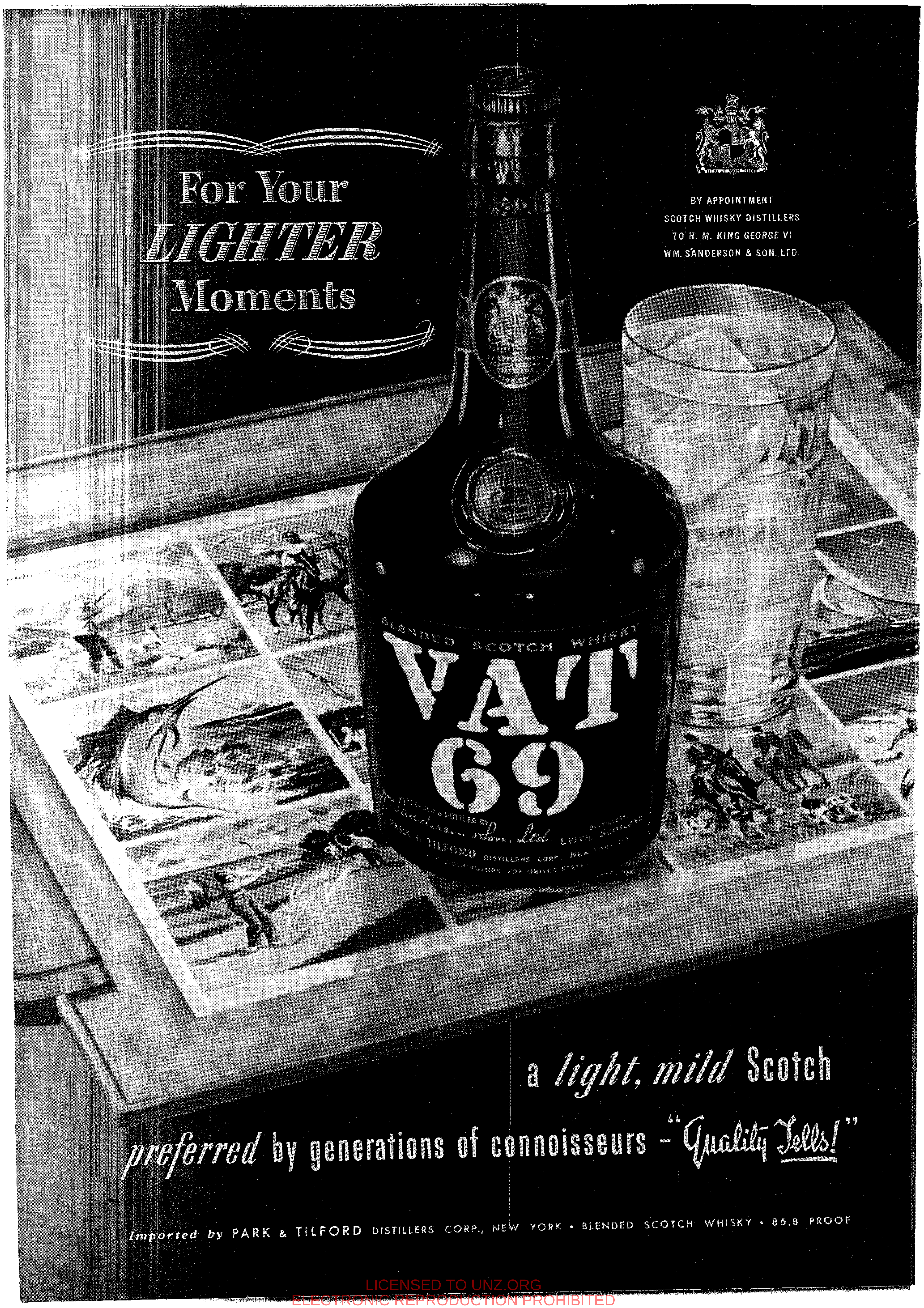
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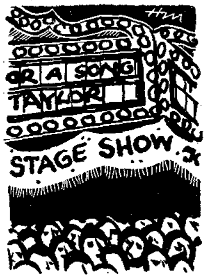
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Duologue



REX HARRISON and Lilli Palmer make up the whole cast of "The Fourposter," a film adaptation of the play by Jan de Hartog, which is still having a highly successful run on Broadway. While Mr. Harrison and Miss Palmer are indubitably charming people, I think it's too much to ask them to sustain a feature-length picture with no assistance, particularly when they are confined throughout the affair to an old-fashioned bedroom. In order to break the monotony of this single setting, a series of ingenious animated cartoons, by the outfit that was responsible for "Gerald McBoing Boing," have been introduced between the various scenes that occupy the principals. These are intended to explain what Mr. Harrison and Miss Palmer are up to whenever they are out of their chamber, and I found them quite amusing. In the event you haven't seen "The Fourposter" on the stage, I might point out that it has to do with the married life of an author and a lady of infinite patience, wisdom, and vivacity. In an assortment of vignettes, we follow these two from their nervous bridal night (a business that struck me as frequently being too arch for comfort) through commotions created by births, infidelities, and deaths, until presently we are watching our author having a chat with the spirit of his wife, who has died somewhere along the line (this finale was tacked on in Hollywood), and being persuaded that it's time for him to join her. Both Mr. Harrison and Miss Palmer are diverting during most of "The Fourposter," but I hope that I've seen the last of these experiments in making movies in close quarters.

IN "The World in His Arms," Gregory Peck is cast as a hard-bitten salt who plies the Pacific Coast from San Francisco to Alaska during the eighteen-fifties. With a maximum of derring-do, the film describes how Mr. Peck holds his own against nautical rivals and against the Russians, from whom he finally buys Alaska for ten million dollars. Since Mr. Peck doesn't seem tough enough to handle a Beaver patrol, let alone an uproarious crew, "The World in His Arms" gets pretty silly at times. I'm afraid that Ann Blyth doesn't help matters much, either, when she attempts to produce an accent suitable to her role as a Russian countess.

"FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS" is a gentle tribute by Roberto Rossellini to one of the most lovable holy men who ever lived. There's really nothing in the way of conflict here—the torture of a follower of Francis by a tyrant provides the strongest bit of action—but the piece is worth seeing if only to watch the monks of the Nocera Inferiore Monastery having a fine time portraying characters of the Middle Ages. As is his custom, Rossellini has bypassed professional actors. The only one on hand is Aldo Fabrizi, who plays the tyrant and does an excellent job.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

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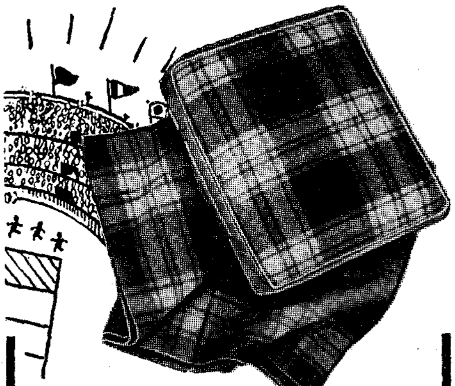
Name two.



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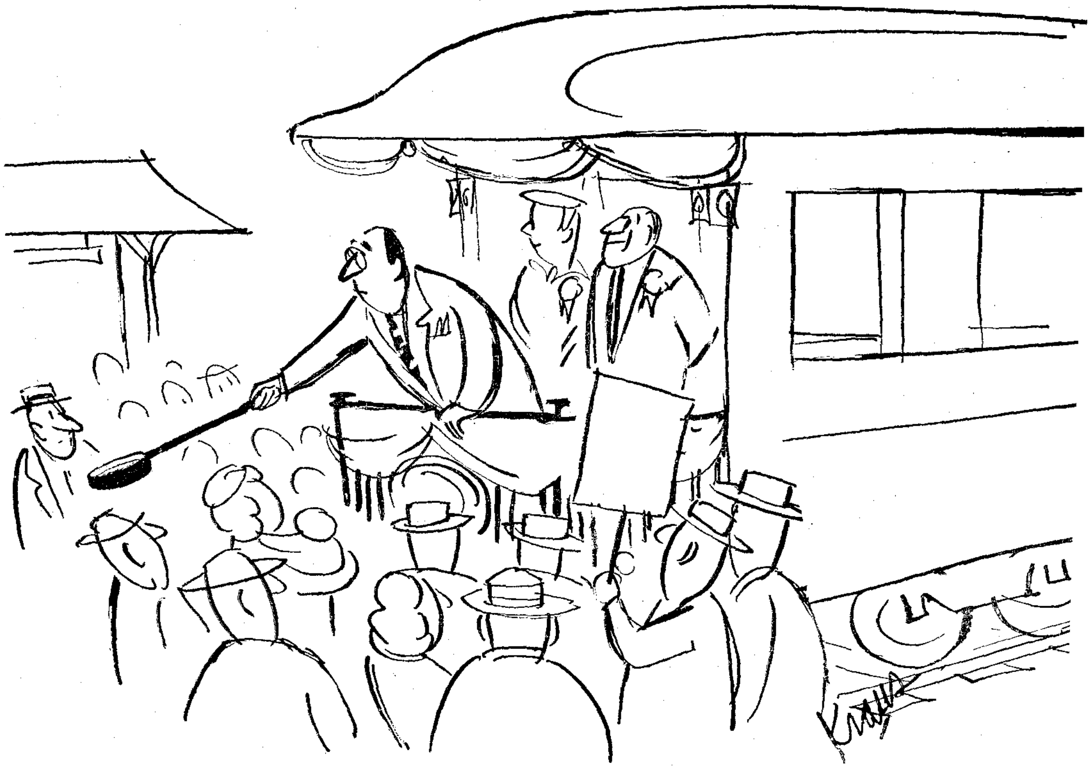
BOOKS

The Vogue of the Marquis de Sade

THE interest in the Marquis de Sade has been steadily increasing in Europe ever since 1909, when Guillaume Apollinaire published a volume of selections from his work and thus brought him into general currency. Though his influence on the Romantic movement was considerable—Sainte-Beuve, writing in the forties, considered it equal to Byron's—it remained largely unacknowledged, as his books were not openly published and rather surreptitiously read. But the Dadaists, at the end of the First World War, delighted in him as a blaster of inhibitions, and broke down the inhibition against mentioning his name; and the Surrealists inherited him from them and have put him among their prophets. The late war, for reasons I shall discuss in a moment, has brought him again to the fore of the French literary consciousness, and so much has been recently written about him that the subject is in danger of becoming a bore, and he is sometimes, I understand, referred to as the Marquis de Fade. The most important authority on Sade is a writer named Maurice Heine, a former Communist of a very ancient vintage, since he was eliminated, in 1923, from the staff of the Communist *Humanité*, when he opposed the suppression of free discussion in the councils of the Party. Heine's interest in the queer Marquis was evidently partly inspired by this passionate libertarianism, for the Marquis, in his dubious way, was a fierce libertarian, too. Heine virtually devoted the rest of his life to running down and publishing Sade's work and vindicating his reputation. He is said to have reduced himself to penury buying up Sade's manuscripts. Heine did not, unfortunately, live to complete the biography he had undertaken, but some drafts for it and his scattered papers on the subject have been collected in a volume, under the title "Le Marquis de Sade," by his friend M. Gilbert Lely, who is carrying on the torch and has himself published a volume of selections: "D. A. F. de Sade." There have been two books on Sade in English, the more recent (1934)—"The Marquis de Sade: A Short Account of His Life and Work"—by that intrepid anthropologist Mr. Geoffrey Gorer, who has made a contribution to the subject by disengaging from Sade's partly pornographic novels his philosophical, religious, political, and social ideas.

All three of these books are written with the bias of the Sade cult. The Marquis constitutes, unquestionably, one of the hardest cases to handle in the whole history of literature. He began writing novels to pass the time during his thirteen years of imprisonment in Vincennes and the Bastille, and they run to Richardsonian length. (His dates are 1740-1814.) They are unique and most uncomfortable productions, which alternate between descriptions of orgies on an impossible multiple scale, which may horrify the reader at first but which soon become routine and ridiculous, and vehement disquisitions, in the vein of the eighteenth-century *philosophe*, which are mostly intended to justify them. The Marquis has, thus, against him that he is often repulsive and often dull, and often both at once. He has usually hitherto been ignored by the French in their histories of their literature, and he is not even mentioned by Saintsbury in his work on the French novel.

But the Marquis does have his importance, and to outlaw him thus is quite unjust—especially on the part of critics who devote considerable space to such a writer as Restif de la Bretonne, who, if somewhat less improper than Sade, has been also less influential. This unfairness is perceived by the champions of Sade, and they distort the picture the other way in their fanatical attempts to right it. The special difficulty that Sade presents to anyone who tries to arrive at a serious estimate of him is that he was neither quite mad nor quite sane. The perplexed head doctor of Charenton, the insane asylum in which the Marquis was confined during the last eleven years of his life, put the situation correctly when he explained, "*Cet homme n'est point aliéné. Son seul délire est celui du vice.*" The Marquis was a man of strong intellect and a certain amount of literary ability, who in prison had had leisure for enormous reading but who was also what is called nowadays a compulsive neurotic of a violent and incurable kind. To the defense of his impulse to cruelty he brought an inflexible will and a contemptuous, obstinate pride that moved the Romantics to admiration and that still commands a certain respect. But this impulse was



Do You Remember These?

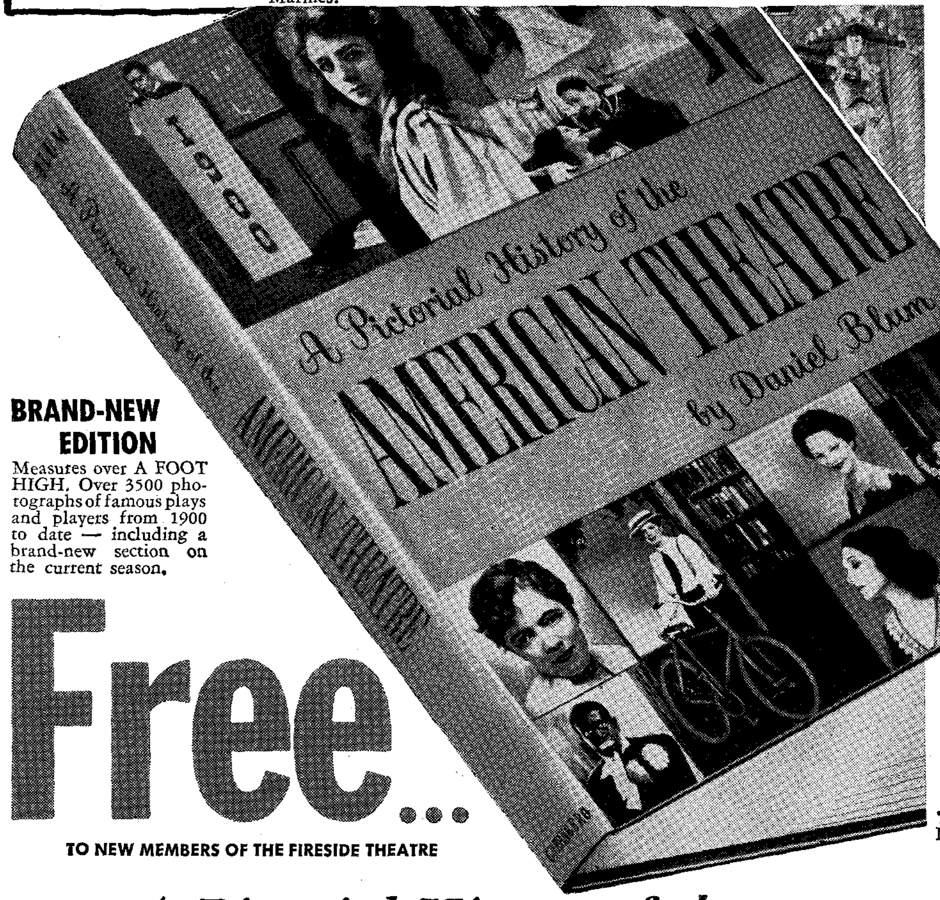
1901: Ethel Barrymore in "Capt. Jinks of the Horse Marines."

1924: Gertrude Lawrence in "Charlot's Revue."

1930: The Lunts in "Elizabeth the Queen."

1933: Bob Hope in "Roberta."

1934: Imogene Coca in "New Faces."



1935: Tallulah Bankhead in "Rain."

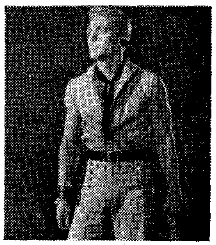
1935: Montgomery Clift, child player in "Jubilee."

1936: Nazimova in "Hedda Gabler."

1939: Paul Muni in "Key Largo."

1944: Frank Fay in "Harvey."

1946: Ingrid Bergman in "Joan of Lorraine."


1951: Charles Nolte as "Billy Budd."

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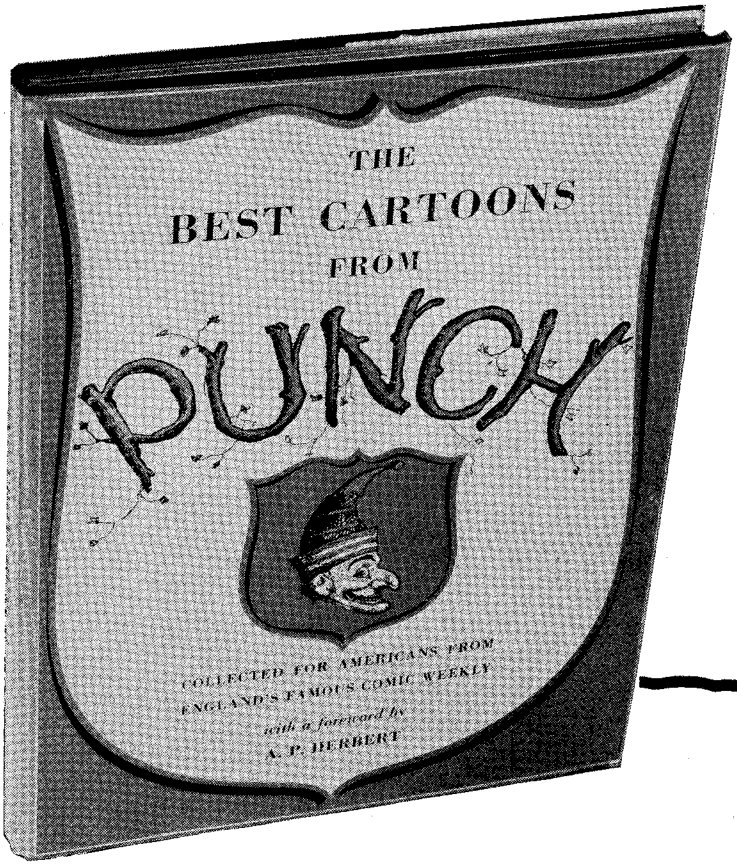
a lifelong obsession that gets in the way of his success as both a literary artist and a thinker. Signor Mario Praz, the author of "The Romantic Agony," recently republished by Oxford, a study of the literary influence of Sade, has very firmly made this point and, as a result, has been treated rather sniffishly by both Heine and Mr. Gorer.

But both Heine and Mr. Gorer—as well as M. Lely—have been betrayed into howling absurdities by their eagerness to explain this obsession away. Their urbane attempts to gloss over the horrid chronicle of Sade's aberrations and the madly inappropriate interpretations that they sometimes try to put on his work have at moments reached the point of high comedy. M. Lely writes tender little poems to Sade and prints on the cover of his book the strange slogan "*Tout ce que signe Sade est amour.*" Mr. Gorer tries to give the impression that the Marquis was a sober and luminous thinker, with the good of humanity at heart, in whose mouth butter wouldn't melt. You would never find out from Mr. Gorer's book the real tenor of his subject's life; you would hardly suspect the main content of his work. "Although the sexual element," says Mr. Gorer, "is present" in the early versions of "Justine" (a triumph of understatement), they cannot be "considered obscene"—a remark that can be given meaning only if we assume that obscenity must always for Mr. Gorer imply the use of the French equivalent of four-letter words, which, it is true, do not make their appearance till the rewritten fourth edition. When he comes to explain away the various exploits of Sade that made him an object of concern to the police and nearly cost him his life, Mr. Gorer becomes hilarious if one reads him after examining the courtroom records and the memoranda of the Paris police, which Maurice Heine himself has published. Mr. Gorer represents Sade as a courteous and considerate gentleman—one gets a distinct impression that he has been to an English public school—persecuted by vulgar harlots. Yet it is plain from these documents and others that the Marquis had for years done his best to enact the elaborate and sinister debauches which he afterward described in his novels. In that great age of "libertinage," a good deal must have been permitted to a noble with powerful connections like Sade; still, Sade was always getting into trouble in different places and with different people, and always for the same kind of offense. The various frightened girls who ran to the police about him, declaring that he had tried to poison them or beaten them or tortured them or threatened to kill them, the father who tried to shoot him, had not picked up from his novels the bizarre and deleterious ideas that they accused him of trying to carry out, for these books had not been written yet; and, on the other hand, the persistent recurrence in the fiction he eventually produced of practices exactly similar to those with which he had been charged would certainly show a strong predilection. It comes to seem, then, a masterpiece of euphemism when we find Mr. Gorer writing of the episode at Marseille, for which Sade was condemned to death, that the Marquis was "almost certainly exploring conscientiously and practically all possible extensions of sensual pleasure." (The use here of the great British phrase "almost certainly" is a truly wonderful touch.) Yet Mr. Gorer is only improving on a tenet of the Sadist faith established by Maurice Heine: that the allegedly poisoned bonbons the Marquis on this occasion offered to some prostitutes, one of whom, the only one who ate them, was at once seized with agonizing cramps, were, in reality, nothing worse than aphrodisiacs. In the literature of the Sadist cult, this case is always referred to as "*l'affaire des bonbons cantharidés.*" But there is not a shred of evidence for assuming that they were not intended, if not to kill the girls, at least to do them some harm, and the behavior of Sade himself, as reported by one of the girls, seems to make it plain that they were. Why should a dose of cantharides produce convulsive cramps? We know that the heroes of Sade's novels want never to increase their partners' pleasure but always to give them pain, and that poisoning is one of their specialties.

No; one cannot blame Sade's family for locking him up. His wife had stood by him through years of this. He had at one time maintained in his Provence château a harem of both sexes, his reckless experiments with which became so alarming and troublesome that it was surely not unnatural for the Marquise's mother—not able to avail herself of the resources of modern psychiatry—to have him put away in Vincennes. The defenders of Sade have diverted attention from the propriety of this step by raising the issue of the quite different action of Napoleon, at a later date, in consigning the Marquis to an asylum. This was merely an incident of the repressive Napoleonic censorship. The real objection to leaving him at large—



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though he was denounced as an enemy of morals—was that, just having published a scurrilous book about Napoleon and Josephine, he was regarded as a subversive force.

In the meantime, the Revolution had freed him from the Bastille. His wife would never see him again, but his sons seem to have done what they could for him. He found a mistress whom he appears to have been fond of and who was certainly loyal to him—he was evidently attractive to women—when he got into trouble again. He worked for the Revolution, and he actually served for a time as a judge on one of its tribunals, in which role—no doubt much to her astonishment—he got his mother-in-law and her family off when, in one of the queerest of confrontations, they were one day brought before him. He exercised his influence so often in favor of sparing the accused that the bloodthirsty officials of the Terror began to suspect his revolutionary zeal and had him locked up again for the crime of "moderantism." His behavior had, however, been perfectly consistent. Having had his own head in jeopardy at the time of the Marseille affair, he had long opposed capital punishment on the ground that, since every crime was the result of a "natural" impulse, it was unjust to kill people for committing them. He was now confined in a prison where the guillotine was set up under the windows and where, he writes in a letter, "we buried eighteen hundred in thirty-five days, a third of them from our unfortunate house." His own turn eventually came, and he was saved from beheading only by the fall of Robespierre the night before his execution was scheduled. Did this frighten the Marquis or disgust him with blood? On the contrary, it probably afforded him a certain satisfaction in confirming his so often declared belief that the destructive lust of humanity represented the ultimate reality. He is funny in his saturnine way about the moral pretensions of the Revolution: "It is amusing that the Jacobins in the French Revolution should have wished to destroy the altars of a God who talked exactly their language, and even more extraordinary that those who detest and wish to destroy the Jacobins should do so in the name of a God who talks the same language as the Jacobins. If this is not the *ne plus ultra* of human absurdity, I should like to know what is." In a letter from the Bastille, after defending his materialistic philosophy, he ends with the following declaration: "Well, there's a letter that's calculated to prolong my captivity, isn't it? You can tell

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those prolongers from me that their prolongation is completely futile. They could leave me here ten years and they'd take me out no better, believe me, than I was when I went in. Either kill me or accept me as I am, for Devil take me if ever I change—I've told you that the beast's too old—there's no hope for him any more—the most decent and candid and delicate of men, the tenderest and most indulgent idolater of my children, for whose happiness I'd go through fire, scrupulous to the last degree about not wanting to corrupt their morals or mess up their minds or make them in any respect adopt my ideas, adoring my relatives (my own, I mean)—any friends I still have left, and above all my wife, whom I only want to see happy, and to whom I very much wish to make up for my many youthful indiscretions—because it's true that *one's own wife should not be exposed to that*—I felt this and told her so more than six months before I came here; she is my witness. Those are my virtues—as for my vices—unrestrainable rages—an extreme tendency in everything to lose control of myself, a disordered imagination in sexual matters such as has never been known in this world, an atheist to the point of fanaticism—in two words, there I am, and so once again kill me or take me like that, because I shall never change."

But nobody wants to take him. The conventional people won't touch him, and his defenders, as I say, will not face him. They like to repeat Apollinaire's statement that their hero was "the freest mind that ever existed," though he was certainly one of the most constrained. His peculiar tastes had instigated him to boldness in some directions, but he could never get away from his manias and had to make all his work and his thought inescapably revolve around them. Even his pamphlet on the Revolution—anonymously reprinted, it is curious to note, at the time of the Revolution of 1848—turns out to be leading us up to the usual self-justification. One sometimes feels a certain disingenuousness in the attempts of these defenders to whitewash him. They seem to be excited by his atrocities at the same time that they are trying to tell us that he was the most charming man in the world and wouldn't have hurt a fly. M. Lely is even rather sentimental, in a vein that would have made Sade bellow. The Sadists have even looked up and reverently photographed—as if it were Buddha's Bo Tree—the sordid old iron staircase to the third floor of the house in Marseille where the at-

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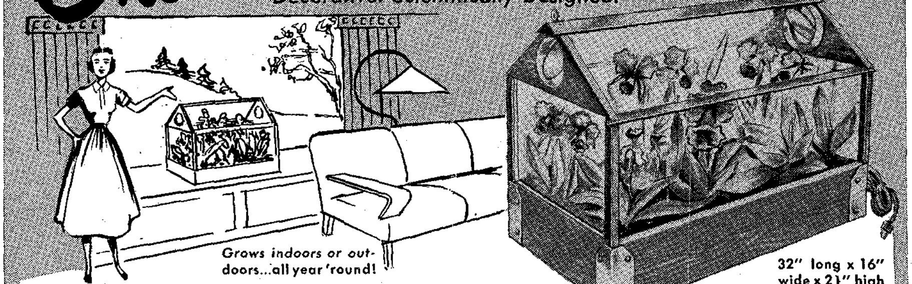

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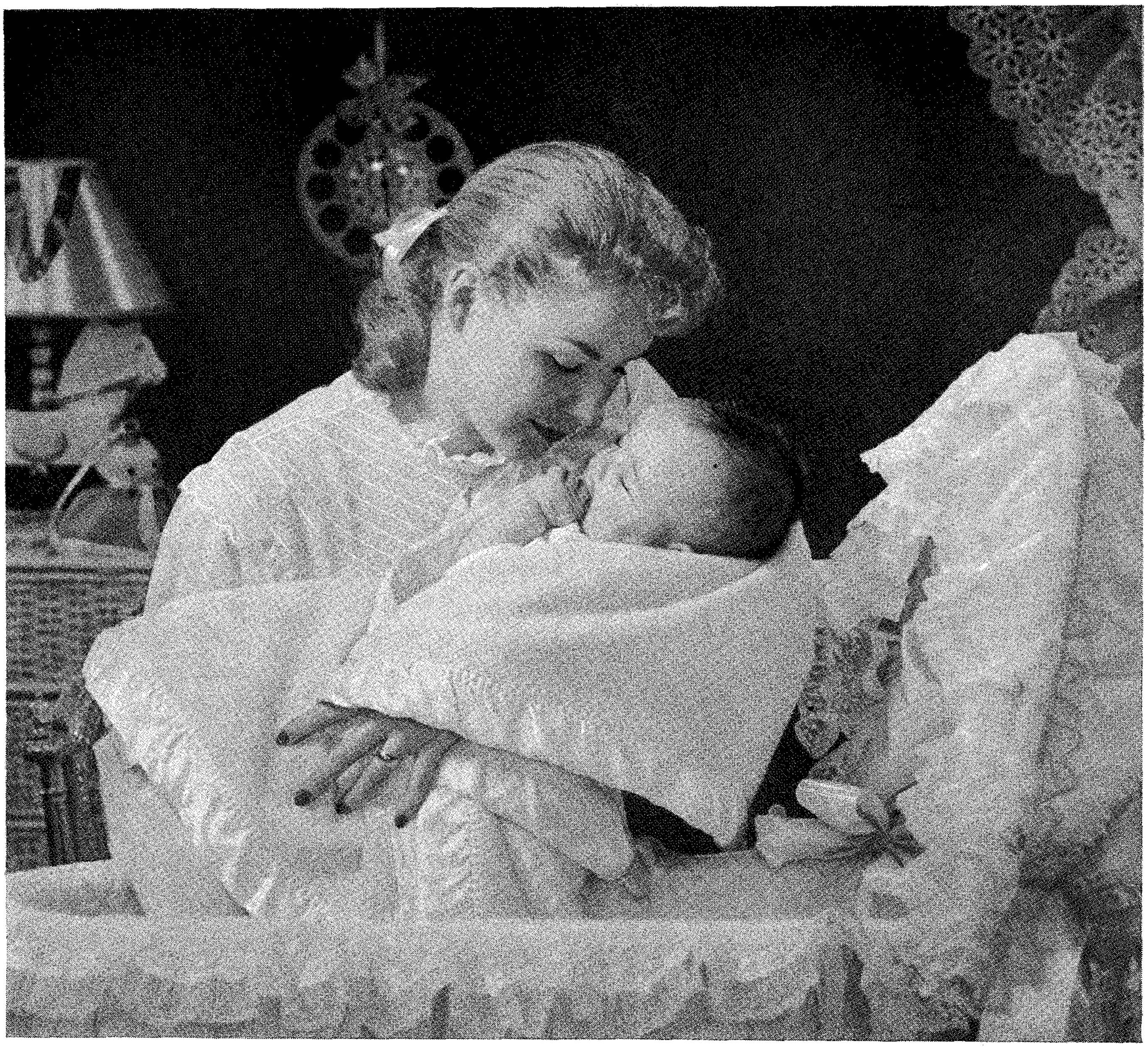
tempt to poison the prostitutes took place. Among these enthusiasts a certain soft and sly tone prevails. It is characteristic of the cult of Sade that a friend of Heine, M. Georges Bataille, quoted by M. Lely, should refer to Heine as "*ce personnage séduisant,*" assuring us that he was "one of the gentlest and best bred men I have ever known," but remark a little further on that, one day at a political meeting, he "produced a revolver, fired at random, and slightly wounded his wife in the arm."

SO let us not try to disguise the congenital, the compulsive and inveterate sadism of the life and works of the Marquis de Sade. What, then, is he worth to the world? More than you might expect. His difficulties with his own aberrations made him interested in those of other people, and he brought to this whole so long outlawed subject a certain scientific point of view. He always likes to document himself, and he will tell you in a note that, fantastic though some hair-raising episode may sound, it is based on an actual case that recently came to light in a provincial city. He compiled—in "Les 120 Journées de Sodome"—the first systematic catalogue of sexual abnormalities, to the number of six hundred, for he discriminated many nuances; he anticipated Freud in perceiving that sexual constitution was determined at an early age and that a sexual element was present in all family relationships; and he had also the anthropological approach, for he was constantly invoking travel books to show that there is no sort of practice that is not somewhere the accepted thing. He was something of a scientist, something of a philosopher, something of a man of letters, and—if you can stand him at all—he is not without interest in any of these roles. He has even at moments some merit as a writer. Sade's cardinal defect as a novelist was his infantile inability to transpose his erotic fantasies into terms of the real world. The horrors that are perpetrated by his characters are made to take place in a kind of void: they rarely have any of the consequences that they would in actual life, and that they did, to his sorrow, for Sade himself. Yet it is true, as Heine suggests, that "Les 120 Journées de Sodome" had beaten all the Gothic novels hollow before most of them had been written; and it is true, as M. Lely claims, that the hideous characters of this book—a financier, a bishop, a duke, and a judge, who represent the corruption of the old regime (Sade was



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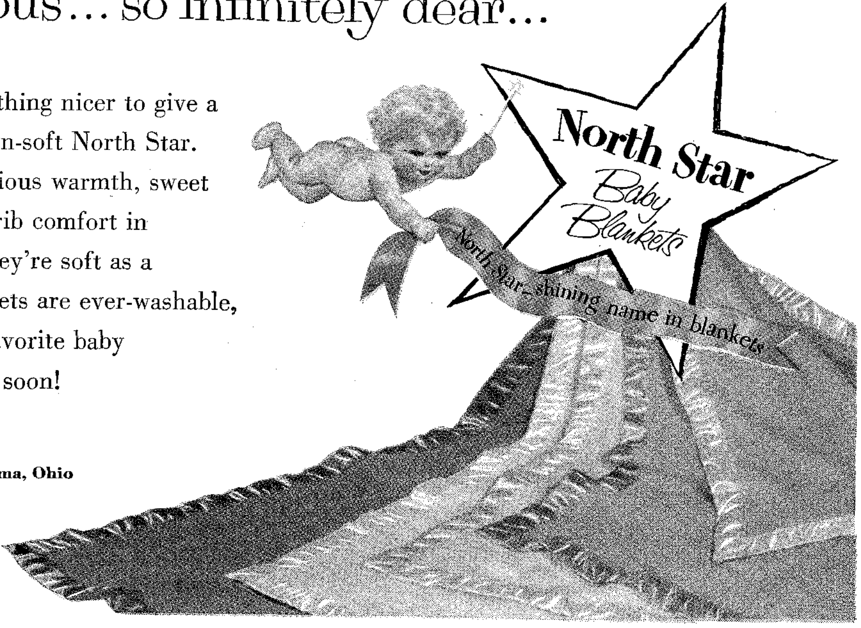
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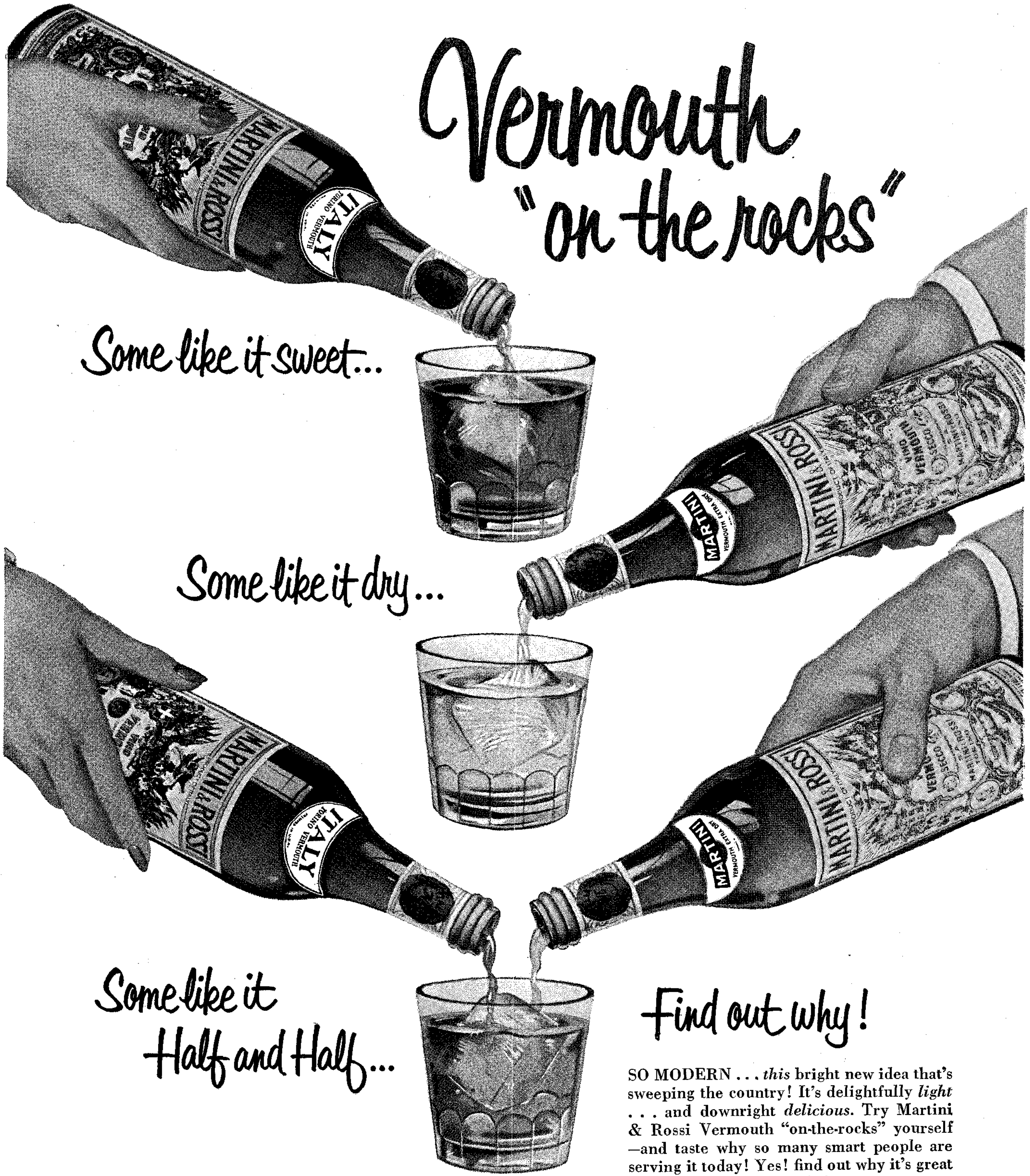
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a sharp observer of abnormal and vicious types, at once monstrous and realistic)—show a power akin to Balzac's. And wordy and repetitious though Sade often tended to be, he did succeed in giving expression to certain pessimistic ideas as perhaps no one else has done.

With the Surrealists and in some other quarters, the appeal of the horrific Marquis has been that of an upsetter of conventions and a purveyor of violent thrills. But there have been other reasons lately for the interest in Sade and for the curious forms it has sometimes taken. In Europe, since the Second World War, the professional intellectual has found himself under a frightening pressure: he has had to try in some way to accommodate—morally, intellectually—to the world, as the educated man has conceived it, the murderous devices for large-scale murder, for suffocating, burning, or blowing up one's enemies, that the professedly Christian countries have lately been going in for as heartily as the Odin-worshipping Nazis, the Emperor-worshipping Japanese, or the officially atheist Russians; and here is a writer, the Marquis de Sade, of whom one knows that he always insisted that such things were perfectly normal and who tried to reason about them. The atrocities he loves to describe do not today seem as outrageous as they did at first. Even writing in 1934, Mr. Gorer was able to say that "the century and a half which have passed since [the first writing of "Justine" and "Juliette"] have more than justified [Sade's] gloomiest prognostications." M. Albert Camus, in a chapter on Sade in his recent "L'Homme Révolté," points out that Sade's worst imaginations are now seen to be well on the conservative side. And there is also the disposition to find the Marquis himself not so bad as he used to be thought. Certain writers have attempted to demonstrate that this man whose whole work is a blasphemy was fundamentally or potentially religious, arguing that the recognition of evil leads the way to the love of God and that Sade's lifelong quarrel with the Deity is a proof that he believed in His existence. The result of consulting the work of a professional diabolic to find some way of coming to terms with the forces of destruction that threaten one is, thus, to be moved to attempt to tailor for this diabolic an aspect more acceptable and "human"—that is to say, less psychopathic. The Marquis accepted these forces; he had evolved a code of behavior, a proposed set of legislative reforms, a whole system of philosophy based on them. May he not, then, have

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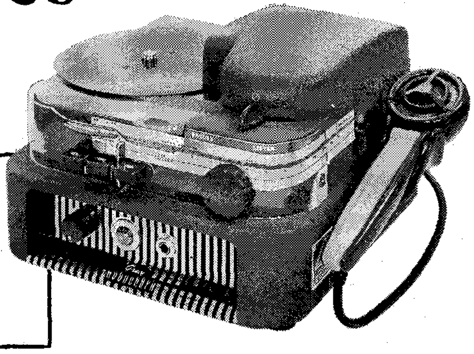

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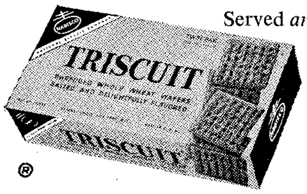

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made some sense? May he not have been an excellent, if embittered, man, who desired to save his own soul, to procure the welfare of the human race?

Now, the Marquis did *not* make sense; he did not love the human race. But he does have his definite importance in the history of Western thought, and there is a gap if we leave him out. Signor Praz has filled up this gap in the domain of imaginative literature, and he has indicated the role Sade plays in the political-philosophical field. In this latter, the Marquis appears as the opposite pole to Rousseau, and if we do not allow him his place, the picture remains incomplete. To the rebellious but ingenuous mind of Rousseau, it came as a revelation that men were "naturally" good and that it was only institutions that had led them astray. To Sade, also nonconformist, also biassed by abnormality, it seemed obvious that crimes and perversions were prompted by tendencies that we had in common with all the rest of "Nature," and that the error of institutions was their effort to censor these tendencies. The logic of Sade, of course, reduces the argument from Nature to absurdity, but then so does the logic of Rousseau. We want to put to them both the same question: Are not our moral and legal codes also the products of natural instincts? But it was difficult still in that age to conceive of man as an animal with certain superior faculties, in the light of which he tries to discipline his diverse natural instincts for purposes he strongly feels but is unable to formulate definitively (as they tried to do with everything in the eighteenth century) because he never can see to the end of them; and in the meantime the doctrine of Rousseau necessitated a correction, a contradiction, that it got with a vengeance in Sade. The utopians of the eighteenth century were eventually to have their complement in the cynical practicality of Napoleon; and in the interval the two conceptions had been hopelessly, disastrously, confused in the sadistic idealists of the Terror. The Russian Marxists of our own century have arrived at an even more insidious confusion of the ideal of human improvement with a gospel of internecine strife; and the Marquis de Sade still stands as a reminder that the lust for cruelty, the appetite for destruction, are powerful motivations that must be recognized for what they are.

But, except for the Surrealist, the connoisseur of horrors, the relisher of sensations for their own sake, it is difficult to see how Sade can meet

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any other need. He tends only toward annihilation. Though he justifies himself by appealing to Nature, he also turns against Nature for having made him what he is: "Is it a being so contemptible, so odious as this which has given me life for no other purpose than to make me take pleasure in what injures my kind?" Nor does he shrink from destroying himself, for, like his characters, he is what is called today masochistic as well as what is called sadistic. He furiously announces again and again that he would like to wipe out the human race, to pulverize the universe: "It is she [Nature] that I desire to outrage. I should like to spoil her plans, to block her advance, to halt the course of the stars, to throw down the globes that float in space—to destroy everything that serves her, to protect everything that injures her, to cultivate everything that irritates her—in a word, to insult all her works." One of Sade's most impressive scenes is that in "La Nouvelle Justine" in which the misanthropic chemist encountered on Etna explains that he has mastered a method for producing artificial eruptions, and expresses a strong desire to devastate the whole of Sicily. This comes close to us today, and one cannot but feel that the fascination at present exerted by Sade is due partly to this dizzy exhilaration in a destructiveness that is also self-destructive. One had the impression at moments during the bombings of the last war that people derived satisfaction from a reckless letting go of power that might also annihilate the wielder of power. This impulse is the ultimate blasphemy—far more terrible than the Voltairean jeering at theology or the Byronic defiance of law—and it is Sade's queer, unique distinction to have expressed it with the ultimate audacity.

In Sade's will, one of the most effective things he wrote, he invoked complete oblivion. After explaining that he wants to be buried in a particular copse on his country estate and that there is not to be "a ceremony of any sort," he lays down these specific directions: "As soon as the grave has been filled, the place is to be sown with acorns, in order that thereafter, the earth of the aforesaid grave being overgrown and the copse grown up as it was before, the traces of my tomb may disappear from the face of the earth, as I flatter myself that my memory will be erased from the mind of men, except for the few who have been kind enough to love me till my last moment and of whom I shall carry to the grave a very pleasant recollection." But we have not been able to

Notes for your Wine Cellar Book

Looking at Labels

The gourmet likens the label on a wine bottle to a book—a guide book that can lead the way to some of the world's most interesting taste-tours. For written there, under the signature of the author-vintner, are the history, the character and the pleasure promises of the wine within.

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Some Unusual California White Wines

Those who are discerning about wine are finding particular pleasure in the numerous *varietal* wines of California—wines bearing the name of their grape parent. Among these are the *White Pinots* of California—the *Pinot Blanc* and *Pinot Chardonnay*. These great grapes take to vineyards where soil is frugal, summers are long and nights are cool. In return, they yield wines of smoothness, finesse and bouquet.

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Considerable acclaim is now being given to California's unique *Zinfandel* and charming *Rosé* wines.

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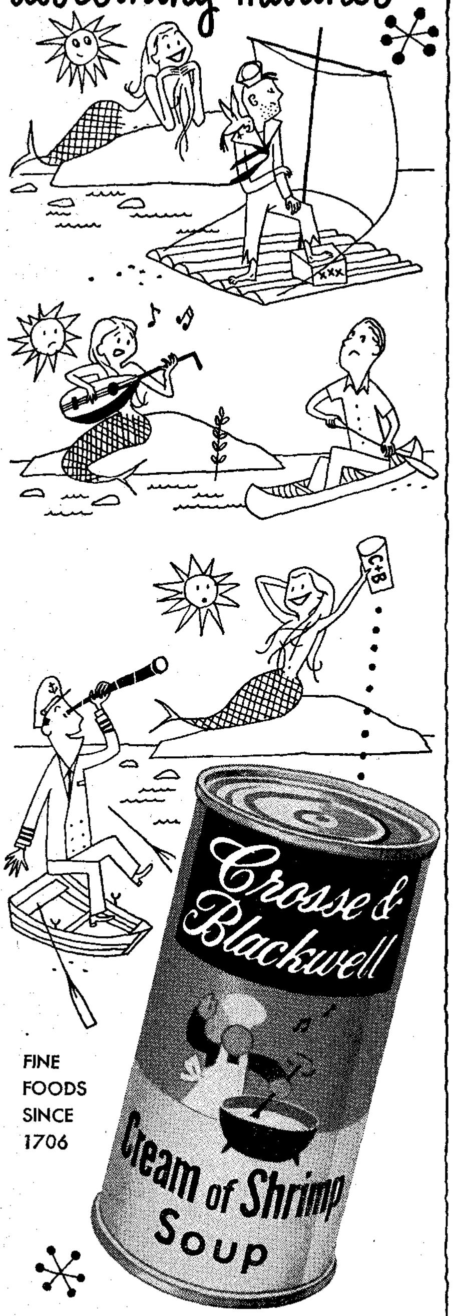
California *Rosé* wines are typically mild in body and pink in color, with characteristic lively, fruity taste. Made from *Grenache*, *Grignolino* or *Gamay* grapes (and often bearing those grape names), the *Rosés* of California are gay as a summer party—versatile wines that, served chilled, will add to the taste pleasure of most any food.

We winegrowers of California invite you to try these and other of our table wines. When you do, we feel sure you will share our pride and agree that many are unmatched throughout the wine world. Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market Street, San Francisco 3, California.

how to distract a discerning mariner



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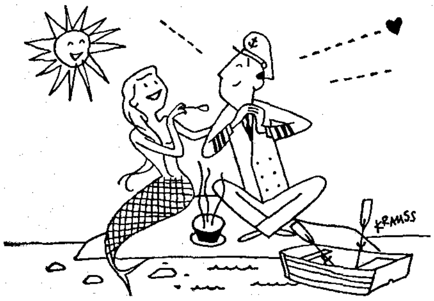


forget him. We have never been able to shake him off, because we know that he is not entirely mad, not entirely out of touch with reality—that, tedious, disgusting, "hipped," he is harping on something that is sometimes felt by other human beings who seem to be sane. Let us hope that his moment is passing. That his prestige as a contemporary prophet of human self-immolation to the forces that humanity generates, as well as his old use as a bogy to horrify the bourgeoisie, is already, now, on the decline seems to be indicated by two excellent studies published since 1951—the chapter about him in Camus's new book, referred to above, and the long paper by Mlle. Simone de Beauvoir ("Faut-il Brûler Sade?") in the December, 1951, and January, 1952, numbers of Sartre's magazine, *Les Temps Modernes* (this last perhaps the very best thing that has yet been written on the subject)—in which his ideas are coolly criticized and the man himself brought into the clinic as a special psychological case. They seem to make a new era in the study of Sade.

—EDMUND WILSON

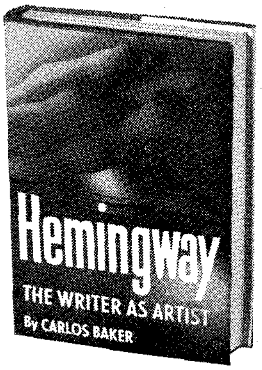
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE LAST SEPTEMBER, by Elizabeth Bowen (Knopf). This is a reprint of a novel written in 1928. Miss Bowen, whose style even then was mellow and well-bred and had the smooth flow that comes with complete—one might even say implacable—understanding, tells of the last September in the life of an old Irish house, Danielstown. She writes of the visitors who come and go in the house during this month, and she dwells particularly on a somewhat pallid romance between a girl who is staying there and a young British officer stationed in a neighboring town. The time of the story is 1920.

A TIME OUTWORN, by Val Mulkerns (Devin-Adair). The love story of a sensitive young girl, told in the first person and with the voice and manner of a sensitive young girl. Miss Mulkerns, a very talented writer who unfortunately tries to make a tragedy out of her heroine's growing pains, has come up with a group of sad young Dublin people, most of them around nineteen and all of them more disposed to feel intense than to feel. She manages her people with ease, and her occasional darts of wit make one regret that she did not back away from her story and regard it with a

That book about



reveals more than has ever before been understood about the aims and motives of his art, and the meaning of his stories from the first apprentice work to *The Old Man and the Sea.* It is the first full-length critical portrait of the most famous and most frequently misinterpreted American writer of our time.

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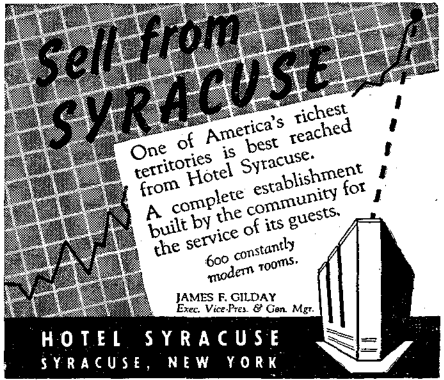

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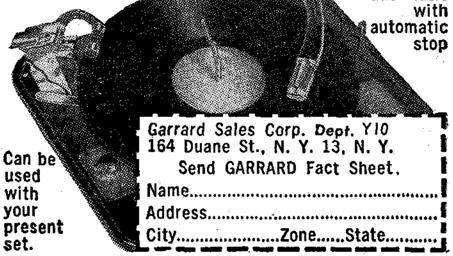

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cooler eye before she made up her mind about the ending.

October Island, by William March (Little, Brown). An American missionary, the Reverend Samuel Barnfield, and his wife, Irma, are sent to a remote and unspoiled Pacific island to redeem the natives from their pagan ways. This turns out to be Mr. Barnfield's last mission, because he dies, but Irma is acclaimed by the islanders as the pagan messiah they have been waiting for. The impact of the Barnfields on the islanders and of the islanders on the Barnfields is lost, because all Mr. March's characters, on both sides, are only grotesques aping humanity, and therefore what might have been a tragedy or an ironic comedy resolves instead into a chilly and rather tiresome farce.

With Hope, Farewell, by Alexander Baron (Ives Washburn). A weakly told story of anti-Semitism in London between 1928 and 1948. We follow the hero, Mark Strong, from the summer of his tenth year, when he is already familiar with discrimination, through his growing up, his enlistment in the Air Force, and his marriage. The book ends on a note of good-fellowship and reassurance that is not at all convincing, since nothing in the story has prepared us for it; the author seems persuaded that all he has to do to make things better is say that they will be better.

GENERAL

The Glitter and the Gold, by Consuelo Vanderbilt Balsan (Harper). These memoirs by Consuelo Vanderbilt are on a higher level of distinction than those of the ordinary social or public figure who mistakenly believes that his superficial impressions will be interesting to others. Mrs. Balsan tells here what it meant for an impressionable little girl to be a millionaire's daughter in the eighties; how she was literally imprisoned by her mother at the age of seventeen, in a manner that recalls old novels and sounds incredible in modern America, until she broke an engagement unauthorized by her mother and agreed to marry the Duke of Marlborough; and how she struggled with his enormous place, Blenheim, and with the British nobility and royalty of the Victorian and Edwardian reigns. This part of her story has the interest of an intimate inside report by an appreciative but

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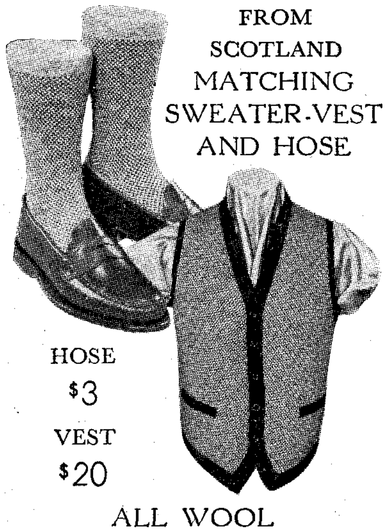

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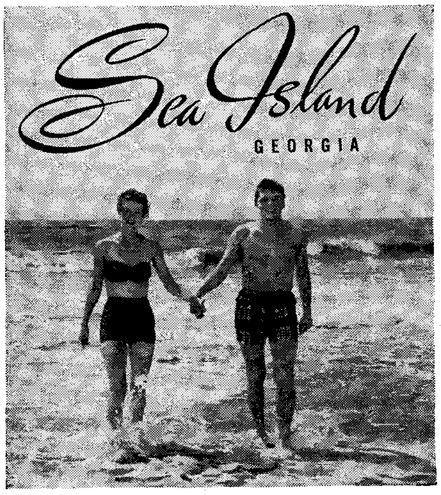

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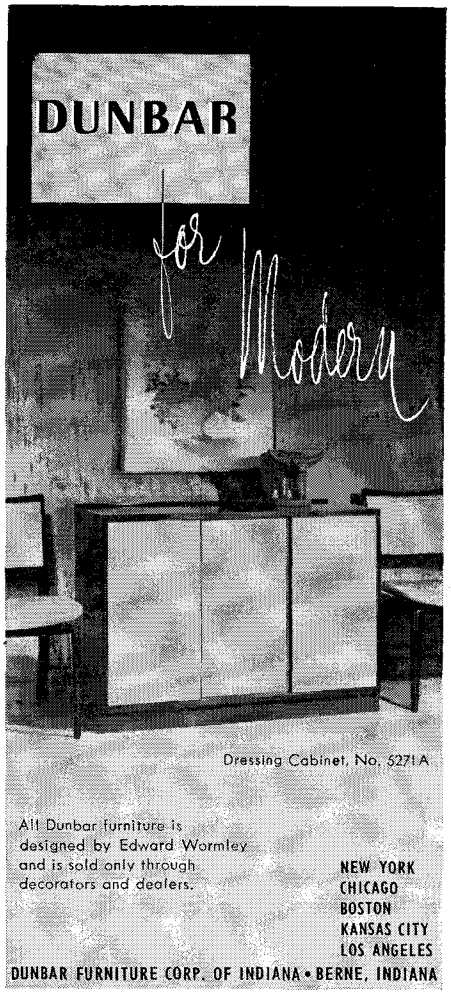
critical outsider. In 1906, when she was twenty-nine, she arranged a legal separation from the Duke and for years lived a lonely but more satisfactory life in London and the country. She became increasingly preoccupied with political and philanthropical activities and, during the First World War, was a hard-working member of the London County Council. In 1920, she got a divorce, and in 1921, she married Jacques Balsan, a French aviator who had apparently been in love with her ever since he saw her as a débutante in Paris. One wonders what would have happened to Consuelo Vanderbilt if she had stayed in the United States. Were her seriousness and strength of character brought out by the misfortune of her British marriage? Would she have figured, in New York and Newport, as merely one of the fashionable hostesses of the Big Money era?

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, by J. M. Thompson (Oxford). A new biography of Napoleon, whose bibliography now runs to more than a hundred thousand books. The author, one of the leading modern authorities on the French Revolution, is interested not so much in the Napoleon who conquered Europe as in the Napoleon who conquered the Revolution and codified its laws and institutions within the framework of a monarchy. He is as aware as anybody of Napoleon's fatal weaknesses, but regards him as the architect of a state, whose work "enabled France to survive three invasions and a century and a half of political unrest." Professor Thompson makes no attempt to dramatize his man, and the result is one of the best biographies of Napoleon in English.

THE WOMAN WITH THE WHIP, by María Flores (Doubleday). A biography of Eva Perón, and the first book—or at any rate the first book in English—that explains her in terms of her background and the mores of the society in which she flourished. The author, a native of Argentina now living in the United States, sees in the politics of the Peróns even more tragic consequences than foreign observers have seen; she believes the President and his wife bankrupted her country not only materially but spiritually. She writes coolly of Evita—and from a detailed knowledge of the early years of her life, which Evita tried so hard to obscure—but she admits that the wom-



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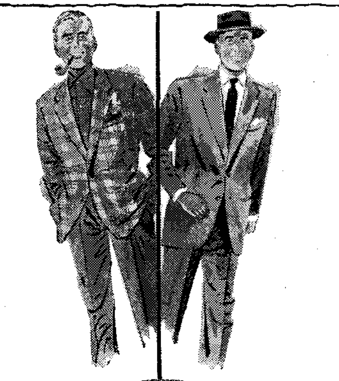

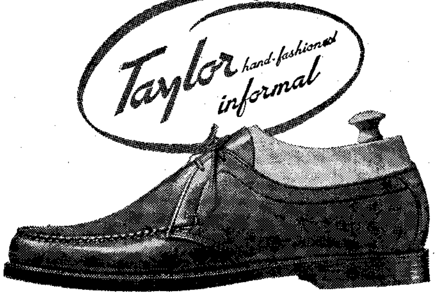

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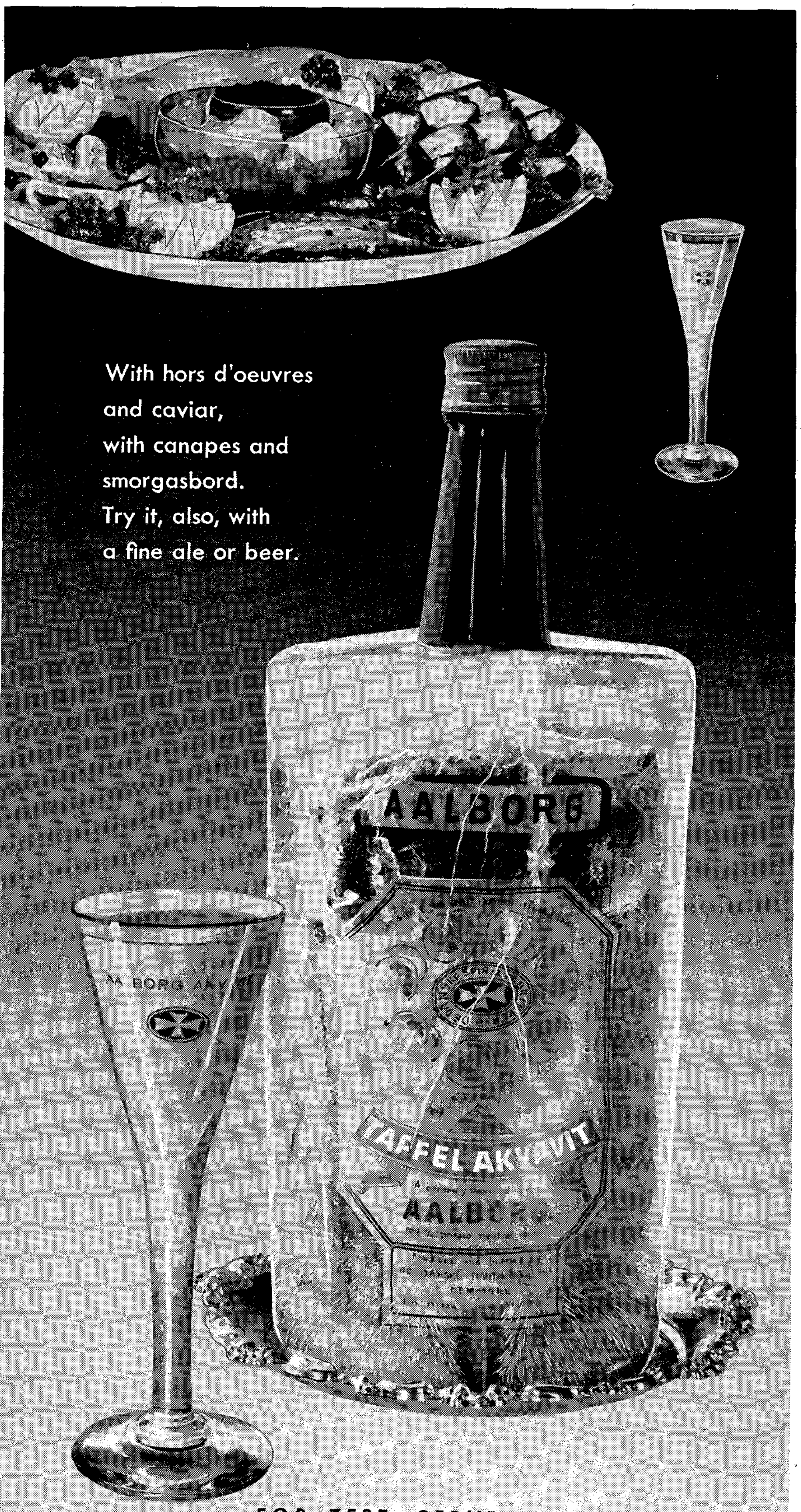
an was a political force of astonishing power, and even goes so far as to say that by her championship of women in a land where women never counted for much she may have done some good, after all.

Light on a Dark Horse, by Roy Campbell (Regnery). A second autobiography by the meteoric and very talented South African poet, who has also been a professional bullfighter and a wandering circus performer in Provence, a fisherman off the southern coast of France, a soldier in Spain (for Franco), and a literary critic and B.B.C. personality in London. Mr. Campbell starts with his boyhood and early youth in Durban, then takes himself to Oxford and to London, where he fell in with the gilded literary bohemians of the twenties, and married one of them at the age of nineteen. He branches out to the Continent next, and describes his picaresque life there up until around 1934, when he was converted to the Roman Catholic faith. One needn't subscribe to his beliefs to enjoy his book; it is a dazzling narrative of adventure by a man who is entirely *sui generis* and can write like a streak.

Words and Ways of American English, by Thomas Pyles (Random House). A collection of somewhat irreverent essays on the American language—irreverent in that the author doesn't credit the language with the unshackled vigor and inventiveness for which it has often been praised. He believes it has been hagridden lately by schoolmarms of both sexes, and stultified by our present-day conformist attitudes. Various chapters deal with the origins of American English, showing how it was enriched by native coinage, Indian words, slang, and borrowings from foreign tongues, and there is a biographical sketch of Noah Webster, our first important lexicographer, who bowdlerized the Bible. Mr. Pyles attributes much of the nice-nellyism that blighted polite speech and writing during the nineteenth century to Webster's Puritan prudishness. The book is consistently amusing, in a donnish way.

These Are Your Sons, by Timothy J. Mulvey, O.M.I. (McGraw-Hill). The war in Korea, and the men who are fighting it, as seen by an Oblate Father with marked gifts as a writer. Father Mulvey, an unusual priest (for one thing, he has ulcers), visited the front many times, went on night-bombing missions,



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made a combat cruise on a carrier, and got as close to the war as a civilian could. He made friends with all ranks, and all ranks apparently accepted him; at least, they don't seem to have toned down their talk because he was around. He writes with admiration, compassion, and wonderful humor, and gives a warmer and more believable picture of the Korean War than most professional correspondents have been able to do.

BILL MAULDIN IN KOREA, by Bill Mauldin (Norton). Another closeup of the Korean War. Mr. Mauldin approaches it obliquely, through the device of accrediting Joe, the younger of the two dogfaces he made famous in his cartoons during the last war, as a war correspondent. Joe writes home to his old buddy, Willie, telling him what the new Army is like, and of his adventures with the infantry, the Marines, and the Navy in this "slow, grinding, lonely, bitched-up war." Being funny about a subject like this is a delicate art, and one might say that Mr. Mauldin just manages it. Drawings by the author, of course.

THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS, with an introduction by Clive Bell (Phaidon). There have been plenty of books on the Impressionists, and certainly this one adds nothing in the way of either documentation or critical evaluation to, say, John Rewald's fine treatise. What it does offer is an introductory essay by that old master of critical interpretation, Clive Bell, which is so brilliantly allusive, apt, witty, and urbane that by itself it makes the book worth while. The fifty illustrations, all in full color, are extremely well reproduced, and have been selected with a nice eye for bringing out the various artists' stylistic qualities.

• •

In the past, the council had felt that the first thing they should do was to get the storm water out of the sewers before trying to force home-owners in. It was decided at last night's meeting that where the sewers could take the waste water without flooding, the owners should be told to get in now.—*Bryan (Ohio) Times.*

And stop this eternal fuss, fuss, fuss.

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Sag Harbor (L.I.) Express-News & Corrector*]

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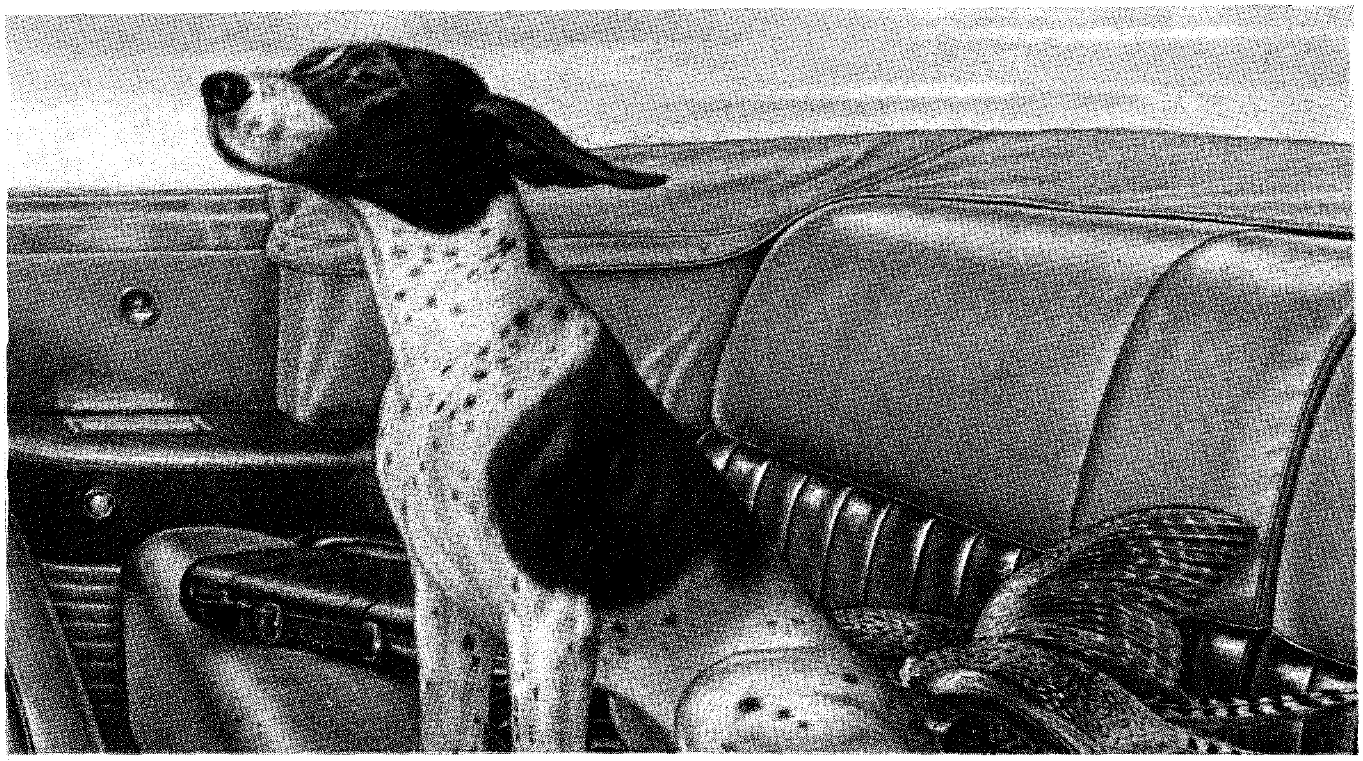

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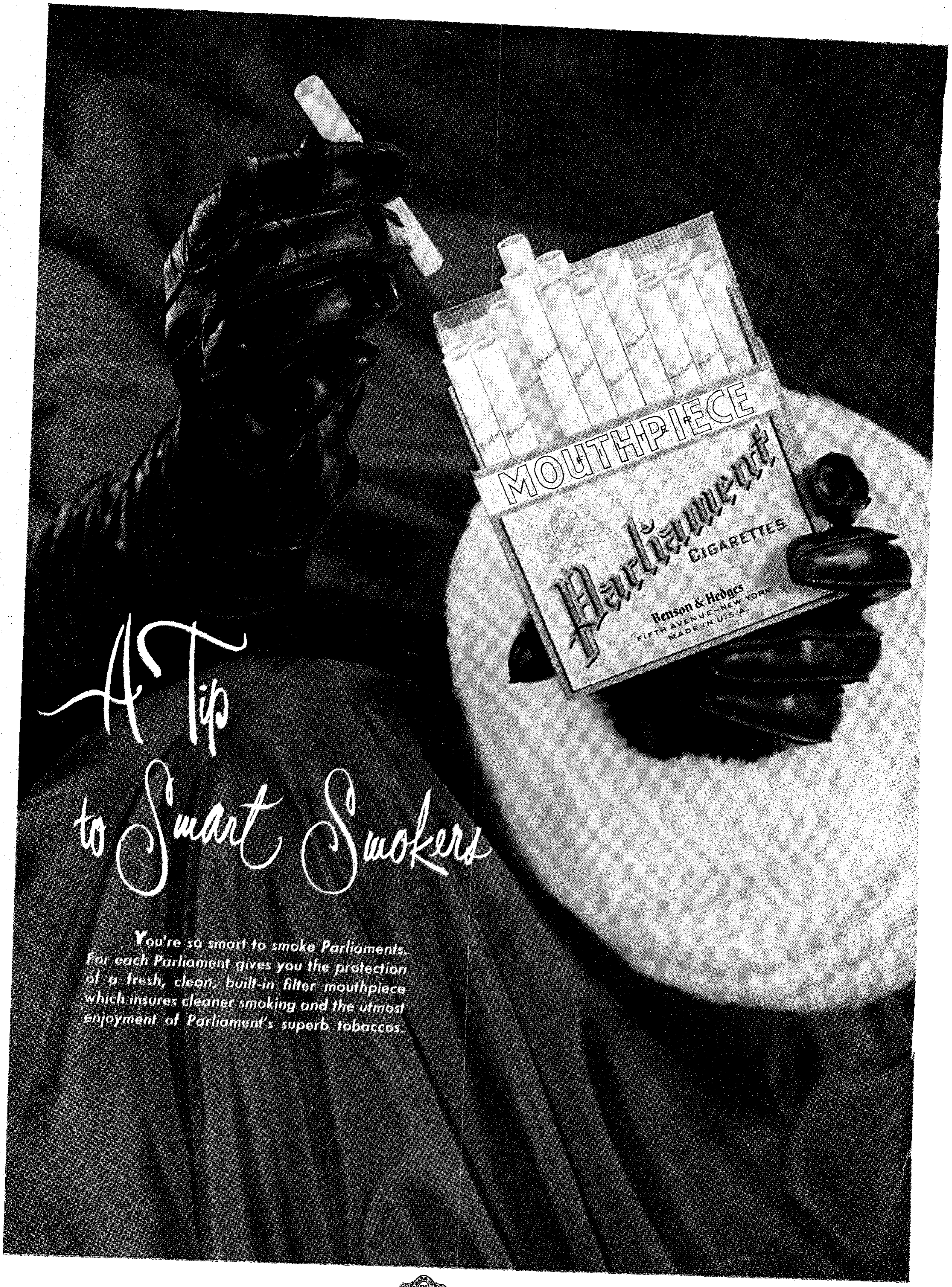
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